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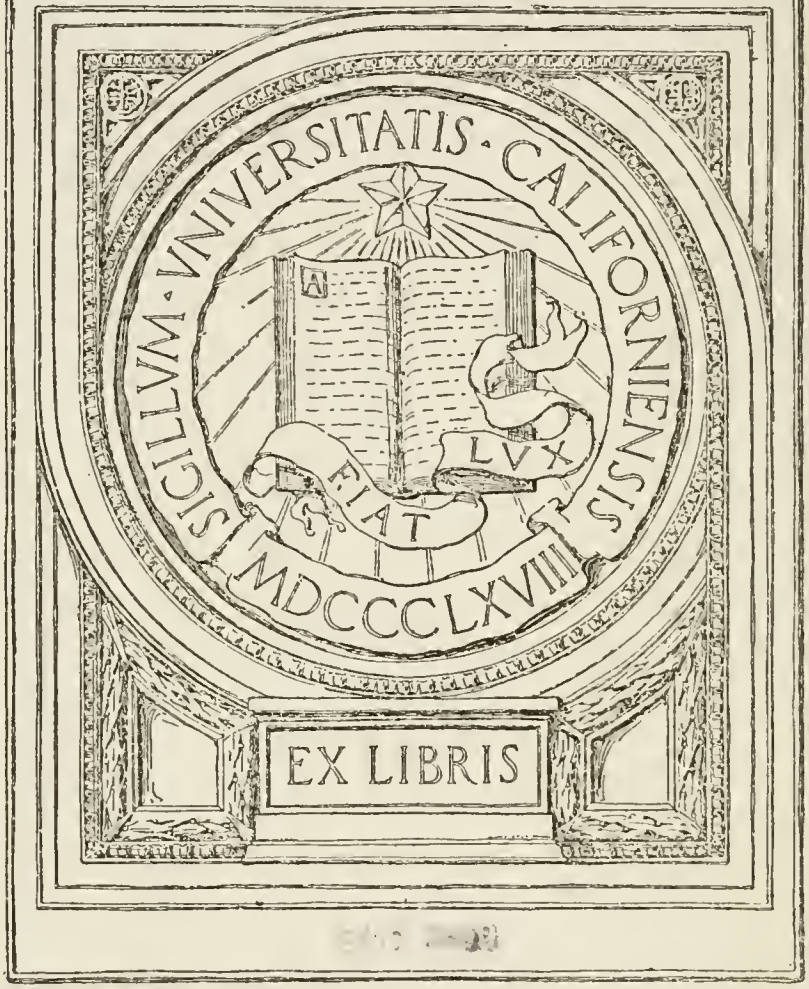
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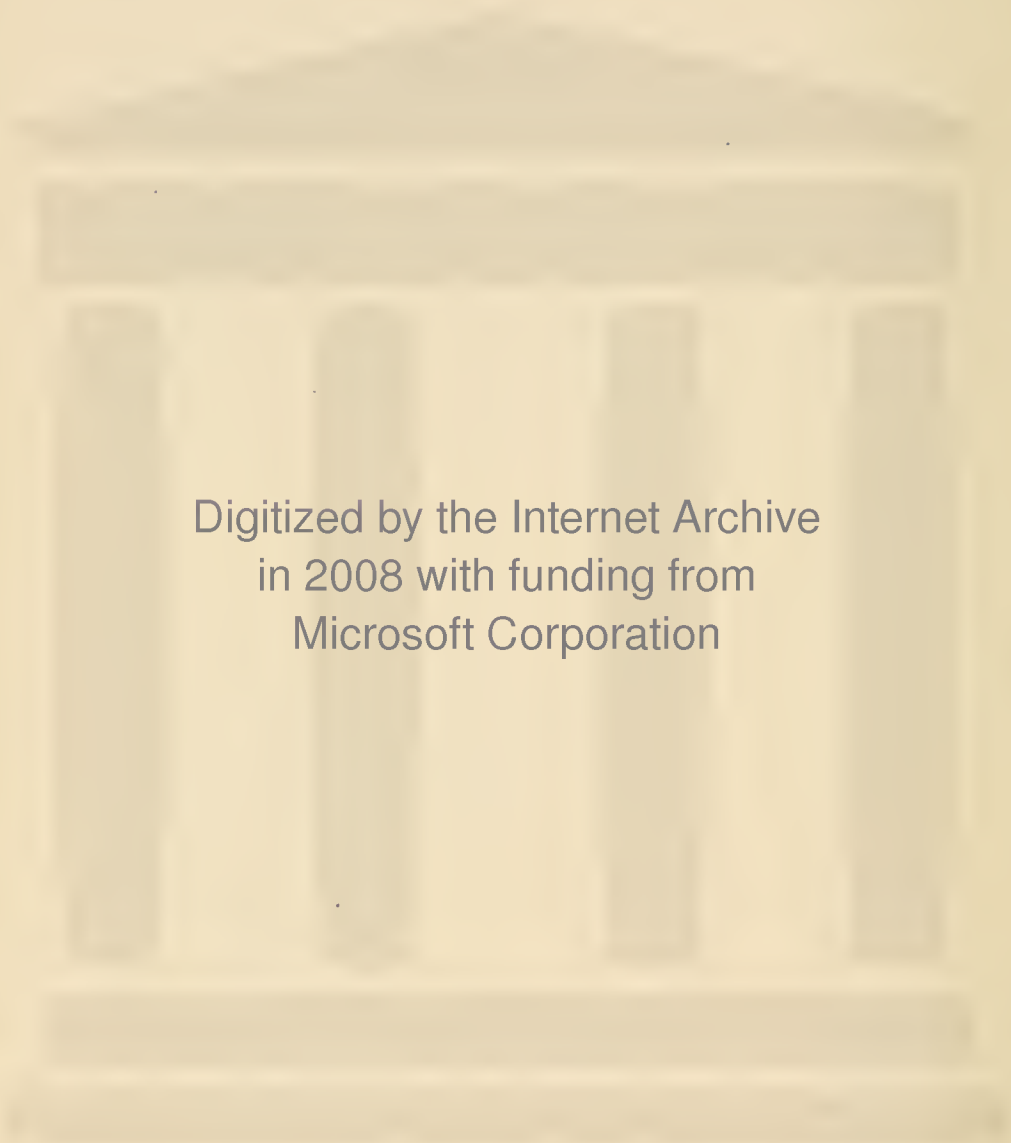

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They all stood round and laughed at him

MODERN SHORT STORIES

A BOOK FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

FREDERICK HOUK LAW, Ph.D.
Lecturer in English in New York University, and Head of the Department of English in the Stuyvesant High School, New York City

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PREFACE

For many years high school teachers have wished for books of short stories edited for high school use. They have known that most novels, however interesting, are too long to hold attention, and that too few novels can be read to give proper appreciation of form in narration. The essay, as seen in *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers,* and in Irving's *Sketch Book,* has been a poor substitute for the short story. High school students have longed for action, for quickness, for life, for climax, for something new and modern. Instead, they have had hundreds of pages, long expositions, descriptions, leisurely treatment, and material drawn from the past. They have read such material because they must, and have turned, for relief, to short stories in the cheaper magazines.

The short story is to-day our most common literary product. It is read by everyone. Not every boy or girl will read novels after leaving school, but every boy or girl is certain to read short stories. It is important in the high school to guide taste and appreciation in short story reading, so that the reading of days when school life is over will be healthful and upbuilding. This important duty has been recognized in all the most recent suggestions for high school reading. The short story is just beginning to take its important place in the high school course. To make use of a book of short stories in high school work is to fall in line with the most modern developments in the teaching of literature in the high school.

Most collections of short stories that have been prepared, for school use, up to the present, are more or less alike in

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drawing much of their material from the past. Authors and content alike are dead. Here is a collection that is entirely modern. The authors represented are among the leading authors of the day, the stories are principally stories of present-day life, the themes are themes of present-day thought. The students who read this book will be more awake to the present, and will be better citizens of to-day.

The great number of stories presented has given opportunity to illustrate different types of short story writing. What could not be done by the class study of many novels may be accomplished by the study of the different stories in this book. The student will gain a knowledge of types, of ways of construction, of style, that he could not gain otherwise except by long-continued study. Class study of the short story leads inevitably to keen appreciation of artistic effects in fiction.

The introductory material, biographies, explanations, and notes, have been made purely for high school students, in order to help those who may have read comparatively little, so that,—instead of being turned aside forever by a dry-as-dust treatment,—they may wish to proceed further in their study.

It is always pure delight to teach the short story to high school classes, but it is even more delightful when the material is especially fitted for high school work. This book, we hope, will aid both teachers and pupils to come upon many happy hours in the class room.

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INTRODUCTION

I

OUR NATIONAL READING

Is there anyone who has not read a short story? Is there anyone who has not stopped at a news-stand to buy a short-story magazine? Is there anyone who has not drawn a volume of short stories from the library, or bought one at the book-store? Short stories are everywhere. There are bed-time stories and fairy stories for little children; athletic stories, adventure stories, and cheerful good-time stories for boys and girls; humorous stories for those who like to laugh, and serious stories for those who like to think. The World and his Wife still say, "Tell me a story," just as they did a thousand years ago. Our printing presses have fairly roared an answer, and, at this moment, are busy printing short stories. Even the newspapers, hardly able to find room for news and for advertisements, often give space to re-printing short stories. Our people are so fond of soda water that some one has laughingly called it our national drink. Our people of every class, young and old, are so fond of short stories that, with an equal degree of truth, we may call the short story our national reading.

II

THE DEFINITION

The short story and the railroad are about equally old,—or, rather, equally new, for both were perfected in distinctly recent times. The railroad is the modern development of older ways of moving people and goods from one place to another,—of litters, carts, and wagons. The short story is the

modern development of older ways of telling what actually had happened, or might happen, or what might be imagined to happen,—of tales, fables, anecdotes, and character studies. A great number of men led the way to the locomotive, but it remained for the nineteenth century, in the person of George Stephenson, to perfect it. In like manner, many authors led the way to the short story of to-day, but it remained for the nineteenth century, and particularly for Edgar Allan Poe, to perfect it, and give it definition.

Before Poe's time the short story had sometimes been written well, and sometimes poorly. It had often been of too great length, wandering, and without point. Poe wrote stories that are different from many earlier stories in that they are all comparatively short. Another difference is that Poe's stories do not wander, producing now one effect, and now another. Like a Roman road, every one goes straight to the point that the maker had in mind at the beginning, and produces one single effect. In the older stories the writers often turned from the principal subject to introduce other matter. Poe excluded everything,—no matter how interesting,—that did not lead directly to the effect he wished to produce. The earlier stories often ended inconclusively. The reader felt that more might be said, or that some other ending might be possible. Poe tried to write so that the story should be absolutely complete, and its ending the one necessary ending, with no other ending even to be thought of. With it all, he tried to write so that,—no matter how improbable the story really might be,—it should, at least, seem entirely probable,—as real as though it had actually happened.

In general, Poe's definition of the short story still holds true. There are many kinds of stories today,—just as there are many kinds of engines,—but the great fundamental principles hold true in both. We may still define the modern short story as:

1. A narrative that is short enough to be read easily at a single sitting;

2. That is written to produce a single impression on the mind of the reader;
3. That excludes everything that does not lead to that single impression;
4. That is complete and final in itself;
5. That has every indication of reality.

III

THE FAMILY TREE OF THE SHORT STORY

EVERYONE knows his father and mother. Very few, except those of noble descent, know even the names of their great-great grandparents. As if of the noblest, even of royal descent, the short story knows its family tree. Its ancestry, like that of the American people, goes back to Europe; draws strength from many races, and finally loses itself somewhere in the prehistoric East,—in ancient Greece, India, or Egypt.

In the royal galleries kings look at pictures of their great ancestors, and somewhat realize remote the past. Many of the ancestors of the short story still live. They drank of the fountain of youth, and are as strong and full of life as ever. Such immortal ancestors of the short story of today are *The Story of Polyphemus* (ninth century B. C.), *The Story of Pandora and her Box* (ninth century, B. C.), *The Book of Esther* (second century, B. C.), *The City Mouse and the Country Mouse* (first century, B. C.), and *The Fables of Æsop* (third century, A. D.). There are still existing many Egyptian short stories, some of which are of the most remote antiquity, the *Tales of the Magicians* going back to 4000 B. C.

All the stories just named,—and many others equally familiar, drawn from every ancient land,—affected the short story in English.

In the earliest days in England, in the fifth and in a few succeeding centuries, the priests made collections of short stories from which they could select illustrative material for the instruction of their hearers. They drew many such stories from Latin, which, in turn, had drawn them from still more

ancient sources. Then, or a little later, came folk stories, romantic stories of adventure, and other stories for mere amusement.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Italians became very skilful in telling short stories, or "novelle." Their "new" tales had a lasting effect on short story telling in English.

Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in the fourteenth century, although in verse, told in a most delightfully realistic way all kinds of stories from all kinds of sources, particularly from the literatures of Italy and of France. Chaucer told his stories so remarkably well, with such humor and reality, that he is one of the great forces in the history of the short story in English.

In the sixteenth century stories from France, Spain, and other lands, also gave new incentives to the development of the short story in English.

In the eighteenth century Addison's *Spectator* published very short realistic narratives that often presented closely drawn character studies. These are hardly to be called short stories, but they influenced the short story form.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century, partly because of German influence, it became the fashion to write stories of mystery and horror, such as many of those by Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe. Irving softened such stories by the touch of realistic humor; Hawthorne gave them artistic form and nobility; Poe developed the full value of the short story as a literary type, and pointed out the five principles named above. The genius of these men led the way to the modern short story.

Since their time the short story has moved on in its development, including every kind of subject, tending to speak more and more realistically of persons and places, but not losing its romantic nature. Popular short stories of today are closely localized, and are frequently quick, incisive, and emphatic.

Today there are all kinds of short stories,—folk-lore tales, local color stories, animal stories, humorous stories, stories of

society, of satire, of science, of character, of atmosphere, and scores of other types, all virile, interesting, and profitable.

However well-dressed the modern short story may be in form and style, it is worth little, unless, like its immortal ancestors, it has the soul of goodness, truth, and beauty, and does something to reveal nobility in the life of man.

IV

A GOOD STORY

With houses and stories it is much the same. As any one may build a hut, so any one may compose a short story. In both cases the materials may be common and cheap, and the construction careless. The one may give shelter from the storm, and the other may hold attention for a moment. Neither may be worth much. Somewhat better are the ordinary house, and the ordinary story. Both are good, and fairly well constructed, but the material is frequently commonplace, and the general characteristics ordinary. To lift either a house or a story out of the ordinary there must be fine material, artistic workmanship, close and tender association with life,—something beautiful, or good, or true. For the highest beauty there is need of something other than obedience to rule in construction. Any architect can tell how to build a beautiful house, but there is a fine beauty no mere architect can give, a beauty that comes with years, or the close touch of human joys and sorrows. It is the same with stories. We can not analyze the finer quality, but we can, at least, tell some of the characteristics that make short stories good.

As Poe said, the best short story is short enough to be read at a sitting, so that it produces a single effect. It includes nothing that does not lead to that effect, and it produces the effect as inevitably as an arrow flies to its mark. The ending is necessary, the one solution to which everything has moved from the beginning. In some way the story is close to life, and is so realistically told that the reader is drawn into its magic, and half believes it real.

It has a combination of plot and characters,—the nature of the characters making the action, and the action affecting the persons involved.

Without action of some sort there would, of course, be no story, but the action,—usually built up of two opposing forces,—must be woven into plot, that is, into a combination of events that lead to a definite result, perhaps not known at first by the reader, but known from the beginning by the author. The plot is somewhat simple, for the story is too short to allow of much complexity. The action and the characters are based on some experience, imaginary or otherwise, and are honestly presented. In the best short story there is no pronounced artificiality or posing.

There is always a certain harmony of content, so that plot and characters work together naturally, every detail strictly in keeping with the nature of the story.

The best story has an underlying idea,—not necessarily a moral,—a thought or theme, very often concerned with ideals of conduct, that can be expressed in a sentence.

Closely associated with everything is an indefinable something, that rises from the story somewhat as the odor of sandalwood rises from an oriental box, a sort of fragrance, or charm, a deeply appealing characteristic that we call "atmosphere."

Some stories may emphasize one point, and others another,—the plot, the characters, the setting, the theme, or the atmosphere. As they vary thus they reveal new lights, colors, and effects.

Still more do they vary in the charm that comes from apt choice of words, and originality or beauty of phrasing.

Altogether, the best short story is truly an artistic product. The old violins made in Cremona by Antonius Stradivarius have such perfect harmony of material and form, and were made with such loving skill, that they are vibrant with tenderly beautiful over-tones. So the best short story is perfectly harmonious in every part, is made from chosen material, is put together with sympathetic care, and is rich with the over-tones of love, and laughter, and sorrow.

V

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH THIS BOOK?

HERE is a book of more than twenty excellent short stories, not one of which was written with the slightest thought that any one would ever wish to study it as part of school work. Every story was written (1) because its author had a story to tell, (2) because he had a definite aim in telling the story, (3) because he felt that by certain methods of form and style he could interest and delight his readers. The magician opens his box, and holds the ring of spectators enthralled. Here is no place for study. One must simply stand in the circle, and look, and wonder, enjoy to his utmost, and applaud the entertainer when he makes his final bow. But the spectator is always privileged to look, not only idly but also as sharply as he pleases. So the reader is entitled to notice in every case the three reasons for writing the story.

The best way, then, to study this book is not to "study" it. It is not a geography, nor a book of rules, nor any kind of book to be memorized. It is a book to be read with an appreciative mind and a sympathetic heart. Read the stories one by one in the order in which they are printed. Read with the expectation of having a good time,—that is what every author intended you to have. But keep your eyes open. Make sure you really know the story the author is telling. One way of testing your understanding is to tell the story in a very few words, either orally or in writing, so that some friend, who has not read it, may know the bare story, and know it clearly. If you find yourself confused, or if you lose yourself in details and can not tell the story briefly, you have not found the story the author has to tell.

A second test is to tell in one sentence, or in one very short paragraph, exactly what purpose the writer had in telling the story. This will be more difficult but it will need little thought if you really have understood and appreciated the story. Do not make the mistake of thinking that a purpose must be a moral. A man who makes a chair, a clown in

a circus, an artist, a violinist, a boy playing a game,—all have purposes in what they do, but the purpose is not primarily moral. If you are puzzled in finding the purpose of the story you should look the story over until its purpose flashes upon you.

Thirdly, you should see if you can put into four or five unconnected sentences, either oral or written, the methods of form and style by which the author has interested you, and pleased you. These methods will include means of awakening interest, means of presenting the action, preparation for the climax, way of telling the climax, and way of ending the story. They will also include choice of words, use of language effects, and the means of producing atmosphere in the story.

If it happens that there are words that are not familiar, look them up in the dictionary. You can not hope to understand a story until you understand its language.

A good way to test your appreciation of story telling as an art,—and to help you to appreciate even more keenly,—is to write short stories of your own. Try, in every case, to imitate some method employed in a particular story by a well-known author. Do not imitate too much. Be original. Be yourself. If some of our best short story writers had done nothing but imitate they would never have succeeded. Make your short stories different from those by anyone else in your class. Write your story in such a way that no one will draw pictures, or look out of the window, or whisper to his neighbor, when it comes your turn to read. There are three ways to bring that about:

1. Write about something that you, and your class, know about, and like to hear about.
2. Think of a good, emphatic, or surprising climax, and then make a plot that will lead to the climax with absolute certainty.
3. Tell your story in a way that will be different from the way employed by any of your classmates.

In general, the stories in this book are to be read and enjoyed, worked over, and talked about, in a simple manner, as one might discuss stories at a reading club. To treat the stories in any other way would be to make displeasing work out of what should be pure pleasure.

In the back of the book is a small amount of biographical and explanatory material, such as a friendly teacher might tell to his class. There are also a few questions that will help you to appreciate and enjoy the best effects in every story. The notes have been given merely for reference, as if they were contained in a sort of handy encyclopedia. They are not for hard, systematic study.

A class studying this book should forget that it is a class in school, and resolve itself into a reading club, whose object, —written in its constitution, in capital letters,—is pure enjoyment of all that is best in short stories, and in short story telling.

VI

WHERE TO FIND SOME GOOD SHORT STORIES

Baldwin, Charles Sears...American Short Stories
Cody, Sherwin.....The World's Best Short Stories
Dawson, W. J. and C. W...Great English Short Story Writers
Esenwein, Joseph Berg...Short Story Masterpieces
Firkins, I. T. E. .....Index to Short Stories
Hawthorne, Julian.....Library of the World's Best Mystery and Detective Stories
Jessup, Alexander.....Little French Masterpieces
Jessup, A. and Canby, H. S. .....The Book of the Short Story
Matthews, Brander.....The Short Story
Patten, William.....Great Short Stories
Patten, William.....Short Story Classics
Charles Scribner's Sons..Stories by American Authors
Charles Scribner's Sons..Stories by English Authors
Charles Scribner's Sons..Stories by Foreign Authors

VII

SOME INTERESTING SHORT STORIES

R. H. Davis: The Bar Sinister; Washington Irving: The Rose of the Alhambra; The Legend of Sleepy Hollow; Rip Van Winkle; The Three Beautiful Princesses; Rudyard Kipling: Garm, A Hostage; The Arabian Nights: Aladdin; Ali Baba; Annie Trumbull Slosson: Butterneggs; Ruth McEnery Stuart: Sonny's Diploma; Frederick Remington: How Order No. 6 Went Through; Mark Twain: The Jumping Frog; Henry Van Dyke: The First Christmas Tree.

H. C. Andersen: The Ugly Duckling; Grimm Brothers: Little Briar Rose; Rudyard Kipling: Mowgli's Brothers; Toomai of the Elephants; Her Majesty's Servants; Æsop: The Country Mouse and the City Mouse; Joel Chandler Harris: The Wonderful Tar Baby Story; How Black Snake Caught the Wolf; Brother Mud Turtle's Trickery; A French Tar Baby; George Ade: The Preacher Who Flew His Kite.

Henry Van Dyke: The Other Wise Man; Nathaniel Hawthorne: Rapaccini's Daughter; David Swan; The Snow Image; The Great Stone Face; Lady Eleanor's Mantle; The Minister's Black Veil; The Birth Mark; E. A. Poe: William Wilson; Rudyard Kipling: The Ship that Found Herself; Henry James: The Madonna of the Future; R. L. Stevenson: Will o' the Mill; Joseph Addison: The Vision of Mirza.

Howard Pyle: The Ruby of Kishmore; Rudyard Kipling: The Man Who Would Be King; Drums of the Fore and Aft; Tiger, Tiger; Kaa's Hunting; R. H. Davis: Gallegher; Van Bibber's Burglar; R. L. Stevenson: The Sire de Maletroit's Door; Joseph Conrad: Youth; E. A. Poe: The Pit and the Pendulum; F. R. Stockton: My Terminal Moraine; Jesse Lynch Williams: The Stolen Story.

Henry Van Dyke: Messengers at the Window; M. R. S. Andrews: A Messenger; Bulwer Lytton: The Haunted and the Haunters; Fitz James O'Brien: The Diamond Lens; What Was It?; M. E. Wilkins Freeman: Shadows on the Wall; R. W. Chambers: The Tree of Heaven; Marion Crawford:

The Upper Berth; H. W. Jacobs: The Monkey's Paw; Rudyard Kipling: At the End of the Passage; The Brushwood Boy; They; Prosper Merimee: The Venus of Ille.

E. A. Poe: The Gold Bug; The Purloined Letter; Conan Doyle: The Dancing Men; the Speckled Band; Henry Van Dyke: The Night Call; FitzJames O'Brien: The Golden Ingot; Anton Chekhoff: The Safety Match; R. L. Stevenson: The Pavillion on the Links; Egerton Castle: The Baron's Quarry; Wilkie Collins: The Dream Woman; Rudyard Kipling: The Sending of Dana Da.

G. B. McCutcheon: The Day of the Dog; H. C. Bunner: The Love Letters of Smith; A Sisterly Scheme; O. Henry: The Ransom of Red Chief; While the Auto Waits; Samuel Minturn Peck: The Trouble at St. James; T. B. Aldrich: Goliath; R. M. S. Andrews: A Good Samaritan; The Grandfathers of Bob; E. P. Butler: Pigs is Pigs; Josephine Dodge Daskam: Edgar, the Choir Boy Uncelestial; T. A. Janvier: The Passing of Thomas; Myra Kelly: A Christmas Present for a Lady; Ruth McEnery Stuart: The Woman's Exchange of Simpkinsville.

F. Hopkinson Smith: The Veiled Lady of Stamboul; Stuart Edward White: The Life of the Winds of Heaven; T. B. Aldrich: Père Antoine's Date Palm; Booth Tarkington: Monsieur Beaucaire; R. H. Davis: The Princess Aline; Alice Brown: A Map of the Country; M. R. S. Andrews: The Bishop's Silence; Honorè de Balzac: A Passion in the Desert; Nathaniel Hawthorne: The White Old Maid.

Irvin Cobb: Up Clay Street; M. E. Wilkins Freeman: The Revolt of Mother; A Humble Romance; Prosper Merimee: Mateo Falcone; Alphonse Daudet: The Last Class; G. W. Cable: Belles Demoiselles Plantation; Bret Harte: The Luck of Roaring Camp; Ruth McEnery Stuart: The Widder Johnsing; Owen Wister: Specimen Jones; T. A. Janvier: The Sage Brush Hen.

T. B. Aldrich: Marjory Daw; Mademoiselle Olimpe Zabriskie; Miss Mehetabel's Son; O. Henry: The Gift of the Magi; The Cop and the Anthem; The Whirligig of Life; Guy de Maupassant: The Diamond Necklace; F. R. Stock-

ton: The Lady or the Tiger; John Fox, Jr.: The Purple Rhododendron; R. W. Chambers: A Young Man in a Hurry; E. A. Poe: Three Sundays in a Week; Ambrose Bierce: The Man and the Snake; FitzJames O'Brien: The Bohemian; Frank Norris: A Deal in Wheat.

Mark Twain: A Dog's Tale; W. D. Howell's: Editha; E. T. Seton: The Biography of a Grizzly; Brander Matthews: The Story of a Story; Björnstjerne Björnson: The Father; Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Ambitious Guest; Jacob A. Riis: The Burgomaster's Christmas; Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol; Henry Van Dyke: The Mansion; E. E. Hale: The Man Without a Country.

M. R. S. Andrews: The Perfect Tribute; François Coppee: The Substitute; J. B. Connolly: Sonny Boy's People; S. O. Jewett: The Queen's Twin; James Lane Allen: King Solomon of Kentucky; Bret Harte: Tennessee's Partner; Jack London: The God of His Fathers; John Galsworthy: Quality.

Thomas Nelson Page: Marse Chan; Meh Lady; R. L. Stevenson: The Merry Men; E. A. Poe: The Masque of the Red Death; The Fall of the House of Usher; Irvin Cobb: White and Black; F. J. Stimson: Mrs. Knollys; John Fox, Jr.: Christmas Eve on Lonesome; H. G. Dwight: In the Pasha's Garden; Honorè de Balzac: An Episode Under the Terror; Jack London: Thanksgiving on Slav Creek; Charles Lamb: Dream Children; H. C. Brunner: Our Aromatic Uncle.

Bret Harte: The Outcasts of Poker Flat; R. L. Stevenson: Markheim; Guy de Maupassant: A Piece of String; A Coward; E. A. Poe: The Cask of Amontillado; Edith Wharton: The Bolted Door; A Journey; Henry Van Dyke: A Lover of Music; S. R. Crockett: Elsie's Dance for Her Life; Jack London: The White Silence.

VIII

WHAT TO READ ABOUT THE SHORT STORY

Albright, Evelyn May.... The Short Story, its Principles and Structure

Barrett, Charles R. ..... Short Story Writing

Buck, Gertrude, and Morris, Elizabeth Woodbridge ..... A Course in Narrative Writing

Canby, Henry Seidel..... The Short Story in English

Cody, Sherwin..... Story Writing and Journalism

Dye, Charity..... The Story Teller's Art

Esenwein, Joseph Berg... Writing the Short Story

Hamilton, Clayton..... Materials and Methods of Fiction

Matthews, Brander..... The Philosophy of the Short Story

Perry, Bliss..... A Study of Prose Fiction

Pitkin, Walter B. ..... Short Story Writing

Wells, Carolyn..... The Technique of the Mystery Story

MODERN SHORT STORIES

THE MODERN SHORT STORY

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMON AND SUSANNA [1]

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"I GOT one tale on my min'," said Uncle Remus to the little boy one night. "I got one tale on my min' dat I ain't ne'er tell you; I dunner how come; I speck it des kaze I git mixt up in my idees. Deze is busy times, mon, en de mo' you does de mo' you hatter do, en w'en dat de case, it ain't ter be 'spected dat one ole broke-down nigger kin 'member 'bout eve'ything."

"What is the story, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

"Well, honey," said the old man, wiping his spectacles, "hit sorter run dis away: One time dey wuz a man w'at had a mighty likely daughter."

"Was he a white man or a black man?" the little boy asked.

"I 'clar' ter gracious, honey!" exclaimed the old man, "you er pushin' me mos' too close. Fer all I kin tell you, de man mout er bin ez w'ite ez de driven snow, er he mout er bin de blackes' Affi'kin er de whole kit en bilin'. I 'm des tellin' you de tale, en you kin take en take de man en whitewash 'im, or you kin black 'im up des ez you please. Dat 's de way I looks at it.

[1] It may be of interest to those who approach Folk-Lore stories from the scientific side, to know that this story was told to one of my little boys three years ago by a negro named John Holder. I have since found a variant (or perhaps the original) in Theal's "Kaffir Folk-Lore."
Joel Chandler Harris, 1889.

"Well, one time dey wuz a man, en dish yer man he had a mighty likely daughter. She wuz so purty dat she had mo' beaus dan w'at you got fingers en toes. But de gal daddy, he got his spishuns 'bout all un um, en he won't let um come 'roun' de house. But dey kep' on pesterin' 'im so, dat bimeby he give word out dat de man w'at kin clear up six acres er lan' en roll up de logs, en pile up de bresh in one day, dat man kin marry his daughter.

"In co'se, dis look like it unpossible, en all de beaus drap off 'ceppin' one, en he wuz a great big strappin' chap w'at look like he kin knock a steer down. Dis chap he wuz name Simon, en de gal, she wuz name Susanna. Simon, he love Susanna, en Susanna, she love Simon, en dar it went.

"Well, sir, Simon, he went ter de gal daddy, he did, en he say dat ef anybody kin clear up dat lan', he de one kin do it, least'ways he say he gwine try mighty hard. De ole man, he grin en rub his han's terge'er, he did, en tole Simon ter start in in de mornin'. Susanna, she makes out she wuz fixin' sumpin in de cubberd, but she tuck 'n kiss 'er han' at Simon, en nod 'er head. Dis all Simon want, en he went out er dar des ez happy ez a jay-bird atter he done robbed a sparrer-nes'.

"Now, den," Uncle Remus continued, settling himself more comfortably in his chair, "dish yer man wuz a witch."

"Why, I thought a witch was a woman," said the little boy.

The old man frowned and looked into the fire.

"Well, sir," he remarked with some emphasis, "ef you er gwine ter tu'n de man into a 'oman, den dey won't be no tale, kaze dey 's bleege ter be a man right dar whar I put dis un. Hit 's des like I tole you 'bout de color er de man. Black 'im er whitewash 'im des ez you please, en ef you want ter put a frock on 'im ter boot, hit ain't none er my business; but I 'm gwine ter 'low he wuz a man ef it 's de las' ac'."

The little boy remained silent, and Uncle Remus went on:

"Now, den, dish yer man was a witch. He could cunjer folks, mo' 'speshually dem folks w'at ain't got no rabbit foot. He bin at his cunjerments so long, dat Susanna done learn mos' all his tricks. So de nex' mornin' w'en Simon come by

de house fer ter borry de ax, Susanna she run en got it fer 'im. She got it, she did, en den she sprinkles some black san' on it, en say, 'Ax, cut; cut, ax.' Den she rub 'er ha'r 'cross it, en give it ter Simon. He tuck de ax, he did, en den Susanna say:

" 'Go down by de branch, git sev'n w'ite pebbles, put um in dis little cloth bag, en whenever you want the ax ter cut, shake um up.'

"Simon, he went off in de woods, en started in ter clearin' up de six acres. Well, sir, dem pebbles en dat ax, dey done de work—dey did dat. Simon could 'a' bin done by de time de dinner-horn blowed, but he hung back kaze he ain't want de man fer ter know dat he doin' it by cunjerments.

"W'en he shuck de pebbles de ax 'ud cut, en de trees 'ud fall, en de lim's 'ud drap off, en de logs 'ud roll up terge'er, en de bresh 'ud pile itself up. Hit went on dis away twel by de time it wuz two hours b' sun, de whole six acres wuz done cleaned up.

" 'Bout dat time de man come 'roun', he did, fer ter see how de work gittin' on, en, mon! he wuz 'stonish'. He ain't know w'at ter do er say. He ain't want ter give up his daughter, en yit he ain't know how ter git out 'n it. He walk 'roun' en 'roun', en study, en study, en study how he gwine rue de bargain. At las' he walk up ter Simon, he did, en he say:

" 'Look like you sort er forehanded wid your work.'

"Simon, he 'low: 'Yasser, w'en I starts in on a job I 'm mighty restless twel I gits it done. Some er dis timber is rough en tough, but I bin had wuss jobs dan dis in my time.'

"De man say ter hisse'f: 'W'at kind er folks is dis chap?' Den he say out loud: 'Well, sence you er so spry, dey 's two mo' acres 'cross de branch dar. Ef you 'll clear dem up 'fo' supper you kin come up ter de house en git de gal.'

"Simon sorter scratch his head, kaze he dunner whedder de pebbles gwine ter hol' out, yit he put on a bol' front en he tell de man dat he 'll go 'cross dar en clean up de two acres soon ez he res' a little.

"De man he went off home, en soon 's he git out er sight, Simon went 'cross de branch en shook de pebbles at de two

acres er woods, en 't want no time skacely 'fo' de trees wuz all cut down en pile up.

"De man, he went home, he did, en call up Susanna, en say:

" 'Daughter, dat man look like he gwine git you, sho'.'

"Susanna, she hang 'er head, en look like she fretted, en den she say she don't keer nuthin' fer Simon, nohow."

"Why, I thought she wanted to marry him," said the little boy.

"Well, honey, w'en you git growed up, en git whiskers on yo' chin, en den atter de whiskers git gray like mine, you 'll fin' out sump'n 'n'er 'bout de wimmin folks. Dey ain't ne'er say 'zackly w'at dey mean, none er um, mo' 'speshually w'en dey er gwine on 'bout gittin' married.

"Now, dar wuz dat gal Susanna what I 'm a-tellin' you 'bout. She mighty nigh 'stracted 'bout Simon, en yit she make 'er daddy b'lieve dat she 'spize 'im. I ain't blamin' Susanna," Uncle Remus went on with a judicial air, "kase she know dat 'er daddy wuz a witch en a mighty mean one in de bargain.

"Well, atter Susanna done make 'er daddy b'lieve dat she ain't keerin' nothin' 't all 'bout Simon, he 'gun ter set his traps en fix his tricks. He up 'n tell Susanna dat atter 'er en Simon git married dey mus' go upsta'rs in de front room, en den he tell 'er dat she mus' make Simon go ter bed fus'. Den de man went upsta'rs en tuck 'n tuck all de slats out'n de bedstid ceppin one at de head en one at de foot. Atter dat he tuck 'n put some foot-valances 'roun' de bottom er de bed—des like dem w'at you bin see on yo' gran'ma bed. Den he tuck 'n sawed out de floor und' de bed, en dar wuz de trap all ready.

"Well, sir, Simon come up ter de house, en de man make like he mighty glad fer ter see 'im, but Susanna, she look like she mighty shy. No matter 'bout dat; atter supper Simon en Susanna got married. Hit ain't in de tale wedder dey sont fer a preacher er wedder dey wuz a squire browsin' 'roun' in de neighborhoods, but dey had cake wid reezins in it, en some er dish yer silly-bug w'at got mo' foam in it dan dey is dram, en dey had a mighty happy time.

Simon shakes the pebbles

"W'en bedtime come, Simon en Susanna went upsta'rs, en w'en dey got in de room, Susanna kotch 'im by de han', en helt up her finger. Den she whisper en tell 'im dat ef dey don't run away fum dar dey bofe gwine ter be kilt. Simon ax 'er how come, en she say dat 'er daddy want ter kill 'im kase he sech a nice man. Dis make Simon grin; yit he wuz sorter restless 'bout gittin' 'way fum dar. But Susanna, she say wait. She say:

" 'Pick up yo' hat en button up yo' coat. Now, den, take dat stick er wood dar en hol' it 'bove yo' head.'

"W'iles he stan'in' dar, Susanna got a hen egg out 'n a basket, den she got a meal-bag, en a skillet. She 'low:

" 'Now, den, drap de wood on de bed.'

"Simon done des like she say, en time de wood struck de bed de tick en de mattruss went a-tumblin' thoo de floor. Den Susanna tuck Simon by de han' en dey run out de back way ez hard ez dey kin go.

"De man, he wuz down dar waitin' fer de bed ter drap. He had a big long knife in he han', en time de bed drapped, he lit on it, he did, en stobbed it scan'lous. He des natchully ripped de tick up, en w'en he look, bless gracious, dey ain't no Simon dar. I lay dat man wuz mad den. He snorted 'roun' dar twel blue smoke come out'n his nose, en his eye look red like varmint eye in de dark. Den he run upsta'rs en dey ain't no Simon dar, en nudder wuz dey any Susanna.

"Gentermens! den he git madder. He rush out, he did, en look 'roun', en 'way off yander he see Simon en Susanna des a-runnin', en a-holdin' one nudder's han'."

"Why, Uncle Remus," said the little boy, "I thought you said it was night?"

"Dat w'at I said, honey, en I 'll stan' by it. Yit, how many times dis blessed night is I got ter tell you dat de man wuz a witch? En bein' a witch, co'se he kin see in de dark.

"Well, dish yer witch-man, he look off en he see Simon en Susanna runnin' ez hard ez dey kin. He put out atter um, he did, wid his knife in his han', an' he kep' on a gainin' on um. Bimeby, he got so close dat Susanna say ter Simon:

" 'Fling down yo' coat.'

"Time de coat tech de groun', a big thick woods sprung up whar it fell. But de man, he cut his way thoo it wid de knife, en kep' on a-pursuin' atter um.

"Bimeby, he got so close dat Susanna drap de egg on de groun', en time it fell a big fog riz up fum de groun', en a little mo' en de man would a got los'. But atter so long a time fog got blowed away by de win', en de man kep' on a-pursuin' atter um.

"Bimeby, he got so close dat Susanna drap de meal-sack, en a great big pon' er water kivered de groun' whar it fell. De man wuz in sech a big hurry dat he tried ter drink it dry, but he ain't kin do dis, so he sot on de bank en blow'd on de water wid he hot breff, en atter so long a time de water made hits disappearance, en den he kep' on atter um.

"Simon en Susanna wuz des a-runnin', but run ez dey would, de man kep' a-gainin' on um, en he got so close dat Susanna drapped de skillet. Den a big bank er darkness fell down, en de man ain't know which away ter go. But atter so long a time de darkness lif' up, en de man kep' on a-pursuin' atter um. Mon, he made up fer los' time, en he got so close dat Susanna say ter Simon:

" 'Drap a pebble.'

"Time Simon do dis a high hill riz up, but de man clum it en kep' on atter um. Den Susanna say ter Simon:

" 'Drap nudder pebble.'

"Time Simon drap de pebble, a high mountain growed up, but de man crawled up it en kep' on atter um. Den Susanna say:

" 'Drap de bigges' pebble.'

"No sooner is he drap it dan a big rock wall riz up, en hit wuz so high dat de witch-man can't git over. He run up en down, but he can't find no end, en den, atter so long a time, he turn 'roun' en go home.

"On de yuther side er dis high wall, Susanna tuck Simon by de han', en say:

" 'Now we kin res'.'

"En I reckon," said the old man slyly, "dat we all better res'."

THE CROW-CHILD

By MARY MAPES DODGE

Midway between a certain blue lake and a deep forest there once stood a cottage, called by its owner "The Rookery."

The forest shut out the sunlight and scowled upon the ground, breaking with shadows every ray that fell, until only a few little pieces lay scattered about. But the broad lake invited all the rays to come and rest upon her, so that sometimes she shone from shore to shore, and the sun winked and blinked above her, as though dazzled by his own reflection. The cottage, which was very small, had sunny windows and dark windows. Only from the roof could you see the mountains beyond, where the light crept up in the morning and down in the evening, turning all the brooks into living silver as it passed.

But something brighter than sunshine used often to look from the cottage into the forest, and something even more gloomy than shadows often glowered from its windows upon the sunny lake. One was the face of little Ruky Lynn; and the other was his sister's when she felt angry or ill-tempered.

They were orphans, Cora and Ruky, living alone in the cottage with an old uncle. Cora—or "Cor," as Ruky called her—was nearly sixteen years old, but her brother had seen the forest turn yellow only four times. She was, therefore, almost mother and sister in one. The little fellow was her companion night and day. Together they ate and slept, and —when Cora was not at work in the cottage—together they rambled in the wood, or floated in their little skiff upon the lake.

Ruky had bright, dark eyes, and the glossy blackness of

his hair made his cheeks look even rosier than they were. He had funny ways for a boy, Cora thought. The quick, bird-like jerks of his raven-black head, his stately baby gait, and his habit of pecking at his food, as she called it, often made his sister laugh. Young as he was, the little fellow had learned to mount to the top of a low-branching tree near the cottage, though he could not always get down alone. Sometimes when, perched in the thick foliage, he would scream, "Cor! Cor! Come, help me down!" his sister would answer, as she ran out laughing, "Yes, little Crow! I 'm coming."

Perhaps it was because he reminded her of a crow that Cora called him her little bird. This was when she was good-natured and willing to let him see how much she loved him. But in her cloudy moments, as the uncle called them, Cora was another girl. Everything seemed ugly to her, or out of tune. Even Ruky was a trial; and, instead of giving him a kind word, she would scold and grumble until he would steal from the cottage door, and, jumping lightly from the door-step, seek the shelter of his tree. Once safely perched among its branches he knew she would finish her work, forget her ill-humor, and be quite ready, when he cried "Cor! Cor!" to come from the cottage with a cheery, "Yes, little Crow! I 'm coming! I 'm coming!"

No one could help loving Ruky, with his quick, affectionate ways; and it seemed that Ruky, in turn, could not help loving every person and thing around him. He loved his silent old uncle, the bright lake, the cool forest, and even his little china cup with red berries painted upon it. But more than all, Ruky loved his golden-haired sister, and the great dog, who would plunge into the lake at the mere pointing of his chubby little finger. In fact, that finger and the commanding baby voice were "law" to Nep at any time.

Nep and Ruky often talked together, and though one used barks and the other words, there was a perfect understanding between them. Woe to the straggler that dared to rouse Nep's wrath, and woe to the bird or rabbit that ventured too near!—those great teeth snapped at their prey

without even the warning of a growl. But Ruky could safely pull Nep's ears or his tail, or climb his great shaggy back, or even snatch away the untasted bone. Still, as I said before, every one loved the child; so, of course, Nep was no exception.

One day Ruky's "Cor! Cor!" had sounded oftener than usual. His rosy face had bent saucily to kiss Cora's upturned forehead, as she raised her arms to lift him from the tree; but the sparkle in his dark eyes had seemed to kindle so much mischief in him that his sister's patience became fairly exhausted.

"Has Cor nothing to do but to wait upon *you?*" she cried, "and nothing to listen to but your noise and your racket? You shall go to bed early to-day, and then I shall have some peace."

"No, no, Cor. Please let Ruky wait till the stars come. Ruky wants to see the stars."

"Hush! Ruky is bad. He shall have a whipping when Uncle comes back from town."

Nep growled.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ruky, jerking his head saucily from side to side; "Nep says 'No!' "

Nep was shut out of the cottage for his pains, and poor Ruky was undressed, with many a hasty jerk and pull.

"You hurt, Cor!" he said, plaintively. "I 'm going to take off my shoes my own self."

"No, you 're not," cried Cora, almost shaking him; and when he cried she called him naughty, and said if he did not stop he should have no supper. This made him cry all the more, and Cora, feeling in her angry mood that he deserved severe punishment, threw away his supper and put him to bed. Then all that could be heard were Ruky's low sobs and the snappish clicks of Cora's needles, as she sat knitting, with her back to him.

He could not sleep, for his eyelids were scalded with tears, and his plaintive "Cor! Cor!" had reached his sister's ears in vain. She never once looked up from those gleaming knitting-needles, nor even gave him his good-night kiss.

It grew late. The uncle did not return. At last Cora, sulky and weary, locked the cottage door, blew out her candle, and lay down beside her brother.

The poor little fellow tried to win a forgiving word, but she was too ill-natured to grant it. In vain he whispered, "Cor, Cor!" He even touched her hand over and over again with his lips, hoping she would turn toward him, and, with a loving kiss, murmur, as usual, "Good night, little bird."

Instead of this, she jerked her arm angrily away, saying: "Oh, stop your pecking and go to sleep! I wish you were a crow in earnest, and then I 'd have some peace."

After this, Ruky was silent. His heart drooped within him as he wondered what this "peace" was that his sister wished for so often, and why he must go away before it could come to her.

Soon, Cora, who had rejoiced in the sudden calm, heard a strange fluttering. In an instant she saw by the starlight a dark object circle once or twice in the air above her, then dart suddenly through the open window.

Astonished that Ruky had not shouted with delight at the strange visitor, or else clung to her neck in fear, she turned to see if he had fallen asleep.

No wonder that she started up, horror-stricken,—Ruky was not there!

His empty place was still warm; perhaps he had slid softly from the bed. With trembling haste she lighted the candle, and peered into every corner. The boy was not to be found!

Then those fearful words rang in her ears:

"I wish you were a crow in earnest!"

Cora rushed to the door, and, with straining gaze, looked out into the still night.

"Ruky! Ruky!" she screamed.

There was a slight stir in the low-growing tree.

"Ruky, darling, come back!"

"Caw, caw!" answered a harsh voice from the tree. Something black seemed to spin out of it, and then, in great sweep-

ing circles, sailed upward, until finally it settled upon one of the loftiest trees in the forest.

"Caw, caw!" it screamed, fiercely.

The girl shuddered, but, with outstretched arms, cried out: "Oh, Ruky, if it is *you,* come back to poor Cor!"

"Caw, caw!" mocked hundreds of voices, as a shadow like a thunder-cloud rose in the air. It was an immense flock of crows. She could distinguish them plainly in the starlight, circling higher and higher, then lower and lower, until, with their harsh "Caw, caw!" they sailed far off into the night.

"Oh, Ruky, answer me!" she cried.

Nep growled, the forest trees whispered softly together, and the lake, twinkling with stars, sang a lullaby as it lifted its weary little waves upon the shore: there was no other sound.

It seemed that daylight never would come; but at last the trees turned slowly from black to green, and the lake put out its stars, one by one, and waited for the new day.

Cora, who had been wandering restlessly in every direction, now went weeping into the cottage. "Poor boy!" she sobbed; "he had no supper." Then she scattered bread-crumbs near the doorway, hoping that Ruky would come for them; but only a few timid little songsters hovered about, and, while Cora wept, picked up the food daintily, as though it burned their bills. When she reached forth her hand, though there were no crows among them, and called "Ruky! Ruky!" they scattered and flew away in an instant.

Next she went to the steep-roofed barn, and, bringing out an apronful of grain, scattered it all around his favorite tree. Before long, to her great joy, a flock of crows came by. They spied the grain, and soon were busily picking it up with their short, feathered bills. One even came near the mound where she sat. Unable to restrain herself longer, she fell upon her knees with an imploring cry:

"Oh, Ruky! is this you?"

Instantly the entire flock set up an angry "caw," and, surrounding the crow, who was hopping closer and closer to

Cora, hurried him off, until they all looked like mere specks against the summer sky.

Every day, rain or shine, she scattered the grain, trembling with dread lest Nep should leap among the hungry crows, and perhaps kill her "little bird" first. But Nep knew better; he never stirred when the noisy crowd settled around the cottage, excepting once, when one of them pounced upon his back. Then he started up, wagging his tail, and barking with uproarious delight. The crow flew off in a flutter, and did not venture near him again.

Poor Cora felt sure that this could be no other than Ruky. Oh, if she only could have caught him then! Perhaps with kisses and prayers she might have won him back to Ruky's shape; but now the chance was lost.

There was no one to help her; for the nearest neighbor dwelt miles away, and her uncle had not yet returned.

After awhile she remembered the little cup, and, filling it with grain, stood it upon a grassy mound. When the crows came, they fought and struggled for its contents with many an angry cry. One of them made no effort to seize the grain. He was content to peck at the berries painted upon its sides, as he hopped joyfully around it again and again. Nep lay very quiet. Only the tip of his tail twitched with an eager, wistful motion. But Cora sprang joyfully toward the bird.

"It *is* Ruky!" she cried, striving to catch it.

Alas! the cup lay shattered beneath her hand, as, with a taunting "caw, caw," the crow joined its fellows and flew away.

Next, gunners came. They were looking for other birds; but they hated the crows, Cora knew, and she trembled for Ruky. She heard the sharp crack of fowling-pieces in the forest, and shuddered whenever Nep, pricking up his ears, darted with an angry howl in the direction of the sound. She knew, too, that her uncle had set traps for the crows, and it seemed to her that the whole world was against the poor birds, plotting their destruction.

Time flew by. The leaves seemed to flash into bright colors

and fall off almost in a day. Frost and snow came. Still the uncle had not returned, or, if he had, she did not know it. Her brain was bewildered. She knew not whether she ate or slept. Only the terrible firing reached her ears, or that living black cloud came and went with its ceaseless "caw."

At last, during a terrible night of wind and storm, Cora felt that she must go forth and seek her poor bird.

"Perhaps he is freezing—dying!" she cried, springing frantically from the bed, and casting her long cloak over her night-dress.

In a moment, she was trudging barefooted through the snow. It was so deep she could hardly walk, and the sleet was driving into her face; still she kept on, though her numbed feet seemed hardly to belong to her. All the way she was praying in her heart; promising never, never to be passionate again, if she only could find her bird—not Ruky the boy, but whatever he might be. She was willing to accept her punishment. Soon a faint cry reached her ear. With eager haste, she peered into every fold of the drifted snow. A black object caught her eye. It was a poor storm-beaten crow, lying there benumbed and stiff.

For Ruky's sake she folded it closely to her bosom, and plodded back to the cottage. The fire cast a rosy light on its glossy wing as she entered, but the poor thing did not stir. Softly stroking and warming it, she wrapped the frozen bird in soft flannel and blew into its open mouth. Soon, to her great relief, it revived, and even swallowed a few grains of wheat.

Cold and weary, she cast herself upon the bed, still folding the bird to her heart. "It may be Ruky! It is all I ask," she sobbed. "I dare not ask for more."

Suddenly she felt a peculiar stirring. The crow seemed to grow larger. Then, in the dim light, she felt its feathers pressing lightly against her cheek. Next, something soft and warm wound itself tenderly about her neck, and she heard a sweet voice saying:

"Don't cry, Cor,—I 'll be good."

She started up. It was, indeed, her own darling! The

starlight shone into the room. Lighting her candle, she looked at the clock.

It was just two hours since she had uttered those cruel words! Sobbing, she asked:

"Have I been asleep, Ruky, dear?"

"I don't know, Cor. Do people cry when they 're asleep?"

"Sometimes, Ruky," clasping him very close.

"Then you have been asleep. But Cor, please don't let Uncle whip Ruky."

"No, no, my little bird—I mean, my brother. Good night, darling!"

"Good night."

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL[1]

By LAFCADIO HEARN

She hath spoken, and her words still resound in his ears.
Hao-Khieou-Tchouan: c. ix.

THE water-clock marks the hour in the *Ta-chung sz'*,—in the Tower of the Great Bell: now the mallet is lifted to smite the lips of the metal monster,—the vast lips inscribed with Buddhist texts from the sacred *Fa-hwa-King,* from the chapters of the holy *Ling-yen-King!* Hear the great bell responding!—how mighty her voice, though tongueless!—*KO-NGAI!* All the little dragons on the high-tilted eaves of the green roofs shiver to the tips of their gilded tails under that deep wave of sound; all the porcelain gargoyles tremble on their carven perches; all the hundred little bells of the pagodas quiver with desire to speak. *KO-NGAI!*—all the green-and-gold tiles of the temple are vibrating; the wooden goldfish above them are writhing against the sky; the uplifted finger of Fo shakes high over the heads of the worshippers through the blue fog of incense! *KO-NGAI!*—What a thunder tone was that! All the lacquered goblins on the palace cornices wriggle their fire-colored tongues! And after each huge shock, how wondrous the multiple echo and the great golden moan and, at last, the sudden sibilant sobbing in the ears when the immense tone faints away in broken whispers of silver,—as though a woman should whisper, *"Hiai!"* Even so the great bell hath sounded every day for well-nigh five hundred years,—*Ko-Ngai:* first with stupendous clang, then with immeasurable moan of gold, then with silver murmuring of *"Hiai!"* And there is not a child in all the many-

[1] From *Some Chinese Ghosts.* Copyright, 1887, by Little, Brown & Company.

colored ways of the old Chinese city who does not know the story of the great bell,—who cannot tell you why the great bell says *Ko-Ngai* and *Hiai!*

Now, this is the story of the great bell in the Ta-chung sz', as the same is related in the *Pe-Hiao-Tou-Choue,* written by the learned Yu-Pao-Tchen, of the City of Kwang-tchau-fu.

Nearly five hundred years ago the Celestially August, the Son of Heaven, Yong-Lo, of the "Illustrious," or Ming dynasty, commanded the worthy official, Kouan-Yu, that he should have a bell made of such size that the sound thereof might be heard for one hundred *li.* And he further ordained that the voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass, and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver; and that the face and the great lips of it should be graven with blessed sayings from the sacred books, and that it should be suspended in the centre of the imperial capital, to sound through all the many-colored ways of the City of Pe-king.

Therefore the worthy mandarin, Kouan-Yu, assembled the master-moulders and the renowned bellsmiths of the empire, and all men of great repute and cunning in foundry work; and they measured the materials for the alloy, and treated them skilfully, and prepared the moulds, the fires, the instruments, and the monstrous melting-pot for fusing the metal. And they labored exceedingly, like giants,—neglecting only rest and sleep and the comforts of life; toiling both night and day in obedience to Kouan-Yu, and striving in all things to do the behest of the Son of Heaven.

But when the metal had been cast, and the earthen mould separated from the glowing casting, it was discovered that, despite their great labor and ceaseless care, the result was void of worth; for the metals had rebelled one against the other,—the gold had scorned alliance with the brass, the silver would not mingle with the molten iron. Therefore the moulds had to be once more prepared, and the fires rekindled, and the metal remelted, and all the work tediously and toilsomely repeated. The Son of Heaven heard, and was angry, but spake nothing.

A second time the bell was cast, and the result was even worse. Still the metals obstinately refused to blend one with the other; and there was no uniformity in the bell, and the sides of it were cracked and fissured, and the lips of it were slagged and split asunder; so that all the labor had to be repeated even a third time, to the great dismay of Kouan-Yu. And when the Son of Heaven heard these things, he was angrier than before; and sent his messenger to Kouan-Yu with a letter, written upon lemon-colored silk, and sealed with the seal of the Dragon, containing these words:—

.."From the Mighty Yong-Lo, the Sublime Tait-Sung, the Celestial and August,—whose reign is called 'Ming,'—to Kouan-Yu the Fuh-yin: Twice thou hast betrayed the trust we have deigned graciously to place in thee; if thou fail a third time in fulfilling our command, thy head shall be severed from thy neck. Tremble, and obey!"

Now, Kouan-Yu had a daughter of dazzling loveliness, whose name—Ko-Ngai—was ever in the mouths of poets, and whose heart was even more beautiful than her face. Ko-Ngai loved her father with such love that she had refused a hundred worthy suitors rather than make his home desolate by her absence; and when she had seen the awful yellow missive, sealed with the Dragon-Seal, she fainted away with fear for her father's sake. And when her senses and her strength returned to her, she could not rest or sleep for thinking of her parent's danger, until she had secretly sold some of her jewels, and with the money so obtained had hastened to an astrologer, and paid him a great price to advise her by what means her father might be saved from the peril impending over him. So the astrologer made observations of the heavens, and marked the aspect of the Silver Stream (which we call the Milky Way), and examined the signs of the Zodiac,—the *Hwang-tao*, or Yellow Road,—and consulted the table of the Five *Hin*, or Principles of the Universe, and the mystical books of the alchemists. And after a long silence, he made answer to her, saying: "Gold and brass will never meet in

wedlock, silver and iron never will embrace, until the flesh of a maiden be melted in the crucible; until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion.'' So Ko-Ngai returned home sorrowful at heart; but she kept secret all that she had heard, and told no one what she had done.

At last came the awful day when the third and last effort to cast the great bell was to be made; and Ko-Ngai, together with her waiting-woman, accompanied her father to the foundry, and they took their places upon a platform overlooking the toiling of the moulders and the lava of liquefied metal. All the workmen wrought their tasks in silence; there was no sound heard but the muttering of the fires. And the muttering deepened into a roar like the roar of typhoons approaching, and the blood-red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion was transmuted into a radiant glow of gold, and the gold whitened blindingly, like the silver face of a full moon. Then the workers ceased to feed the raving flame, and all fixed their eyes upon the eyes of Kouan-Yu; and Kouan-Yu prepared to give the signal to cast.

But ere ever he lifted his finger, a cry caused him to turn his head; and all heard the voice of Ko-Ngai sounding sharply sweet as a bird's song above the great thunder of the fires,—*''For thy sake, O my Father!''* And even as she cried, she leaped into the white flood of metal; and the lava of the furnace roared to receive her, and spattered monstrous flakes of flame to the roof, and burst over the verge of the earthen crater, and cast up a whirling fountain of many-colored fires, and subsided quakingly, with lightnings and with thunders and with mutterings.

Then the father of Ko-Ngai, wild with his grief, would have leaped in after her, but that strong men held him back and kept firm grasp upon him until he had fainted away and they could bear him like one dead to his home. And the serving-woman of Ko-Ngai, dizzy and speechless for pain, stood before the furnace, still holding in her hands a shoe, a tiny, dainty shoe, with embroidery of pearls and flowers,—the shoe of her

beautiful mistress that was. For she had sought to grasp Ko-Ngai by the foot as she leaped, but had only been able to clutch the shoe, and the pretty shoe came off in her hand; and she continued to stare at it like one gone mad.

But in spite of all these things, the command of the Celestial and August had to be obeyed, and the work of the moulders to be finished, hopeless as the result might be. Yet the glow of the metal seemed purer and whiter than before; and there was no sign of the beautiful body that had been entombed therein. So the ponderous casting was made; and lo! when the metal had become cool, it was found that the bell was beautiful to look upon, and perfect in form, and wonderful in color above all other bells. Nor was there any trace found of the body of Ko-Ngai; for it had been totally absorbed by the precious alloy, and blended with the well-blended brass and gold, with the intermingling of the silver and iron. And when they sounded the bell, its tones were found to be deeper and mellower and mightier than the tones of any other bell,—reaching even beyond the distance of one hundred *li,* like a pealing of summer thunder; and yet also like some vast voice uttering a name, a woman's name,—the name of Ko-Ngai!

And still, between each mighty stroke there is a long low moaning heard; and ever the moaning ends with a sound of sobbing and complaining, as though a weeping woman should murmur, *"Hiai!"* And still, when the people hear that great golden moan they keep silence; but when the sharp, sweet shuddering comes in the air, and the sobbing of *"Hiai!"* then, indeed, do all the Chinese mothers in all the many-colored ways of Pe-king whisper to their little ones: *"Listen! that is Ko-Ngai crying for her shoe! That is Ko-Ngai calling for her shoe!"*

THE TEN TRAILS

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ONCE there were two Indians who went out together to hunt. Hapeda was very strong and swift and a wonderful bowman. Chatun was much weaker and carried a weaker bow; but he was very patient.

As they went through the hills they came on the fresh track of a small Deer. Chatun said: "My brother, I shall follow that."

But Hapeda said: "You may if you like, but a mighty hunter like me wants bigger game."

So they parted.

Hapeda went on for an hour or more and found the track of ten large Elk going different ways. He took the trail of the largest and followed for a long way, but not coming up with it, he said: "That one is evidently traveling. I should have taken one of the others."

So he went back to the place where he first found it, and took up the trail of another. After a hunt of over an hour in which he failed to get a shot, he said: "I have followed another traveler. I 'll go back and take up the trail of one that is feeding."

But again, after a short pursuit, he gave up that one to go back and try another that seemed more promising. Thus he spent a whole day trying each of the trails for a short time, and at night came back to camp with nothing, to find that Chatun, though his inferior in all other ways, had proved wiser. He had stuck doggedly to the trail of the one little Deer, and now had its carcass safely in camp.

MORAL: *The Prize is always at the end of the trail.*

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO[1]

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

In a certain town there lived a shoemaker named Martin Avdeitch. He lived in a basement room which possessed but one window. This window looked onto the street, and through it a glimpse could be caught of the passers-by. It is true that only their legs could be seen, but that did not matter, as Martin could recognize people by their boots alone. He had lived here for a long time, and so had many acquaintances. There were very few pairs of boots in the neighbourhood which had not passed through his hands at least once, if not twice. Some he had resoled, others he had fitted with side-pieces, others, again, he had resewn where they were split, or provided with new toe-caps. Yes, he often saw his handiwork through that window. He was given plenty of custom, for his work lasted well, his materials were good, his prices moderate, and his word to be depended on. If he could do a job by a given time it should be done; but if not, he would warn you beforehand rather than disappoint you. Everyone knew Avdeitch, and no one ever transferred his custom from him. He had always been an upright man, but with the approach of old age he had begun more than ever to think of his soul, and to draw nearer to God.

His wife had died while he was still an apprentice, leaving behind her a little boy of three. This was their only child, indeed, for the two elder ones had died previously. At first Martin thought of placing the little fellow with a sister of his in the country, but changed his mind, thinking: "My

[1] Reprinted from the Everyman Edition of Tolstoi's *Tales and Parables*, by special permission of the publishers. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company.

Kapitoshka would not like to grow up in a strange family, so I will keep him by me.'' Then Avdeitch finished his apprenticeship, and went to live in lodgings with his little boy. But God had not seen fit to give Avdeitch happiness in his children. The little boy was just growing up and beginning to help his father and to be a pleasure to him, when he fell ill, was put to bed, and died after a week's fever.

Martin buried the little fellow and was inconsolable. Indeed, he was so inconsolable that he began to murmur against God. His life seemed so empty that more than once he prayed for death and reproached the Almighty for taking away his only beloved son instead of himself, the old man. At last he ceased altogether to go to church.

Then one day there came to see him an ancient peasant-pilgrim—one who was now in the eighth year of his pilgrimage. To him Avdeitch talked, and then went on to complain of his great sorrow.

''I no longer wish to be a God-fearing man,'' he said. ''I only wish to die. That is all I ask of God. I am a lonely, hopeless man.''

''You should not speak like that, Martin,'' replied the old pilgrim. ''It is not for us to judge the acts of God. We must rely, not upon our own understanding, but upon the Divine wisdom. God saw fit that your son should die and that you should live. Therefore it must be better so. If you despair, it is because you have wished to live too much for your own pleasure.''

''For what, then, should I live?'' asked Martin.

''For God alone,'' replied the old man. ''It is He who gave you life, and therefore it is He for whom you should live. When you come to live for Him you will cease to grieve, and your trials will become easy to bear.''

Martin was silent. Then he spoke again.

''But how am I to live for God?'' he asked.

''Christ has shown us the way,'' answered the old man. ''Can you read? If so, buy a Testament and study it. You will learn there how to live for God. Yes, it is all shown you there.''

These words sank into Avdeitch's soul. He went out the same day, bought a large-print copy of the New Testament, and set himself to read it.

At the beginning Avdeitch had meant only to read on festival days, but when he once began his reading he found it so comforting to the soul that he came never to let a day pass without doing so. On the second occasion he became so engrossed that all the kerosene was burnt away in the lamp before he could tear himself away from the book.

Thus he came to read it every evening, and, the more he read, the more clearly did he understand what God required of him, and in what way he could live for God; so that his heart grew ever lighter and lighter. Once upon a time, whenever he had lain down to sleep, he had been used to moan and sigh as he thought of his little Kapitoshka; but now he only said—"Glory to Thee, O Lord! Glory to Thee! Thy will be done!"

From that time onwards Avdeitch's life became completely changed. Once he had been used to go out on festival days and drink tea in a tavern, and had not denied himself even an occasional glass of *vodka.* This he had done in the company of a boon companion, and, although no drunkard, would frequently leave the tavern in an excited state and talk much nonsense as he shouted and disputed with this friend of his. But now he had turned his back on all this, and his life had become quiet and joyous. Early in the morning he would sit down to his work, and labor through his appointed hours. Then he would take the lamp down from a shelf, light it, and sit down to read. And the more he read, the more he understood, and the clearer and happier he grew at heart.

It happened once that Martin had been reading late. He had been reading those verses in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke which run:

"And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not

again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Then, further on, he had read those verses where the Lord says:

"And why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to Me and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the storm beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdeitch read these words, and felt greatly cheered in soul. He took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, leaned his elbows upon the table, and gave himself up to meditation. He set himself to measure his own life by those words, and thought to himself:

"Is my house founded upon a rock or upon sand? It is well if it be upon a rock. Yet it seems so easy to me as I sit here alone. I may so easily come to think that I have done all that the Lord has commanded me, and grow careless and—sin again. Yet I will keep on striving, for it is goodly so to do. Help Thou me, O Lord."

Thus he kept on meditating, though conscious that it was time for bed; yet he was loathe to tear himself away from the book. He began to read the seventh chapter of St. Luke, and read on about the centurion, the widow's son, and the answer given to John's disciples; until in time he came to the passage where the rich Pharisee invited Jesus to his house, and the woman washed the Lord's feet with her tears and He justified her. So he came to the forty-fourth verse and read:

"And He turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, and thou gavest Me no water for My feet: but she hath washed My feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss: but this woman since the time I

came in hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment.''

He read these verses and thought:

'' 'Thou gavest Me no water for My feet' . . . 'Thou gavest Me no kiss' . . . 'My head with oil thou didst not anoint' . . .''—and once again he took off his spectacles, laid them on the book, and became lost in meditation.

''I am even as that Pharisee,'' he thought to himself. ''I drink tea and think only of my own needs. Yes, I think only of having plenty to eat and drink, of being warm and clean—but never of entertaining a guest. And Simon too was mindful only of himself, although the guest who had come to visit him was—who? Why, even the Lord Himself! If, then, He should come to visit *me,* should I receive Him any better?''—and, leaning forward upon his elbows, he was asleep almost before he was aware of it.

''Martin!'' someone seemed to breathe in his ear.

He started from his sleep.

''Who is there?'' he said. He turned and looked towards the door, but could see no one. Again he bent forward over the table. Then suddenly he heard the words:

''Martin, Martin! Look thou into the street to-morrow, for I am coming to visit thee.''

Martin roused himself, got up from the chair, and rubbed his eyes. He did not know whether it was dreaming or awake that he had heard these words, but he turned out the lamp and went to bed.

The next morning Avdeitch rose before daylight and said his prayers. Then he made up the stove, got ready some cabbage soup and porridge, lighted the *samovar,* slung his leather apron about him, and sat down to his work in the window. He sat and worked hard, yet all the time his thoughts were centred upon last night. He was in two ideas about the vision. At one moment he would think that it must have been his fancy, while the next moment he would find himself convinced that he had really heard the voice. ''Yes, it must have been so,'' he concluded.

As Martin sat thus by the window he kept looking out of it as much as working. Whenever a pair of boots passed with which he was acquainted he would bend down to glance upwards through the window and see their owner's face as well. The doorkeeper passed in new felt boots, and then a water-carrier. Next, an old soldier, a veteran of Nicholas' army, in old, patched boots, and carrying a shovel in his hands, halted close by the window. Avdeitch knew him by his boots. His name was Stepanitch, and he was kept by a neighboring tradesman out of charity, his duties being to help the doorkeeper. He began to clear away the snow from in front of Avdeitch's window, while the shoemaker looked at him and then resumed his work.

"I think I must be getting into my dotage," thought Avdeitch with a smile. "Just because Stepanitch begins clearing away the snow I at once jump to the conclusion that Christ is about to visit me. Yes, I am growing foolish now, old greybeard that I am."

Yet he had hardly made a dozen stitches before he was craning his neck again to look out of the window. He could see that Stepanitch had placed his shovel against the wall, and was resting and trying to warm himself a little.

"He is evidently an old man now and broken," thought Avdeitch to himself. "He is not strong enough to clear away snow. Would he like some tea, I wonder? That reminds me that the *samovar* must be ready now."

He made fast his awl in his work and got up. Placing the *samovar* on the table, he brewed the tea, and then tapped with his finger on the window-pane. Stepanitch turned round and approached. Avdeitch beckoned to him, and then went to open the door.

"Come in and warm yourself," he said. "You must be frozen."

"Christ requite you!" answered Stepanitch. "Yes, my bones are almost cracking."

He came in, shook the snow off himself, and, though tottering on his feet, took pains to wipe them carefully, that he might not dirty the floor.

"Nay, do not trouble about that," said Avdeitch. "I will wipe your boots myself. It is part of my business in this trade. Come you here and sit down, and we will empty this tea-pot together."

He poured out two tumblerfuls, and offered one to his guest; after which he emptied his own into the saucer, and blew upon it to cool it. Stepanitch drank his tumblerful, turned the glass upside down, placed his crust upon it, and thanked his host kindly. But it was plain that he wanted another one.

"You must drink some more," said Avdeitch, and refilled his guest's tumbler and his own. Yet, in spite of himself, he had no sooner drunk his tea than he found himself looking out into the street again.

"Are you expecting anyone?" asked his guest.

"Am—am I expecting anyone? Well, to tell the truth, yes. That is to say, I am, and I am not. The fact is that some words have got fixed in my memory. Whether it was a vision or not I cannot tell, but at all events, my old friend, I was reading in the Gospels last night about Our Little Father Christ, and how He walked this earth and suffered. You have heard of Him, have you not?"

"Yes, yes, I have heard of Him," answered Stepanitch; "but we are ignorant folk and do not know our letters."

"Well, I was reading of how He walked this earth, and how He went to visit a Pharisee, and yet received no welcome from him at the door. All this I read last night, my friend, and then fell to thinking about it—to thinking how some day I too might fail to pay Our Little Father Christ due honor. 'Suppose,' I thought to myself, 'He came to me or to anyone like me? Should we, like the great lord Simon, not know how to receive Him and not go out to meet Him?' Thus I thought, and fell asleep where I sat. Then as I sat sleeping there I heard someone call my name; and as I raised myself the voice went on (as though it were the voice of someone whispering in my ear): 'Watch thou for me to-morrow, for I am coming to visit thee.' It said that twice. And so those words have got into my head, and, foolish though I

know it to be, I keep expecting *Him*—the Little Father—every moment.''

Stepanitch nodded and said nothing, but emptied his glass and laid it aside. Nevertheless Avdeitch took and refilled it.

''Drink it up; it will do you good,'' he said. ''Do you know,'' he went on, ''I often call to mind how when Our Little Father walked this earth, there was never a man, however humble, whom He despised, and how it was chiefly among the common people that He dwelt. It was always with *them* that He walked; it was from among *them*—from among such men as you and I—from among sinners and working folk—that He chose His disciples. 'Whosoever,' He said, 'shall exalt himself, the same shall be abased; and whosoever shall abase himself, the same shall be exalted.' 'You,' He said again, 'call me Lord; yet will I wash your feet.' 'Whosoever,' He said, 'would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all. Because,' He said, 'blessed are the lowly, the peacemakers, the merciful, and the charitable.' ''

Stepanitch had forgotten all about his tea. He was an old man, and his tears came easily. He sat and listened, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

''Oh, but you must drink your tea,'' said Avdeitch; yet Stepanitch only crossed himself and said the thanksgiving, after which he pushed his glass away and rose.

''I thank you, Martin Avdeitch,'' he said. ''You have taken me in, and fed both soul and body.''

''Nay, but I beg of you to come again,'' replied Avdeitch. ''I am only too glad of a guest.''

So Stepanitch departed, while Martin poured out the last of the tea and drank it. Then he cleaned the crockery, and sat down again to his work by the window—to the stitching of a back-piece. He stitched away, yet kept on looking through the window—looking for Christ, as it were—and ever thinking of Christ and His works. Indeed, Christ's many sayings were never absent from Avdeitch's mind.

Two soldiers passed the window, the one in military boots, and the other in civilian. Next, there came a neighboring

householder, in polished goloshes; then a baker with a basket. All of them passed on. Presently a woman in woollen stockings and rough country shoes approached the window, and halted near the buttress outside it. Avdeitch peered up at her from under the lintel of his window, and could see that she was a plain-looking, poorly-dressed woman and had a child in her arms. It was in order to muffle the child up more closely—little though she had to do it with!—that she had stopped near the buttress and was now standing there with her back to the wind. Her clothing was ragged and fit only for summer, and even from behind his window-panes Avdeitch could hear the child crying miserably and its mother vainly trying to soothe it. Avdeitch rose, went to the door, climbed the steps, and cried out: "My good woman, my good woman!"

She heard him and turned round.

"Why need you stand there in the cold with your baby?" he went on. "Come into my room, where it is warm, and where you will be able to wrap the baby up more comfortably than you can do here. Yes, come in with you."

The woman was surprised to see an old man in a leather apron and with spectacles upon his nose calling out to her, yet she followed him down the steps, and they entered his room. The old man led her to the bedstead.

"Sit you down here, my good woman," he said. "You will be near the stove, and can warm yourself and feed your baby."

"Ah," she replied. "I have had nothing to eat this morning." Nevertheless she put the child to her breast.

Avdeitch nodded his head approvingly, went to the table for some bread and a basin, and opened the stove door. From the stove he took and poured some soup into the basin, and drew out also a bowl of porridge. The latter, however, was not yet boiling, so he set out only the soup, after first laying the table with a cloth.

"Sit down and eat, my good woman," he said, "while I hold your baby. I have had little ones of my own, and know how to nurse them."

The woman crossed herself and sat down, while Avdeitch

seated himself upon the bedstead with the baby. He smacked his lips at it once or twice, but made a poor show of it, for he had no teeth left. Consequently the baby went on crying. Then he bethought him of his finger, which he wriggled to and fro towards the baby's mouth and back again—without, however, actually touching the little one's lips, since the finger was blackened with work and sticky with shoemaker's wax. The baby contemplated the finger and grew quiet—then actually smiled. Avdeitch was delighted. Meanwhile the woman had been eating her meal, and now she told him, unasked, who she was and whither she was going.

"I am a soldier's wife," she said, "but my husband was sent to a distant station eight months ago, and I have heard nothing of him since. At first I got a place as cook, but when the baby came they said they could not do with it and dismissed me. That was three months ago, and I have got nothing since, and have spent all my savings. I tried to get taken as a nurse, but no one would have me, for they said I was too thin. I have just been to see a tradesman's wife where our grandmother is in service. She had promised to take me on, and I quite thought that she would, but when I arrived to-day she told me to come again next week. She lives a long way from here, and I am quite worn out and have tired my baby for nothing. Thank Heaven, however, my landlady is good to me, and gives me shelter for Christ's sake. Otherwise I should not have known how to bear it all."

Avdeitch sighed and said: "But have you nothing warm to wear?"

"Ah, sir," replied the woman, "although it is the time for warm clothes I had to pawn my last shawl yesterday for two *grivenki.*"[1]

Then the woman returned to the bedstead to take her baby, while Avdeitch rose and went to a cupboard. There he rummaged about, and presently returned with an old jacket.

"Here," he said. "It is a poor old thing, but it will serve to cover you."

The woman looked at the jacket, and then at the old man.

[1] The grivenka = 10 copecks = about five cents.

Then she took the jacket and burst into tears. Avdeitch turned away, and went creeping under the bedstead, whence he extracted a box and pretended to rummage about in it for a few moments; after which he sat down again before the woman.

Then the woman said to him: "I thank you in Christ's name, good grandfather. Surely it was He Himself who sent me to your window. Otherwise I should have seen my baby perish with the cold. When I first came out the day was warm, but now it has begun to freeze. But He, Our Little Father, had placed you in your window, that you might see me in my bitter plight and have compassion upon me."

Avdeitch smiled and said: "He did indeed place me there: yet, my poor woman, it was for a special purpose that I was looking out."

Then he told his guest, the soldier's wife, of his vision, and how he had heard a voice foretelling that to-day the Lord Himself would come to visit him.

"That may very well be," said the woman as she rose, took the jacket, and wrapped her baby in it. Then she saluted him once more and thanked him.

"Also, take this in Christ's name," said Avdeitch, and gave her a two-*grivenka* piece with which to buy herself a shawl. The woman crossed herself, and he likewise. Then he led her to the door and dismissed her.

When she had gone Avdeitch ate a little soup, washed up the crockery again, and resumed his work. All the time, though, he kept his eye upon the window, and as soon as ever a shadow fell across it he would look up to see who was passing. Acquaintances of his came past, and people whom he did not know, yet never anyone very particular.

Then suddenly he saw something. Opposite his window there had stopped an old pedlar-woman, with a basket of apples. Only a few of the apples, however, remained, so that it was clear that she was almost sold out. Over her shoulder was slung a sack of shavings, which she must have gathered near some new building as she was going home. Apparently,

her shoulder had begun to ache under their weight, and she therefore wished to shift them to the other one. To do this, she balanced her basket of apples on the top of a post, lowered the sack to the pavement, and began shaking up its contents. As she was doing this, a boy in a ragged cap appeared from somewhere, seized an apple from the basket, and tried to make off. But the old woman, who had been on her guard, managed to turn and seize the boy by the sleeve, and although he struggled and tried to break away, she clung to him with both hands, snatched his cap off, and finally grasped him by the hair. Thereupon the youngster began to shout and abuse his captor. Avdeitch did not stop to make fast his awl, but threw his work down upon the floor, ran to the door, and went stumbling up the steps—losing his spectacles as he did so. Out into the street he ran, where the old woman was still clutching the boy by the hair and threatening to take him to the police, while the boy, for his part, was struggling in the endeavor to free himself.

"I never took it," he was saying. "What are you beating me for? Let me go."

Avdeitch tried to part them as he took the boy by the hand and said:

"Let him go, my good woman. Pardon him for Christ's sake."

"Yes, I will pardon him," she retorted, "but not until he has tasted a new birch-rod. I mean to take the young rascal to the police."

But Avdeitch still interceded for him.

"Let him go, my good woman," he said. "He will never do it again. Let him go for Christ's sake."

The old woman released the boy, who was for making off at once had not Avdeitch stopped him.

"You must beg the old woman's pardon," he said, "and never do such a thing again. I saw you take the apple."

The boy burst out crying, and begged the old woman's pardon as Avdeitch commanded.

"There, there," said Avdeitch. "Now I will give you

one. Here you are,''—and he took an apple from the basket and handed it to the boy. ''I will pay you for it, my good woman,'' he added.

''Yes, but you spoil the young rascal by doing that,'' she objected. ''He ought to have received a reward that would have made him glad to stand for a week.''

''Ah, my good dame, my good dame,'' exclaimed Avdeitch. ''That may be *our* way of rewarding, but it is not God's. If this boy ought to have been whipped for taking the apple, ought not we also to receive something for our sins?''

The old woman was silent. Then Avdeitch related to her the parable of the master who absolved his servant from the great debt which he owed him, whereupon the servant departed and took his own debtor by the throat. The old woman listened, and also the boy.

''God has commanded us to pardon one another,'' went on Avdeitch, ''or *He* will not pardon us. We ought to pardon all men, and especially the thoughtless.''

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

''Yes, that may be so,'' she said, ''but these young rascals are so spoilt already!''

''Then it is for us, their elders, to teach them better,'' he replied.

''That is what I say myself at times,'' rejoined the old woman. ''I had seven of them once at home, but have only one daughter now.'' And she went on to tell Avdeitch where she and her daughter lived, and how they lived, and how many grandchildren she had.

''I have only such strength as you see,'' she said, ''yet I work hard, for my heart goes out to my grandchildren—the bonny little things that they are! No children could run to meet me as they do. Aksintka, for instance, will go to no one else. 'Grandmother,' she cries, 'dear grandmother, you are tired' ''—and the old woman became thoroughly softened. ''Everyone knows what boys are,'' she added presently, referring to the culprit. ''May God go with him!''

She was raising the sack to her shoulders again when the boy darted forward and said:

"Nay, let me carry it, grandmother. It will be all on my way home."

The old woman nodded assent, gave up the sack to the boy, and went away with him down the street. She had quite forgotten to ask Avdeitch for the money for the apple. He stood looking after them, and observing how they were talking together as they went.

Having seen them go, he returned to his room, finding his spectacles—unbroken—on the steps as he descended them. Once more he took up his awl and fell to work, but had done little before he found it difficult to distinguish the stitches, and the lamplighter had passed on his rounds. "I too must light up," he thought to himself. So he trimmed the lamp, hung it up, and resumed his work. He finished one boot completely, and then turned it over to look at it. It was all good work. Then he laid aside his tools, swept up the cuttings, rounded off the stitches and loose ends, and cleaned his awl. Next he lifted the lamp down, placed it on the table, and took his Testament from the shelf. He had intended opening the book at the place which he had marked last night with a strip of leather, but it opened itself at another instead. The instant it did so, his vision of last night came back to his memory, and, as instantly, he thought he heard a movement behind him as of someone moving towards him. He looked round and saw in the shadow of a dark corner what appeared to be figures—figures of persons standing there, yet could not distinguish them clearly. Then the voice whispered in his ear:

"Martin, Martin, dost thou not know me?"

"Who art Thou?" said Avdeitch.

"Even I!" whispered the voice again. "Lo, it is I!"—and there stepped from the dark corner Stepanitch. He smiled, and then, like the fading of a little cloud, was gone.

"It is I!" whispered the voice again—and there stepped from the same corner the woman with her baby. She smiled, and the baby smiled, and they were gone.

"And it is I!" whispered the voice again—and there stepped forth the old woman and the boy with the apple. They smiled, and were gone.

Joy filled the soul of Martin Avdeitch as he crossed himself, put on his spectacles, and set himself to read the Testament at the place where it had opened. At the top of the page he read:

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."

And further down the page he read:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Then Avdeitch understood that the vision had come true, and that his Saviour had in very truth visited him that day, and that he had received Him.

WOOD-LADIES [1]

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

THE pine-trees of the wood joined their branches into a dome of intricate groinings over the floor of ferns where the children sat, sunk to the neck in a foam of tender green. The sunbeams that slanted in made shivering patches of gold about them. Joyce, the elder of the pair, was trying to explain why she had wished to come here from the glooms of the lesser wood beyond.

"I was n't 'zactly frightened," she said. "I knew there was n't any lions or robbers, or anything like that. But——"

"Tramps?" suggested Joan.

"No! You know I don't mind tramps, Joan. But as we was going along under all those dark bushes where it was so quiet, I kept feeling as if there was—something—behind me. I looked round and there was n't anything, but—well, it felt as if there was."

Joyce's small face was knit and intent with the efforts to convey her meaning. She was a slim erect child, as near seven years of age as makes no matter, with eyes that were going to be gray, but had not yet ceased to be blue. Joan, who was a bare five, a mere huge baby, was trying to root up a fern that grew between her feet.

"I know," she said, tugging mightily. The fern gave suddenly, and Joan fell over on her back, with her stout legs sticking up stiffly. In this posture she continued the conversation undisturbed. "I know, Joy. It was wood-ladies!"

"Wood-ladies!" Joyce frowned in faint perplexity as Joan rolled right side up again. Wood-ladies were dim inhabitants of the woods, being of the order of fairies and angels and even

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vaguer, for there was nothing about them in the story-books. Joyce, who felt that she was getting on in years, was willing to be sceptical about them, but could not always manage it. In the nursery, with the hard clean linoleum underfoot and the barred window looking out on the lawn and the road, it was easy; she occasionally shocked Joan, and sometimes herself, by the license of her speech on such matters; but it was a different affair when one came to the gate at the end of the garden, and passed as through a dream portal from the sunshine and frank sky to the cathedral shadows and great whispering aisles of the wood. There the dimness was like the shadow of a presence; as babies they had been aware of it, and answered their own questions by inventing wood-ladies to float among the trunks and people the still green chambers. Now, neither of them could remember how they had first learned of wood-ladies.

"Wood-ladies," repeated Joyce, and turned with a little shiver to look across the ferns to where the pines ended and the lesser wood, dense with undergrowth, broke at their edge like a wave on a steep beach. It was there, in a tunnel of a path that writhed beneath overarching bushes, that she had been troubled with the sense of unseen companions. Joan, her fat hands struggling with another fern, followed her glance.

"That 's where they are," she said casually. "They like being in the dark."

"Joan!" Joyce spoke earnestly. "Say truly—truly, mind!—do you think there *is* wood-ladies at all?"

" 'Course there is," replied Joan cheerfully. "Fairies in fields and angels in heaven and dragons in caves and wood-ladies in woods."

"But," objected Joyce, "nobody ever sees them."

Joan lifted her round baby face, plump, serene, bright with innocence, and gazed across at the tangled trees beyond the ferns. She wore the countenance with which she was wont to win games, and Joyce thrilled nervously at her certainty. Her eyes, which were brown, seemed to seek expertly; then she nodded.

"There 's one now," she said, and fell to work with her fern again.

Joyce, crouching among the broad green leaves, looked tensely, dread and curiosity—the child's avid curiosity for the supernatural—alight in her face. In the wood a breath of wind stirred the leaves; the shadows and the fretted lights shifted and swung; all was vague movement and change. Was it a bough that bent and sprang back or a flicker of draperies, dim and green, shrouding a tenuous form that passed like a smoke-wreath? She stared with wide eyes, and it seemed to her that for an instant she saw the figure turn and the pallor of a face, with a mist of hair about it, sway toward her. There was an impression of eyes, large and tender, of an infinite grace and fragility, of a coloring that merged into the greens and browns of the wood; and as she drew her breath it was all no more. The trees, the lights and shades, the stir of branches were as before, but something was gone from them.

"Joan," she cried, hesitating.

"Yes," said Joan, without looking up. "What?"

The sound of words had broken a spell. Joyce was no longer sure that she had seen anything.

"I thought, just now, I could see something," she said. "But I s'pose I did n't."

"I did," remarked Joan.

Joyce crawled through the crisp ferns till she was close to Joan, sitting solid and untroubled and busy upon the ground, with broken stems and leaves all round her.

"Joan," she begged. "Be nice. You 're trying to frighten me, are n't you?"

"I 'm not," protested Joan. "I did see a wood-lady. Wood-ladies does n't hurt you; wood-ladies are *nice*. You 're a coward, Joyce."

"I can't help it," said Joyce, sighing. "But I won't go into the dark parts of the wood any more."

"Coward," repeated Joan absently, but with a certain relish.

"You would n't like to go there by yourself," cried Joyce. "If I was n't with you, you 'd be a coward too. You know you would."

She stopped, for Joan had swept her lap free of débris and was rising to her feet. Joan, for all her plumpness and infantile softness, had a certain deliberate dignity when she was put upon her mettle. She eyed her sister with a calm and very galling superiority.

"I 'm going there now," she answered; "all by mineself."

"Go, then," retorted Joyce angrily.

Without a further word, Joan turned her back and began to plough her way across the ferns toward the dark wood. Joyce, watching her, saw her go, at first with wrath, for she had been stung, and then with compunction. The plump baby was so small in the brooding solemnity of the pines, thrusting indefatigably along, buried to the waist in ferns. Her sleek brown head had a devoted look; the whole of her seemed to go with so sturdy an innocence toward those peopled and uncanny glooms. Joyce rose to her knees to call her back.

"Joan!" she cried. The baby turned. "Joan! Come back; come back an' be friends!"

Joan, maintaining her offing, replied only with a gesture. It was a gesture they had learned from the boot-and-knife boy, and they had once been spanked for practising it on the piano-tuner. The boot-and-knife boy called it "cocking a snook," and it consisted in raising a thumb to one's nose and spreading the fingers out. It was defiance and insult in tabloid form. Then she turned and plodded on. The opaque wall of the wood was before her and over her, but she knew its breach. She ducked her head under a droop of branches, squirmed through, was visible still for some seconds as a gleam of blue frock, and then the ghostly shadows received her and she was gone. The wood closed behind her like a lid.

Joyce, squatting in her place, blinked a little breathlessly to shift from her senses an oppression of alarm, and settled down to wait for her. At least it was true that nothing ever hap-

pened to Joan; even when she fell into a water-butt she suffered no damage; and the wood was a place to which they came every day.

"Besides," she considered, enumerating her resources of comfort; "besides, there can't be such things as wood-ladies *really.*"

But Joan was a long time gone. The dome of pines took on an uncanny stillness; the moving patches of sun seemed furtive and unnatural; the ferns swayed without noise. In the midst of it, patient and nervous, sat Joyce, watching always that spot in the bushes where a blue overall and a brown head had disappeared. The undernote of alarm which stirred her senses died down; a child finds it hard to spin out a mood; she simply sat, half-dreaming in the peace of the morning, half-watching the wood. Time slipped by her and presently there came mother, smiling and seeking through the trees for her babies.

"Isn't there a clock inside you that tells you when it's lunch-time?" asked mother. "You're ever so late. Where's Joan?"

Joyce rose among the ferns, delicate and elfin, with a shy perplexity on her face. It was difficult to speak even to mother about wood-ladies without a pretence of scepticism.

"I forgot about lunch," she said, taking the slim cool hand which mother held out to her. "Joan's in there." She nodded at the bushes.

"Is she?" said mother, and called aloud in her singing-voice, that was so clear to hear in the spaces of the wood. "Joan! Joan!"

A cheeky bird answered with a whistle and mother called again.

"She *said,*" explained Joyce—"she *said* she saw a wood-lady and then she went in there to show me she wasn't afraid."

"What's a wood-lady, chick?" asked mother. "The rascal!" she said, smiling, when Joyce had explained as best she could. "We'll have to go and look for her."

They went hand in hand, and mother showed herself

clever in parting a path among the bushes. She managed so that no bough sprang back to strike Joyce and without tearing or soiling her own soft white dress; one could guess that when she had been a little girl she, too, had had a wood to play in. They cut down by the Secret Pond, where the old rhododendrons were, and out to the edge of the fields; and when they paused mother would lift her head and call again, and her voice rang in the wood like a bell. By the pond, which was a black water with steep banks, she paused and showed a serious face; but there were no marks of shoes on its clay slopes, and she shook her head and went on. But to all the calling there was no answer, no distant cheery bellow to guide them to Joan.

"I wish she would n't play these tricks," said mother. "I don't like them a bit."

"I expect she 's hiding," said Joyce. "There are n't wood-ladies really, are there, mother?"

"There 's nothing worse in these woods than a rather naughty baby," mother replied. "We 'll go back by the path and call her again."

Joyce knew that the hand which held hers tightened as they went and there was still no answer to mother's calling. She could not have told what it was that made her suddenly breathless; the wood about her turned desolate; an oppression of distress and bewilderment burdened them both. "Joan, Joan!" called mother in her strong beautiful contralto, swelling the word forth in powerful music, and when she ceased the silence was like a taunt. It was not as if Joan were there and failed to answer; it was as if there were no longer any Joan anywhere. They came at last to the space of sparse trees which bordered their garden.

"We must n't be silly about this," said mother, speaking as much to herself as to Joyce. "Nothing can have happened to her. And you must have lunch, chick."

"Without waiting for Joan?" asked Joyce.

"Yes. The gardener and the boot-boy must look for Joan," said mother, opening the gate.

The dining-room looked very secure and home-like, with its

big window and its cheerful table spread for lunch. Joyce's place faced the window, so that she could see the lawn and the hedge bounding the kitchen garden; and when mother had served her with food, she was left alone to eat it. Presently the gardener and the boot-boy passed the window, each carrying a hedge-stake and looking warlike. There reached her a murmur of voices; the gardener was mumbling something about tramps.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied mother's voice.

Mother came in presently and sat down, but did not eat anything. Joyce asked her why.

"Oh, I shall have some lunch when Joan comes," answered mother. "I sha'n't be hungry till then. Will you have some more, my pet?"

When Joyce had finished, they went out again to the wood to meet Joan when she was brought back in custody. Mother walked quite slowly, looking all the time as if she would like to run. Joyce held her hand and sometimes glanced up at her face, so full of wonder and a sort of resentful doubt, as though circumstances were playing an unmannerly trick on her. At the gate they came across the boot-boy.

"I bin all acrost that way," said the boot-boy, pointing with his stumpy black forefinger, "and then acrost *that* way, an' Mister Jenks"—Jenks was the gardener—" 'e've gone about in rings, 'e 'ave. And there ain't sign nor token, mum—not a sign there ain't."

From beyond him sounded the voice of the gardener, thrashing among the trees. "Miss Joan!" he roared. "Hi! Miss Jo-an! You 're a-frightin' your ma proper. Where are ye, then?"

"She must be hiding," said mother. "You must go on looking, Walter. You must go on looking till you find her."

"Yes, 'm," said Walter. "If she 's in there, us 'll find her, soon or late."

He ran off, and presently his voice was joined to Jenks's, calling Joan—calling, calling, and getting no answer.

Mother took Joyce's hand again.

"Come," she said. "We 'll walk round by the path, and

you must tell me again how it all happened. Did you really see something when Joan told you to look?''

''I expect I did n't,'' replied Joyce dolefully. ''But Joan 's always saying there 's a fairy or something in the shadows and I always think I see them for a moment.''

''It could n't have been a live woman—or a man—that you saw?''

''Oh, no!'' Joyce was positive of that. Mother's hand tightened on hers understandingly and they went on in silence till they met Jenks.

Jenks was an oldish man with bushy gray whiskers, who never wore a coat, and now he was wet to the loins with mud and water.

''That there ol' pond,'' he explained. ''I 've been an' took a look at her. Tromped through her proper, I did, an' I 'll go bail there ain't so much as a dead cat in all the mud of her. Thish yer 's a mistry, mum, an' no mistake.''

Mother stared at him. ''I can't bear this,'' she said suddenly. ''You must go on searching, Jenks, and Walter must go on his bicycle to the police-station at once. Call him, please!''

''Walter!'' roared Jenks obediently.

''Co..ing!'' answered the boot-boy and burst forth from the bushes. In swift, clear words, which no stupidity could mistake or forget, mother gave him his orders, spoken in a tone that meant urgency. Walter went flying to execute them.

''Oh, mother, where do you think Joan can be?'' begged Joyce when Jenks had gone off to resume his search.

''I don't know,'' said mother. ''It 's all so absurd.''

''If there *was* wood-ladies, they would n't hurt a baby like Joan,'' suggested Joyce.

''Oh, who could hurt her!'' cried mother, and fell to calling again. Her voice, of which each accent was music, alternated with the harsh roars of Jenks.

Walter on his bicycle must have hurried, in spite of his permanently punctured front tire, for it was a very short time before bells rang in the steep lane from the road and Superintendent Farrow himself wheeled his machine in at

the gate, massive and self-possessed, a blue-clad minister of comfort. He heard mother's tale, which embodied that of Joyce, with a half-smile lurking in his mustache and his big chin creased back against his collar. Then he nodded, exactly as if he saw through the whole business and could find Joan in a minute or two, and propped his bicycle against the fence.

"I understand then," he said, "that the little girl's been missing for rather more than an hour. In that case, she can't have got far. I sent a couple o' constables round the roads be'ind the wood before I started, an' now I 'll just 'ave a look through the wood myself."

"Thank you," said mother. "I don't know why I 'm so nervous, but——"

"Very natural, ma'am," said the big superintendent comfortingly, and went with them to the wood.

It was rather thrilling to go with him and watch him. Joyce and mother had to show him the place from which Joan had started and the spot at which she had disappeared. He looked at them hard, frowning a little and nodding to himself, and went stalking mightily among the ferns. "It was *'ere* she went?" he inquired, as he reached the dark path, and being assured that it was, he thrust in and commenced his search. The pond seemed to give him ideas, which old Jenks disposed of, and he marched on till he came out to the edge of the fields, where the hay was yet uncut. Joan could not have crossed them without leaving a track in the tall grass as clear as a cart-rut.

"We 'ave to consider the possibilities of the matter," said the superintendent. "Assumin' that the wood 'as been thoroughly searched, where did she get out of it?"

"Searched!" growled old Jenks. "There ain't a inch as I 'ave n't searched an' seen—not a inch."

"The kidnappin' the'ry," went on the superintendent, ignoring him and turning to mother, "I don't incline to. 'Owever, we must go to work in order, an' I 'll 'ave my men up 'ere and make sure of the wood. All gypsies an' tramps will be stopped and interrogated. I don't think there 's no

cause for you to feel anxious, ma'am. I 'ope to 'ave some news for you in the course of the afternoon.''

They watched him free-wheel down the lane and shoot round the corner.

''Oh, dear,'' said mother then; ''why does n't the baby come? I wish daddy were n't away.''

Now that the police had entered the affair, Joyce felt that there remained nothing to be done. Uniformed authority was in charge of events; it could not fail to find Joan. She had a vision of the police at work, stopping straggling families of tramps on distant by-roads, looking into the contents of their dreadful bundles, flashing the official bull's-eye lantern into the mysterious interior of gypsy caravans, and making ragged men and slatternly women give an account of their wanderings. No limits to which they would not go; how could they fail? She wished their success seemed as inevitable to her mother as it did to her.

''They 're sure to bring her back, mother,'' she repeated.

''Oh, chick,'' said mother, ''I keep telling myself so. But I wish—I wish——''

''What, mother?''

''I wish,'' said mother, in a sudden burst of speech, as if she were confessing something that troubled her—''I wish you had n't seen that wood-lady.''

The tall young constables and the plump fatherly sergeant annoyed old Jenks by searching the wood as though he had done nothing. It was a real search this time. Each of them took a part of the ground and went over it as though he were looking for a needle which had been lost, and no less than three of them trod every inch of the bottom of the Secret Pond. They took shovels and opened up an old fox's earth; and a sad-looking man in shabby plain clothes arrived and walked about smoking a pipe—a detective! Up from the village, too, came the big young curate and the squire's two sons, civil and sympathetic and eager to be helpful; they all thought it natural that mother should be anxious, but refused to credit for an instant that anything could have happened to Joan.

"That baby!" urged the curate. "Why, my dear lady, Joan is better known hereabouts than King George himself. No one could take her a mile without having to answer questions. I don't know what 's keeping her, but you may be sure she 's all right."

" 'Course she is," chorused the others, swinging their sticks light-heartedly. " 'Course she 's all right."

"Get her for me, then," said mother. "I don't want to be silly and you 're awfully good. But I must have her; I must have her. I—I want her."

The squire's sons turned as if on an order and went toward the wood. The curate lingered a moment. He was a huge youth, an athlete and a gentleman, and his hard, clean-shaven face could be kind and serious.

"We 're sure to get her," he said, in lower tones. "And you must help us with your faith and courage. Can you?"

Mother's hand tightened on that of Joyce.

"We are doing our best," she said, and smiled—she smiled! The curate nodded and went his way to the wood.

A little later in the afternoon came Colonel Warden, the lord and master of all the police in the county, a gay, trim soldier whom the children knew and liked. With him, in his big automobile, were more policemen and a pair of queer liver-colored dogs, all baggy skin and bleary eyes—blood-hounds! Joyce felt that this really must settle it. Actual living blood-hounds would be more than a match for Joan. Colonel Warden was sure of it too.

"Saves time," he was telling mother, in his high snappy voice. "Shows us which way she 's gone, you know. Best hounds in the country, these two; never known 'em fail yet."

The dogs were limp and quiet as he led them through the wood, strange ungainly mechanisms which a whiff of a scent could set in motion. A pinafore which Joan had worn at breakfast was served to them for an indication of the work they had to do; they snuffed at it languidly for some seconds. Then the colonel unleashed them.

They smelled round and about like any other dogs for a while, till one of them lifted his great head and uttered a long

moaning cry. Then, noses down, the men running behind them, they set off across the ferns. Mother, still holding Joyce's hand, followed. The hounds made a straight line for the wood at the point at which Joan had entered it, slid in like frogs into water, while the men dodged and crashed after them. Joyce and mother came up with them at a place where the bushes stood back, enclosing a little quiet space of turf that lay open to the sky. The hounds were here, one lying down and scratching himself, the other nosing casually and clearly without interest about him.

"Dash it all," the colonel was saying; "she can't—she simply can't have been kidnapped in a balloon."

They tried the hounds again and again, always with the same result. They ran their line to the same spot unhesitatingly, and then gave up as though the scent went no further. Nothing could induce them to hunt beyond it.

"I can't understand this," said Colonel Warden, dragging at his mustache. "This is queer." He stood glancing around him as though the shrubs and trees had suddenly become enemies.

The search was still going on when the time came for Joyce to go to bed. It had spread from the wood across the fields, reinforced by scores of sturdy volunteers, and automobiles had puffed away to thread the mesh of little lanes that covered the country-side. Joyce found it all terribly exciting. Fear for Joan she felt not at all.

"I know inside myself," she told mother, "right down deep in the middle of me, that Joan 's all right."

"Bless you, my chick," said poor mother. "I wish I could feel like that. Go to bed now, like a good girl."

There was discomfort in the sight of Joan's railed cot standing empty in the night nursery, but Joyce was tired and had scarcely begun to be touched by it before she was asleep. She had a notion that during the night mother came in more than once, and she had a vague dream, too, all about Joan and wood-ladies, of which she could not remember much when she woke up. Joan was always dressed first in the morning, being the younger of the pair, but now there was

no Joan and nurse was very gentle with Joyce and looked tired and as if she had been crying.

Mother was not to be seen that morning; she had been up all night, "till she broke down, poor thing," said nurse, and Joyce was bidden to amuse herself quietly in the nursery. But mother was about again at lunch-time when Joyce went down to the dining-room. She was very pale and her eyes looked black and deep, and somehow she seemed suddenly smaller and younger, more nearly Joyce's age, than ever before. They kissed each other and the child would have tried to comfort.

"No," said mother, shaking her head. "No, dear. Don't let 's be sorry for each other yet. It would be like giving up hope. And we have n't done that, have we?"

"*I* have n't," said Joyce. "I *know* it 's all right."

After lunch—again mother said she would n't be hungry till Joan came home—they went out together. There were no searches now in the wood and the garden was empty; the police had left no inch unscanned and they were away, combing the country-side and spreading terror among the tramps. The sun was strong upon the lawn and the smell of the roses was heavy on the air; across the hedge the land rolled away to clear perspectives of peace and beauty.

"Let 's walk up and down," suggested mother. "Anything 's better than sitting still. And don't talk, chick—not just now."

They paced the length of the lawn, from the cedar to the gate which led to the wood, perhaps a dozen times, hand in hand and in silence. It was while their backs were turned to the wood that they heard the gate click, and faced about to see who was coming. A blue-sleeved arm thrust the gate open and there advanced into the sunlight, coming forth from the shadow as from a doorway—Joan! Her round baby face, with the sleek brown hair over it, the massive infantile body, the sturdy bare legs, confronted them serenely. Mother uttered a deep sigh—it sounded like that—and in a moment she was kneeling on the ground with her arms round the baby."

"Joan, Joan," she said, over and over again. "My little, little baby!"

Joan struggled in her embrace till she got an arm free and then rubbed her eyes drowsily.

"Hallo!" she said.

"But where have you been?" cried mother. "Baby-girl, where have you been all this time?"

Joan made a motion of her head and her free arm toward the wood, the wood which had been searched a dozen times over like a pocket. "In there," she answered carelessly. "Wiv the wood-ladies. I 'm hungry!"

"My darling!" said mother, and picked her up and carried her into the house.

In the dining-room, with mother at her side and Joyce opposite to her, Joan fell to her food in her customary workman-like fashion, and between helpings answered questions in a fashion which only served to darken the mystery of her absence.

"But there are n't any wood-ladies really, darling," remonstrated mother.

"There is," said Joan. "There 's lots. They wanted to keep me but I would n't stay. So I comed home, 'cause I was hungry."

"But," began mother, "where did they take you to?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Joan. "The one what I went to speak to gave me her hand and tooked me to where there was more of them. It was a place in the wood wiv grass to sit on and bushes all round, and they gave me dead flowers to play wiv. Howwid old dead flowers!"

"Yes?" said mother. "What else?"

"There was anuvver little girl there," went on Joan. "Not a wood-lady, but a girl like me, what they 'd tooked from somewhere. She was wearing a greeny sort of dress like they was, and they wanted me to put one on too. But I would n't."

"Why would n't you?" asked Joyce.

" 'Cause I did n't want to be a wood-lady," replied Joan.

"Listen to me, darling," said mother. "Did n't these people whom you call wood-ladies take you away out of the wood? We searched the whole wood, you know, and you were n't there at all."

"I was," said Joan. "I was there all the time an' I heard Walter an' Jenks calling. I cocked a snook at them an' the wood-ladies laughed like leaves rustling."

"But where did you sleep last night?"

"I did n't sleep," said Joan, grasping her spoon anew. "I 'se very sleepy now."

She was asleep as soon as they laid her in bed, and mother and Joyce looked at each other across her cot, above her rosy and unconscious face.

"God help us," said mother, in a whisper. "What is the truth of this?"

There was never any answer, any hint of a solution, save Joan's. And she, as soon as she discovered that her experiences amounted to an adventure, began to embroider them, and now she does not even know herself. She has reached the age of seven, and it is long since she has believed in anything so childish as wood-ladies.

ON THE FEVER SHIP[1]

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THERE were four rails around the ship's sides, the three lower ones of iron and the one on top of wood, and as he looked between them from the canvas cot he recognized them as the prison-bars which held him in. Outside his prison lay a stretch of blinding blue water which ended in a line of breakers and a yellow coast with ragged palms. Beyond that again rose a range of mountain-peaks, and, stuck upon the loftiest peak of all, a tiny block-house. It rested on the brow of the mountain against the naked sky as impudently as a cracker-box set upon the dome of a great cathedral.

As the transport rode on her anchor-chains, the iron bars around her sides rose and sank and divided the landscape with parallel lines. From his cot the officer followed this phenomenon with severe, painstaking interest. Sometimes the wooden rail swept up to the very block-house itself, and for a second of time blotted it from sight. And again it sank to the level of the line of breakers, and wiped them out of the picture as though they were a line of chalk.

The soldier on the cot promised himself that the next swell of the sea would send the lowest rail climbing to the very top of the palm-trees or, even higher, to the base of the mountains; and when it failed to reach even the palm-trees he felt a distinct sense of ill use, of having been wronged by some one. There was no other reason for submitting to this existence save these tricks upon the wearisome, glaring landscape; and now, whoever it was who was working them did not seem to be making this effort to entertain him with any heartiness.

[1] From *The Lion and the Unicorn.* Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

It was most cruel. Indeed, he decided hotly, it was not to be endured; he would bear it no longer, he would make his escape. But he knew that this move, which could be conceived in a moment's desperation, could only be carried to success with great strategy, secrecy, and careful cunning. So he fell back upon his pillow and closed his eyes, as though he were asleep, and then opening them again, turned cautiously, and spied upon his keeper. As usual, his keeper sat at the foot of the cot turning the pages of a huge paper filled with pictures of the war printed in daubs of tawdry colors. His keeper was a hard-faced boy without human pity or consideration, a very devil of obstinacy and fiendish cruelty. To make it worse, the fiend was a person without a collar, in a suit of soiled khaki, with a curious red cross bound by a safety-pin to his left arm. He was intent upon the paper in his hands; he was holding it between his eyes and his prisoner. His vigilance had relaxed, and the moment seemed propitious. With a sudden plunge of arms and legs, the prisoner swept the bed-sheet from him, and sprang at the wooden rail and grasped the iron stanchion beside it. He had his knee pressed against the top bar and his bare toes on the iron rail beneath it. Below him the blue water waited for him. It was cool and dark and gentle and deep. It would certainly put out the fire in his bones, he thought; it might even shut out the glare of the sun which scorched his eyeballs.

But as he balanced for the leap, a swift weakness and nausea swept over him, a weight seized upon his body and limbs. He could not lift the lower foot from the iron rail, and he swayed dizzily and trembled. He trembled. He who had raced his men and beaten them up the hot hill to the trenches of San Juan. But now he was a baby in the hands of a giant, who caught him by the wrist and with an iron arm clasped him around his waist and pulled him down, and shouted, brutally, "Help, some of youse, quick! he 's at it again. I can't hold him."

More giants grasped him by the arms and by the legs. One of them took the hand that clung to the stanchion in

both of his, and pulled back the fingers one by one, saying, "Easy now, Lieutenant—easy."

The ragged palms and the sea and block-house were swallowed up in a black fog, and his body touched the canvas cot again with a sense of home-coming and relief and rest. He wondered how he could have cared to escape from it. He found it so good to be back again that for a long time he wept quite happily, until the fiery pillow was moist and cool.

The world outside of the iron bars was like a scene in a theater set for some great event, but the actors were never ready. He remembered confusedly a play he had once witnessed before that same scene. Indeed, he believed he had played some small part in it; but he remembered it dimly, and all trace of the men who had appeared with him in it was gone. He had reasoned it out that they were up there behind the range of mountains, because great heavy wagons and ambulances and cannon were emptied from the ships at the wharf above and were drawn away in long lines behind the ragged palms, moving always toward the passes between the peaks. At times he was disturbed by the thought that he should be up and after them, that some tradition of duty made his presence with them imperative. There was much to be done back of the mountains. Some event of momentous import was being carried forward there, in which he held a part; but the doubt soon passed from him, and he was content to lie and watch the iron bars rising and falling between the block-house and the white surf.

If they had been only humanely kind, his lot would have been bearable, but they starved him and held him down when he wished to rise; and they would not put out the fire in the pillow, which they might easily have done by the simple expedient of throwing it over the ship's side into the sea. He himself had done this twice, but the keeper had immediately brought a fresh pillow already heated for the torture and forced it under his head.

His pleasures were very simple, and so few he could not

understand why they robbed him of them so jealously. One was to watch a green cluster of bananas that hung above him from the awning, twirling on a string. He could count as many of them as five before the bunch turned and swung lazily back again, when he could count as high as twelve; sometimes when the ship rolled heavily he could count to twenty. It was a most fascinating game, and contented him for many hours. But when they found this out they sent for the cook to come and cut them down, and the cook carried them away to his galley.

Then, one day, a man came out from the shore, swimming through the blue water with great splashes. He was a most charming man, who spluttered and dove and twisted and lay on his back and kicked his legs in an excess of content and delight. It was a real pleasure to watch him; not for days had anything so amusing appeared on the other side of the prison-bars. But as soon as the keeper saw that the man in the water was amusing his prisoner, he leaned over the ship's side and shouted, "Sa-ay, you, don't you know there 's sharks in there?"

And the swimming man raced back to the shore like a porpoise with great lashing of the water, and ran up the beach half-way to the palms before he was satisfied to stop. Then the prisoner wept again. It was so disappointing. Life was robbed of everything now. He remembered that in a previous existence soldiers who cried were laughed at and mocked. But that was so far away and it was such an absurd superstition that he had no patience with it. For what could be more comforting to a man when he is treated cruelly than to cry. It was so obvious an exercise, and when one is so feeble that one cannot vault a four-railed barrier it is something to feel that at least one is strong enough to cry.

He escaped occasionally, traversing space with marvellous rapidity and to great distances, but never to any successful purpose; and his flight inevitably ended in ignominious recapture and a sudden awakening in bed. At these moments the familiar and hated palms, the peaks, and the block-house

were more hideous in their reality than the most terrifying of his nightmares.

These excursions afield were always predatory; he went forth always to seek food. With all the beautiful world from which to elect and choose, he sought out only those places where eating was studied and elevated to an art. These visits were much more vivid in their detail than any he had ever before made to these same resorts. They invariably began in a carriage, which carried him swiftly over smooth asphalt. One route brought him across a great and beautiful square, radiating with rows and rows of flickering lights; two fountains splashed in the center of the square, and six women of stone guarded its approaches. One of the women was hung with wreaths of mourning. Ahead of him the late twilight darkened behind a great arch, which seemed to rise on the horizon of the world, a great window into the heavens beyond. At either side strings of white and colored globes hung among the trees, and the sound of music came joyfully from theaters in the open air. He knew the restaurant under the trees to which he was now hastening, and the fountain beside it, and the very sparrows balancing on the fountain's edge; he knew every waiter at each of the tables, he felt again the gravel crunching under his feet, he saw the *maître d'hôtel* coming forward smiling to receive his command, and the waiter in the green apron bowing at his elbow, deferential and important, presenting the list of wines. But his adventure never passed that point, for he was captured again and once more bound to his cot with a close burning sheet.

Or else, he drove more sedately through the London streets in the late evening twilight, leaning expectantly across the doors of the hansom and pulling carefully at his white gloves. Other hansoms flashed past him, the occupant of each with his mind fixed on one idea—dinner. He was one of a million of people who were about to dine, or who had dined, or who were deep in dining. He was so famished, so weak for food of any quality, that the galloping horse in the hansom seemed to crawl. The lights of the Embankment passed like the lamps of a railroad station as seen from the window of an

express; and while his mind was still torn between the choice of a thin or thick soup or an immediate attack upon cold beef, he was at the door, and the *chasseur* touched his cap, and the little *chasseur* put the wicker guard over the hansom's wheel. As he jumped out he said, "Give him half-a-crown," and the driver called after him, "Thank you, sir."

It was a beautiful world, this world outside of the iron bars. Everyone in it contributed to his pleasure and to his comfort. In this world he was not starved nor manhandled. He thought of this joyfully as he leaped up the stairs, where young men with grave faces and with their hands held negligently behind their backs bowed to him in polite surprise at his speed. But they had not been starved on condensed milk. He threw his coat and hat at one of them, and came down the hall fearfully and quite weak with dread lest it should not be real. His voice was shaking when he asked Ellis if he had reserved a table. The place was all so real, it must be true this time. The way Ellis turned and ran his finger down the list showed it was real, because Ellis always did that, even when he knew there would not be an empty table for an hour. The room was crowded with beautiful women; under the light of the red shades they looked kind and approachable, and there was food on every table, and iced drinks in silver buckets. It was with the joy of great relief that he heard Ellis say to his underling, "*Numéro cinq, sur la terrace, un couvert.*" It was real at last. Outside, the Thames lay a great gray shadow. The lights of the Embankment flashed and twinkled across it, the tower of the House of Commons rose against the sky, and here, inside, the waiter was hurrying toward him carrying a smoking plate of rich soup with a pungent, intoxicating odor.

And then the ragged palms, the glaring sun, the immovable peaks, and the white surf stood again before him. The iron rails swept up and sank again, the fever sucked at his bones, and the pillow scorched his cheek.

One morning for a brief moment he came back to real life again and lay quite still, seeing everything about him with clear eyes and for the first time, as though he had but just

that instant been lifted over the ship's side. His keeper, glancing up, found the prisoner's eyes considering him curiously, and recognized the change. The instinct of discipline brought him to his feet with his fingers at his sides.

"Is the Lieutenant feeling better?"

The Lieutenant surveyed him gravely.

"You are one of our hospital stewards."

"Yes, Lieutenant."

"Why are n't you with the regiment?"

"I was wounded, too, sir. I got it same time you did, Lieutenant."

"Am I wounded? Of course, I remember. Is this a hospital ship?"

The steward shrugged his shoulders. "She 's one of the transports. They have turned her over to the fever cases."

The Lieutenant opened his lips to ask another question; but his own body answered that one, and for a moment he lay silent.

"Do they know up North that I—that I 'm all right?"

"Oh, yes, the papers had it in—there were pictures of the Lieutenant in some of them."

"Then I 've been ill some time?"

"Oh, about eight days."

The soldier moved uneasily, and the nurse in him became uppermost.

"I guess the Lieutenant had n't better talk any more," he said. It was his voice now which held authority.

The Lieutenant looked out at the palms and the silent gloomy mountains and the empty coastline, where the same wave was rising and falling with weary persistence.

"Eight days," he said. His eyes shut quickly, as though with a sudden touch of pain. He turned his head and sought for the figure at the foot of the cot. Already the figure had grown faint and was receding and swaying.

"Has anyone written or cabled?" the Lieutenant spoke, hurriedly. He was fearful lest the figure should disappear altogether before he could obtain his answer. "Has anyone come?"

"Why, they could n't get here, Lieutenant, not yet."

The voice came very faintly. "You go to sleep now, and I 'll run and fetch some letters and telegrams. When you wake up, maybe I 'll have a lot for you."

But the Lieutenant caught the nurse by the wrist, and crushed his hand in his own thin fingers. They were hot, and left the steward's skin wet with perspiration. The Lieutenant laughed gayly.

"You see, Doctor," he said, briskly, "that you can't kill me. I can't die. I 've got to live, you understand. Because, sir, she said she would come. She said if I was wounded, or if I was ill, she would come to me. She did n't care what people thought. She would come anyway and nurse me—well, she will come."

"So, Doctor—old man—" He plucked at the steward's sleeve, and stroked his hand eagerly, "old man—" he began again, beseechingly, "you 'll not let me die until she comes, will you? What? No, I know I won't die. Nothing made by man can kill me. No, not until she comes. Then, after that—eight days, she 'll be here soon, any moment? What? You think so, too? Don't you? Surely, yes, any moment. Yes, I 'll go to sleep now, and when you see her rowing out from shore you wake me. You 'll know her; you can't make a mistake. She is like—no, there is no one like her—but you can't make a mistake."

That day strange figures began to mount the sides of the ship, and to occupy its every turn and angle of space. Some of them fell on their knees and slapped the bare deck with their hands, and laughed and cried out, "Thank God, I 'll see God's country again!" Some of them were regulars, bound in bandages; some were volunteers, dirty and hollow-eyed, with long beards on boys' faces. Some came on crutches; others with their arms around the shoulders of their comrades, staring ahead of them with a fixed smile, their lips drawn back and their teeth protruding. At every second step they stumbled, and the face of each was swept by swift ripples of pain.

They lay on cots so close together that the nurses could

not walk between them. They lay on the wet decks, in the scuppers and along the transoms and hatches. They were like shipwrecked mariners clinging to a raft, and they asked nothing more than that the ship's bow be turned toward home. Once satisfied as to that, they relaxed into a state of self-pity and miserable oblivion to their environment, from which hunger nor nausea nor aching bones could shake them.

The hospital steward touched the Lieutenant lightly on the shoulder.

"We are going North, sir," he said. "The transport 's ordered North to New York, with these volunteers and the sick and the wounded. Do you hear me, sir?"

The Lieutenant opened his eyes. "Has she come?" he asked.

"Gee!" exclaimed the hospital steward. He glanced impatiently at the blue mountains and the yellow coast, from which the transport was rapidly drawing away.

"Well, I can't see her coming just now," he said. "But she will," he added.

"You let me know at once when she comes."

"Why, cert'nly, of course," said the steward.

Three trained nurses came over the side just before the transport started North. One was a large, motherly looking woman, with a German accent. She had been a trained nurse, first in Berlin, and later in the London Hospital in Whitechapel, and at Bellevue. The nurse was dressed in white, and wore a little silver medal at her throat; and she was strong enough to lift a volunteer out of his cot and hold him easily in her arms, while one of the convalescents pulled his cot out of the rain. Some of the men called her "nurse"; others, who wore scapulars around their necks, called her "Sister"; and the officers of the medical staff addressed her as Miss Bergen.

Miss Bergen halted beside the cot of the Lieutenant and asked, "Is this the fever case you spoke about, Doctor—the one you want moved to the officers' ward?" She slipped her hand up under his sleeve and felt his wrist.

"His pulse is very high," she said to the steward. "When

did you take his temperature?'' She drew a little morocco case from her pocket and from that took a clinical thermometer, which she shook up and down, eying the patient meanwhile with a calm, impersonal scrutiny. The Lieutenant raised his head and stared up at the white figure beside his cot. His eyes opened and then shut quickly, with a startled look, in which doubt struggled with wonderful happiness. His hand stole out fearfully and warily until it touched her apron, and then, finding it was real, he clutched it desperately, and twisting his face and body toward her, pulled her down, clasping her hands in both of his, and pressing them close to his face and eyes and lips. He put them from him for an instant, and looked at her through his tears.

''Sweetheart,'' he whispered, ''sweetheart, I knew you 'd come.''

As the nurse knelt on the deck beside him, her thermometer slipped from her fingers and broke, and she gave an exclamation of annoyance. The young Doctor picked up the pieces and tossed them overboard. Neither of them spoke, but they smiled appreciatively. The Lieutenant was looking at the nurse with the wonder and hope and hunger of soul in his eyes with which a dying man looks at the cross the priest holds up before him. What he saw where the German nurse was kneeling was a tall, fair girl with great bands and masses of hair, with a head rising like a lily from a firm, white throat, set on broad shoulders above a straight back and sloping breast—a tall, beautiful creature, half-girl, half-woman, who looked back at him shyly, but steadily.

''Listen,'' he said.

The voice of the sick man was so sure and so sane that the young Doctor started, and moved nearer to the head of the cot. ''Listen, dearest,'' the Lieutenant whispered. ''I wanted to tell you before I came South. But I did not dare; and then I was afraid something might happen to me, and I could never tell you, and you would never know. So I wrote it to you in the will I made at Baiquiri, the night before the landing. If you had n't come now, you would have learned it in that way. You would have read there that there never

was anyone but you; the rest were all dream people, foolish, silly—mad. There is no one else in the world but you; you have been the only thing in life that has counted. I thought I might do something down here that would make you care. But I got shot going up a hill, and after that I was n't able to do anything. It was very hot, and the hills were on fire; and they took me prisoner, and kept me tied down here, burning on these coals. I can't live much longer, but now that I 've told you I can have peace. They tried to kill me before you came; but they did n't know I loved you, they did n't know that men who love you can't die. They tried to starve my love for you, to burn it out of me; they tried to reach it with their knives. But my love for you is my soul, and they can't kill a man's soul. Dear heart, I have lived because you lived. Now that you know—now that you understand—what does it matter?''

Miss Bergen shook her head with great vigor. ''Nonsense,'' she said, cheerfully. ''You are not going to die. As soon as we move you out of this rain, and some food cook——''

''Good God!'' cried the young Doctor, savagely. ''Do you want to kill him?''

When she spoke, the patient had thrown his arms heavily across his face, and had fallen back, lying rigid on the pillow.

The Doctor led the way across the prostrate bodies, apologizing as he went. ''I am sorry I spoke so quickly,'' he said, ''but he thought you were real. I mean he thought you were some one he really knew——''

''He was just delirious,'' said the German nurse, calmly.

The Doctor mixed himself a Scotch and soda and drank it with a single gesture.

''Ugh!'' he said to the ward-room. ''I feel as though I 'd been opening another man's letters.''

The transport drove through the empty seas with heavy, clumsy upheavals, rolling like a buoy. Having been originally intended for the freight-carrying trade, she had no sympathy with hearts that beat for a sight of their native land, or for lives that counted their remaining minutes by the throbbing

of her engines. Occasionally, without apparent reason, she was thrown violently from her course; but it was invariably the case that when her stern went to starboard, something splashed in the water on her port side and drifted past her, until, when it had cleared the blades of her propeller, a voice cried out, and she was swung back on her home-bound track again.

The Lieutenant missed the familiar palms and the tiny block-house; and seeing nothing beyond the iron rails but great wastes of gray water, he decided he was on board a prison-ship, or that he had been strapped to a raft and cast adrift. People came for hours at a time and stood at the foot of his cot, and talked with him and he to them—people he had loved and people he had long forgotten, some of whom he had thought were dead. One of them he could have sworn he had seen buried in a deep trench, and covered with branches of palmetto. He had heard the bugler, with tears choking him, sound "taps"; and with his own hand he had placed the dead man's campaign hat on the mound of fresh earth above the grave. Yet here he was still alive, and he came with other men of his troop to speak to him; but when he reached out to them they were gone—the real and the unreal, the dead and the living—and even She disappeared whenever he tried to take her hand, and sometimes the hospital steward drove her away.

"Did that young lady say when she was coming back again?" he asked the steward.

"The young lady! What young lady?" asked the steward, wearily.

"The one who has been sitting there," he answered. He pointed with his gaunt hand at the man in the next cot.

"Oh, that young lady. Yes, she 's coming back. She 's just gone below to fetch you some hard-tack."

The young volunteer in the next cot whined grievously.

"That crazy man gives me the creeps," he groaned. "He 's always waking me up, and looking at me as though he was going to eat me."

"Shut your head," said the steward. "He 's a better man

crazy than you 'll ever be with the little sense you 've got. And he has two Mauser holes in him. Crazy, eh? It 's a good thing for you that there was about four thousand of us regulars just as crazy as him, or you 'd never seen the top of the hill.''

One morning there was a great commotion on deck, and all the convalescents balanced themselves on the rail, shivering in their pajamas, and pointed one way. The transport was moving swiftly and smoothly through water as flat as a lake, and making a great noise with her steam-whistle. The noise was echoed by many more steam-whistles; and the ghosts of out-bound ships and tugs and excursion steamers ran past her out of the mist and disappeared, saluting joyously. All of the excursion steamers had a heavy list to the side nearest the transport, and the ghosts on them crowded to that rail and waved handkerchiefs and cheered. The fog lifted suddenly, and between the iron rails the Lieutenant saw high green hills on either side of a great harbor. Houses and trees and thousands of masts swept past like a panorama; and beyond was a mirage of three cities, with curling smoke-wreaths, and sky-reaching buildings, and a great swinging bridge, and a giant statue of woman waving a welcome home.

The Lieutenant surveyed the spectacle with cynical disbelief. He was far too wise and far too cunning to be bewitched by it. In his heart he pitied the men about him, who laughed wildly, and shouted, and climbed recklessly to the rails and ratlines. He had been deceived too often not to know that it was not real. He knew from cruel experience that in a few moments the tall buildings would crumble away, the thousands of columns of white smoke that flashed like snow in the sun, the busy, shrieking tug-boats, and the great statue would vanish into the sea, leaving it gray and bare. He closed his eyes and shut the vision out. It was so beautiful that it tempted him; but he would not be mocked, and he buried his face in his hands. They were carrying the farce too far, he thought. It was really too absurd; for now they were at a wharf which was so real that, had he not known by previous suffering, he would have been utterly deceived by

it. And there were great crowds of smiling, cheering people, and a waiting guard of honor in fresh uniforms, and rows of police pushing the people this way and that; and these men about him were taking it all quite seriously and making ready to disembark, carrying their blanket-rolls and rifles with them.

A band was playing joyously, and the man in the next cot, who was being lifted to a stretcher, said, "There 's the Governor and his staff; that 's him in the high hat." It was really very well done. The Custom-house and the Elevated Railroad and Castle Garden were as like to life as a photograph, and the crowd was as well handled as a mob in a play. His heart ached for it so that he could not bear the pain, and he turned his back on it. It was cruel to keep it up so long. His keeper lifted him in his arms, and pulled him into a dirty uniform which had belonged, apparently, to a much larger man—a man who had been killed probably, for there were dark-brown marks of blood on the tunic and breeches. When he tried to stand on his feet, Castle Garden and the Battery disappeared in a black cloud of night, just as he knew they would; but when he opened his eyes from the stretcher, they had returned again. It was a most remarkably vivid vision. They kept it up so well. Now the young Doctor and the hospital steward were pretending to carry him down a gangplank and into an open space; and he saw quite close to him a long line of policemen, and behind them thousands of faces, some of them women's faces—women who pointed at him and then shook their heads and cried, and pressed their hands to their cheeks, still looking at him. He wondered why they cried. He did not know them, nor did they know him. No one knew him; these people were only ghosts.

There was a quick parting in the crowd. A man he had once known shoved two of the policemen to one side, and he heard a girl's voice speaking his name, like a sob; and She came running out across the open space and fell on her knees beside the stretcher, and bent down over him, and he was clasped in two young, firm arms.

"Of course it is not real, of course it is not She," he assured himself. "Because She would not do such a thing. Before all these people She would not do it."

But he trembled and his heart throbbed so cruelly that he could not bear the pain.

She was pretending to cry.

"They wired us you had started for Tampa on the hospital ship," She was saying, "and Aunt and I went all the way there before we heard you had been sent North. We have been on the cars a week. That is why I missed you. Do you understand? It was not my fault. I tried to come. Indeed, I tried to come."

She turned her head and looked up fearfully at the young Doctor.

"Tell me, why does he look at me like that?" she asked. "He does n't know me. Is he very ill? Tell me the truth." She drew in her breath quickly. "Of course you will tell me the truth."

When she asked the question he felt her arms draw tight about his shoulders. It was as though she was holding him to herself, and from someone who had reached out for him. In his trouble he turned to his old friend and keeper. His voice was hoarse and very low.

"Is this the same young lady who was on the transport—the one you used to drive away?"

In his embarrassment, the hospital steward blushed under his tan, and stammered.

"Of course it 's the same young lady," the Doctor answered, briskly. "And I won't let them drive her away." He turned to her, smiling gravely. "I think his condition has ceased to be dangerous, Madam," he said.

People who, in a former existence, had been his friends, and Her brother, gathered about his stretcher and bore him through the crowd and lifted him into a carriage filled with cushions, among which he sank lower and lower. Then She sat beside him, and he heard Her brother say to the coachman, "Home, and drive slowly and keep on the asphalt."

The carriage moved forward, and She put her arm about

him, and his head fell on her shoulder, and neither of them spoke. The vision had lasted so long now that he was torn with the joy that after all it might be real. But he could not bear the awakening if it were not, so he raised his head fearfully and looked up into the beautiful eyes above him. His brows were knit, and he struggled with a great doubt and an awful joy.

"Dearest," he said, "is it real?"

"Is it real?" she repeated.

Even as a dream, it was so wonderfully beautiful that he was satisfied if it could only continue so, if but for a little while.

"Do you think," he begged again, trembling, "that it is going to last much longer?"

She smiled, and bending her head slowly, kissed him.

"It is going to last—always," she said.

A SOURCE OF IRRITATION

By STACY AUMONIER

To look at old Sam Gates you would never suspect him of having nerves. His sixty-nine years of close application to the needs of the soil had given him a certain earthy stolidity. To observe him hoeing, or thinning out a broad field of turnips, hardly attracted one's attention, he seemed so much part and parcel of the whole scheme. He blended into the soil like a glorified swede. Nevertheless, the half-dozen people who claimed his acquaintance knew him to be a man who suffered from little moods of irritability.

And on this glorious morning a little incident annoyed him unreasonably. It concerned his niece, Aggie. She was a plump girl with clear, blue eyes, and a face as round and inexpressive as the dumplings for which the county was famous. She came slowly across the long sweep of the downland and, putting down the bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief which contained his breakfast and dinner, she said:

"Well, Uncle, is there any noos?"

Now, this may not appear to the casual reader to be a remark likely to cause irritation, but it affected old Sam Gates as a very silly and unnecessary question. It was, moreover, the constant repetition of it which was beginning to anger him. He met his niece twice a day. In the morning she brought his bundle of food at seven, and when he passed his sister's cottage on the way home to tea at five she was invariably hanging about the gate, and she always said in the same voice:

"Well, Uncle, is there any noos?"

Noos! What noos should there be? For sixty-nine years he had never lived farther than five miles from Halvesham. For nearly sixty of those years he had bent his back above the soil. There were, indeed, historic occasions. Once, for

instance, when he had married Annie Hachet. And there was the birth of his daughter. There was also a famous occasion when he had visited London. Once he had been to a flower-show at Market Roughborough. He either went or did n't go to church on Sundays. He had had many interesting chats with Mr. James at the Cowman, and three years ago had sold a pig to Mrs. Way. But he could n't always have interesting noos of this sort up his sleeve. Did n't the silly zany know that for the last three weeks he had been hoeing and thinning out turnips for Mr. Hodge on this very same field? What noos could there be?

He blinked at his niece, and did n't answer. She undid the parcel and said:

Mrs. Goping's fowl got out again last night."

"Ah," he replied in a non-committal manner and began to munch his bread and bacon. His niece picked up the handkerchief and, humming to herself, walked back across the field.

It was a glorious morning, and a white sea mist added to the promise of a hot day. He sat there munching, thinking of nothing in particular, but gradually subsiding into a mood of placid content. He noticed the back of Aggie disappear in the distance. It was a mile to the cottage and a mile and a half to Halvesham. Silly things, girls. They were all alike. One had to make allowances. He dismissed her from his thoughts, and took a long swig of tea out of a bottle. Insects buzzed lazily. He tapped his pocket to assure himself that his pouch of shag was there, and then he continued munching. When he had finished, he lighted his pipe and stretched himself comfortably. He looked along the line of turnips he had thinned and then across the adjoining field of swedes. Silver streaks appeared on the sea below the mist. In some dim way he felt happy in his solitude amidst this sweeping immensity of earth and sea and sky.

And then something else came to irritate him: it was one of "these dratted airyplanes." "Airyplanes" were his pet aversion. He could find nothing to be said in their favor. Nasty, noisy, disfiguring things that seared the heavens and made the earth dangerous. And every day there seemed to be

more and more of them. Of course "this old war" was responsible for a lot of them, he knew. The war was a "plaguy noosance." They were short-handed on the farm, beer and tobacco were dear, and Mrs. Steven's nephew had been and got wounded in the foot.

He turned his attention once more to the turnips; but an "airyplane" has an annoying genius for gripping one's attention. When it appears on the scene, however much we dislike it, it has a way of taking the stage-center. We cannot help constantly looking at it. And so it was with old Sam Gates. He spat on his hands and blinked up at the sky. And suddenly the aëroplane behaved in a very extraordinary manner. It was well over the sea when it seemed to lurch drunkenly and skimmed the water. Then it shot up at a dangerous angle and zigzagged. It started to go farther out, and then turned and made for the land. The engines were making a curious grating noise. It rose once more, and then suddenly dived downward, and came plump down right in the middle of Mr. Hodge's field of swedes.

And then, as if not content with this desecration, it ran along the ground, ripping and tearing up twenty-five yards of good swedes, and then came to a stop.

Old Sam Gates was in a terrible state. The aëroplane was more than a hundred yards away, but he waved his arms and called out:

"Hi, you there, you must n't land in they swedes! They 're Mister Hodge's."

The instant the aëroplane stopped, a man leaped out and gazed quickly round. He glanced at Sam Gates, and seemed uncertain whether to address him or whether to concentrate his attention on the flying-machine. The latter arrangement appeared to be his ultimate decision. He dived under the engine and became frantically busy. Sam had never seen any one work with such furious energy; but all the same it was not to be tolerated. It was disgraceful. Sam started out across the field, almost hurrying in his indignation. When he appeared within earshot of the aviator he cried out again:

"Hi! you must n't rest your old airyplane here! You 've

kicked up all Mr. Hodge's swedes. A noice thing you 've done!''

He was within five yards when suddenly the aviator turned and covered him with a revolver! And speaking in a sharp, staccato voice, he said:

''Old Grandfather, you must sit down. I am very much occupied. If you interfere or attempt to go away, I shoot you. So!''

Sam gazed at the horrid, glittering little barrel and gasped. Well, he never! To be threatened with murder when you 're doing your duty in your employer's private property! But, still, perhaps the man was mad. A man must be more or less mad to go up in one of those crazy things. And life was very sweet on that summer morning despite sixty-nine years. He sat down among the swedes.

The aviator was so busy with his cranks and machinery that he hardly deigned to pay him any attention except to keep the revolver handy. He worked feverishly, and Sam sat watching him. At the end of ten minutes he appeared to have solved his troubles with the machine, but he still seemed very scared. He kept on glancing round and out to sea. When his repairs were complete he straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was apparently on the point of springing back into the machine and going off when a sudden mood of facetiousness, caused by relief from the strain he had endured, came to him. He turned to old Sam and smiled, at the same time remarking:

''Well, old Grandfather, and now we shall be all right, is n't it?''

He came close up to Sam, and then suddenly started back.

''*Gott!*'' he cried, ''Paul Jouperts!''

Bewildered, Sam gazed at him, and the madman started talking to him in some foreign tongue. Sam shook his head.

''You no roight,'' he remarked, ''to come bargin' through they swedes of Mr. Hodge's.''

And then the aviator behaved in a most peculiar manner. He came up and examined Sam's face very closely, and gave a

sudden tug at his beard and hair, as if to see whether they were real or false.

"What is your name, old man?" he said.

"Sam Gates."

The aviator muttered some words that sounded something like "mare vudish," and then turned to his machine. He appeared to be dazed and in a great state of doubt. He fumbled with some cranks, but kept glancing at old Sam. At last he got into the car and strapped himself in. Then he stopped, and sat there deep in thought. At last he suddenly unstrapped himself and sprang out again and, approaching Sam, said very deliberately:

"Old Grandfather, I shall require you to accompany me."

Sam gasped.

"Eh?" he said. "What be talkin' about? 'Company? I got these 'ere loines o' turnips—I be already behoind—"

The disgusting little revolver once more flashed before his eyes.

"There must be no discussion," came the voice. "It is necessary that you mount the seat of the car without delay. Otherwise I shoot you like the dog you are. So!"

Old Sam was hale and hearty. He had no desire to die so ignominiously. The pleasant smell of the Norfolk downland was in his nostrils; his foot was on his native heath. He mounted the seat of the car, contenting himself with a mutter:

"Well, that be a noice thing, I must say! Flyin' about the country with all they turnips on'y half thinned!"

He found himself strapped in. The aviator was in a fever of anxiety to get away. The engines made a ghastly splutter and noise. The thing started running along the ground. Suddenly it shot upward, giving the swedes a last contemptuous kick. At twenty minutes to eight that morning old Sam found himself being borne right up above his fields and out to sea! His breath came quickly. He was a little frightened.

"God forgive me!" he murmured.

The thing was so fantastic and sudden that his mind could

not grasp it. He only felt in some vague way that he was going to die, and he struggled to attune his mind to the change. He offered up a mild prayer to God, Who, he felt, must be very near, somewhere up in these clouds. Automatically he thought of the vicar at Halvesham, and a certain sense of comfort came to him at the reflection that on the previous day he had taken a "cooking of runner beans" to God's representative in that village. He felt calmer after that, but the horrid machine seemed to go higher and higher. He could not turn in his seat and he could see nothing but sea and sky. Of course the man was mad, mad as a March hare. Of what earthly use could *he* be to any one? Besides, he had talked pure gibberish, and called him Paul something, when he had already told him that his name was Sam. The thing would fall down into the sea soon, and they would both be drowned. Well, well, he had almost reached three-score years and ten. He was protected by a screen, but it seemed very cold. What on earth would Mr. Hodge say? There was no one left to work the land but a fool of a boy named Billy Whitehead at Dene's Cross. On, on, on they went at a furious pace. His thoughts danced disconnectedly from incidents of his youth, conversations with the vicar, hearty meals in the open, a frock his sister wore on the day of the postman's wedding, the drone of a psalm, the illness of some ewes belonging to Mr. Hodge. Everything seemed to be moving very rapidly, upsetting his sense of time. He felt outraged, and yet at moments there was something entrancing in the wild experience. He seemed to be living at an incredible pace. Perhaps he was really dead and on his way to the kingdom of God. Perhaps this was the way they took people.

After some indefinite period he suddenly caught sight of a long strip of land. Was this a foreign country, or were they returning? He had by this time lost all feeling of fear. He became interested and almost disappointed. The "airyplane" was not such a fool as it looked. It was very wonderful to be right up in the sky like this. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a fearful noise. He thought the machine was blown to pieces. It dived and ducked through the air,

and things were bursting all round it and making an awful din, and then it went up higher and higher. After a while these noises ceased, and he felt the machine gliding downward. They were really right above solid land—trees, fields, streams, and white villages. Down, down, down they glided. This was a foreign country. There were straight avenues of poplars and canals. This was not Halvesham. He felt the thing glide gently and bump into a field. Some men ran forward and approached them, and the mad aviator called out to them. They were mostly fat men in gray uniforms, and they all spoke this foreign gibberish. Some one came and unstrapped him. He was very stiff and could hardly move. An exceptionally gross-looking man punched him in the ribs and roared with laughter. They all stood round and laughed at him, while the mad aviator talked to them and kept pointing at him. Then he said:

"Old Grandfather, you must come with me."

He was led to an iron-roofed building and shut in a little room. There were guards outside with fixed bayonets. After a while the mad aviator appeared again, accompanied by two soldiers. He beckoned him to follow. They marched through a quadrangle and entered another building. They went straight into an office where a very important-looking man, covered with medals, sat in an easy-chair. There was a lot of saluting and clicking of heels. The aviator pointed at Sam and said something, and the man with the medals started at sight of him, and then came up and spoke to him in English.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? Your age? The name and birthplace of your parents?"

He seemed intensely interested, and also pulled his hair and beard to see if they came off. So well and naturally did he and the aviator speak English that after a voluble examination they drew apart, and continued the conversation in that language. And the extraordinary conversation was of this nature:

"It is a most remarkable resemblance," said the man with medals. "*Unglaublich!* But what do you want me to do with him, Hausemann?"

"The idea came to me suddenly, Excellency," replied the aviator, "and you may consider it worthless. It is just this. The resemblance is so amazing. Paul Jouperts has given us more valuable information than any one at present in our service, and the English know that. There is an award of five thousand francs on his head. Twice they have captured him, and each time he escaped. All the company commanders and their staff have his photograph. He is a serious thorn in their flesh."

"Well?" replied the man with the medals.

The aviator whispered confidentially:

"Suppose, your Excellency, that they found the dead body of Paul Jouperts?"

"Well?" replied the big man.

"My suggestion is this. To-morrow, as you know, the English are attacking Hill 701, which for tactical reasons we have decided to evacuate. If after the attack they find the dead body of Paul Jouperts in, say, the second lines, they will take no further trouble in the matter. You know their lack of thoroughness. Pardon me, I was two years at Oxford University. And consequently Paul Jouperts will be able to prosecute his labors undisturbed."

The man with the medals twirled his mustache and looked thoughtfully at his colleague.

"Where is Paul at the moment?" he asked.

"He is acting as a gardener at the Convent of St. Eloise, at Mailleton-en-haut, which, as you know, is one hundred meters from the headquarters of the British central army staff."

The man with the medals took two or three rapid turns up and down the room, then he said:

"Your plan is excellent, Hausemann. The only point of difficulty is that the attack started this morning."

"This morning?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes; the English attacked unexpectedly at dawn. We have already evacuated the first line. We shall evacuate the second line at eleven-fifty. It is now ten-fifteen. There may be just time."

He looked suddenly at old Sam in the way that a butcher might look at a prize heifer at an agricultural show and remarked casually:

"Yes, it is a remarkable resemblance. It seems a pity not to—do something with it."

Then, speaking in German, he added:

"It is worth trying. And if it succeeds, the higher authorities shall hear of your lucky accident and inspiration, Herr Hausemann. Instruct *Ober-lieutenant* Schultz to send the old fool by two orderlies to the east extremity of Trench 38. Keep him there till the order of evacuation is given, then shoot him, but don't disfigure him, and lay him out face upward."

The aviator saluted and withdrew, accompanied by his victim. Old Sam had not understood the latter part of the conversation, and he did not catch quite all that was said in English; but he felt that somehow things were not becoming too promising, and it was time to assert himself. So he remarked when they got outside:

"Now, look 'ee 'ere, Mister, when am I goin' to get back to my turnips?"

And the aviator replied, with a pleasant smile:

"Do not be disturbed, old Grandfather. You shall get back to the soil quite soon."

In a few moments he found himself in a large gray car, accompanied by four soldiers. The aviator left him. The country was barren and horrible, full of great pits and rents, and he could hear the roar of artillery and the shriek of shells. Overhead, aëroplanes were buzzing angrily. He seemed to be suddenly transported from the kingdom of God to the pit of darkness. He wondered whether the vicar had enjoyed the runner beans. He could not imagine runner beans growing here; runner beans, aye, or anything else. If this was a foreign country, give him dear old England!

Gr-r-r! bang! Something exploded just at the rear of the car. The soldiers ducked, and one of them pushed him in the stomach and swore.

"An ugly-looking lout," he thought. "If I wor twenty

years younger, I 'd give him a punch in the eye that 'u'd make him sit up.''

The car came to a halt by a broken wall. The party hurried out and dived behind a mound. He was pulled down a kind of shaft, and found himself in a room buried right underground, where three officers were drinking and smoking. The soldiers saluted and handed them a type-written dispatch. The officers looked at him drunkenly, and one came up and pulled his beard and spat in his face and called him ''an old English swine.'' He then shouted out some instructions to the soldiers, and they led him out into the narrow trench. One walked behind him, and occasionally prodded him with the butt-end of a gun. The trenches were half full of water and reeked of gases, powder, and decaying matter. Shells were constantly bursting overhead, and in places the trenches had crumbled and were nearly blocked up. They stumbled on, sometimes falling, sometimes dodging moving masses, and occasionally crawling over the dead bodies of men. At last they reached a deserted-looking trench, and one of the soldiers pushed him into the corner of it and growled something, and then disappeared round the angle. Old Sam was exhausted. He leaned panting against the mud wall, expecting every minute to be blown to pieces by one of those infernal things that seemed to be getting more and more insistent. The din went on for nearly twenty minutes, and he was alone in the trench. He fancied he heard a whistle amidst the din. Suddenly one of the soldiers who had accompanied him came stealthily round the corner, and there was a look in his eye old Sam did not like. When he was within five yards the soldier raised his rifle and pointed it at Sam's body. Some instinct impelled the old man at that instant to throw himself forward on his face. As he did so he was aware of a terrible explosion, and he had just time to observe the soldier falling in a heap near him, and then he lost consciousness.

His consciousness appeared to return to him with a snap. He was lying on a plank in a building, and he heard some one say:

''I believe the old boy 's English.''

He looked round. There were a lot of men lying there, and others in khaki and white overalls were busy among them. He sat up, rubbed his head, and said:

"Hi, Mister, where be I now?"

Some one laughed, and a young man came up and said:

"Well, old man, you were very nearly in hell. Who are you?"

Some one came up, and two of them were discussing him. One of them said:

"He 's quite all right. He was only knocked out. Better take him in to the colonel. He may be a spy."

The other came up, touched his shoulder, and remarked:

"Can you walk, Uncle?"

He replied:

"Aye, I can walk all roight."

"That 's an old sport!"

The young man took his arm and helped him out of the room into a courtyard. They entered another room, where an elderly, kind-faced officer was seated at a desk. The officer looked up and exclaimed:

"Good God! Bradshaw, do you know who you 've got there?"

The younger one said:

"No. Who, sir?"

"It 's Paul Jouperts!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Paul Jouperts! Great Scott!"

The older officer addressed himself to Sam. He said:

"Well, we 've got you once more, Paul. We shall have to be a little more careful this time."

The young officer said:

"Shall I detail a squad, sir?"

"We can't shoot him without a court-martial," replied the kind-faced senior.

Then Sam interpolated:

"Look 'ee 'ere, sir, I 'm fair' sick of all this. My name bean 't Paul. My name 's Sam. I was a-thinnin' a loine o' turnips—"

Both officers burst out laughing, and the younger one said:

"Good! Good! Isn't it amazing, sir, the way they not only learn the language, but even take the trouble to learn a dialect!"

The older man busied himself with some papers.

"Well, Sam," he remarked, "you shall be given a chance to prove your identity. Our methods are less drastic than those of your *Boche* masters. What part of England are you supposed to come from? Let 's see how much you can bluff us with your topographical knowledge."

"I was a-thinnin' a loine o' turnips this mornin' at 'alf-past seven on Mr. Hodge's farm at Halvesham when one o' these 'ere airyplanes come down among the swedes. I tells 'e to get clear o' that, when the feller what gets out o' the car 'e drahs a revowlver and 'e says, 'You must 'company I—' "

"Yes, yes," interrupted the senior officer; "that 's all very good. Now tell me—where is Halvesham? What is the name of the local vicar? I 'm sure you 'd know that."

Old Sam rubbed his chin.

"I sits under the Reverend David Pryce, Mister, and a good, God-fearin' man he be. I took him a cookin' o' runner beans on'y yesterday. I works for Mr. Hodge, what owns Greenway Manor and 'as a stud-farm at Newmarket, they say."

"Charles Hodge?" asked the young officer.

"Aye, Charlie Hodge. You write and ask un if he knows old Sam Gates."

The two officers looked at each other, and the older one looked at Sam more closely.

"It 's very extraordinary," he remarked.

"Everybody knows Charlie Hodge," added the young officer.

It was at that moment that a wave of genius swept over old Sam. He put his hand to his head and suddenly jerked out:

"What 's more, I can tell 'ee where this yere Paul is. He 's actin' a gardener in a convent at—" He puckered up his brows, fumbled with his hat, and then got out, "Mighteno."

The older officer gasped.

"Mailleton-en-haut! Good God! what makes you say that, old man?"

Sam tried to give an account of his experience and the things he had heard said by the German officers; but he was getting tired, and he broke off in the middle to say:

"Ye have n't a bite o' somethin' to eat, I suppose, Mister; or a glass o' beer? I usually 'as my dinner at twelve o'clock."

Both the officers laughed, and the older said:

"Get him some food, Bradshaw, and a bottle of beer from the mess. We 'll keep this old man here. He interests me."

While the younger man was doing this, the chief pressed a button and summoned another junior officer.

"Gateshead," he remarked, "ring up the G. H. Q. and instruct them to arrest the gardener in that convent at the top of the hill and then to report."

The officer saluted and went out, and in a few minutes a tray of hot food and a large bottle of beer were brought to the old man, and he was left alone in the corner of the room to negotiate this welcome compensation. And in the execution he did himself and his county credit. In the meanwhile the officers were very busy. People were coming and going and examining maps, and telephone bells were ringing furiously. They did not disturb old Sam's gastric operations. He cleaned up the mess tins and finished the last drop of beer. The senior officer found time to offer him a cigarette, but he replied:

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir, but I 'd rather smoke my pipe."

The colonel smiled and said:

"Oh, all right; smoke away."

He lighted up, and the fumes of the shag permeated the room. Some one opened another window, and the young officer who had addressed him at first suddenly looked at him and exclaimed:

"Innocent! You could n't get shag like that anywhere but in Norfolk."

It must have been an hour later when another officer entered and saluted.

"Message from the G. H. Q., sir," he said.

"Well?"

"They have arrested the gardener at the convent of St. Eloise, and they have every reason to believe that he is the notorious Paul Jouperts."

The colonel stood up, and his eyes beamed. He came over to old Sam and shook his hand.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "you are an old brick. You will probably hear more of this. You have probably been the means of delivering something very useful into our hands. Your own honor is vindicated. A loving Government will probably award you five shillings or a Victoria Cross or something of that sort. In the meantime, what can I do for you?"

Old Sam scratched his chin.

"I want to get back 'ome," he said.

"Well, even that might be arranged."

"I want to get back 'ome in toime for tea."

"What time do you have tea?"

"Foive o'clock or thereabouts."

"I see."

A kindly smile came into the eyes of the colonel. He turned to another officer standing by the table and said:

"Raikes, is any one going across this afternoon with dispatches?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other officer. "Commander Jennings is leaving at three o'clock."

"You might ask him if he could see me."

Within ten minutes a young man in a flight-commander's uniform entered.

"Ah, Jennings," said the colonel, "here is a little affair which concerns the honor of the British army. My friend here, Sam Gates, has come over from Halvesham, in Norfolk, in order to give us valuable information. I have promised him that he shall get home to tea at five o'clock. Can you take a passenger?"

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord!" he exclaimed, "what an old sport! Yes, I expect I can manage it. Where is the forsaken place?"

A large ordnance-map of Norfolk (which had been captured

from a German officer) was produced, and the young man studied it closely.

At three o'clock precisely old Sam, finding himself something of a hero and quite glad to escape from the embarrassment which this position entailed upon him, once more sped skyward in a "dratted airyplane."

At twenty minutes to five he landed once more among Mr. Hodge's swedes. The breezy young airman shook hands with him and departed inland. Old Sam sat down and surveyed the familiar field of turnips.

"A noice thing, I must say!" he muttered to himself as he looked along the lines of unthinned turnips. He still had twenty minutes, and so he went slowly along and completed a line which he had begun in the morning. He then deliberately packed up his dinner-things and his tools and started out for home.

As he came round the corner of Stillway's meadow and the cottage came in view, his niece stepped out of the copse with a basket on her arm.

"Well, Uncle," she said, "is there any noos?"

It was then that old Sam really lost his temper.

"Noos!" he said. "Noos! Drat the girl! What noos should there be? Sixty-nine year' I live in these 'ere parts, hoein' and weedin' and thinnin', and mindin' Charlie Hodge's sheep. Am I one o' these 'ere story-book folk havin' noos 'appen to me all the time? Ain't it enough, ye silly, dab-faced zany, to earn enough to buy a bite o' some'at to eat and a glass o' beer and a place to rest a's head o'night without always wantin' noos, noos, noos! I tell 'ee it 's this that leads 'ee to 'alf the troubles in the world. Devil take the noos!"

And turning his back on her, he went fuming up the hill.

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, who is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and the superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule: for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings; and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor—arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard

over him and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing: the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders, while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet, examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection, the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of nativedom.

"Then it 's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There has n't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. "Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He!" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They 'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into a difficulty in a minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak Heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. "I have n't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "you 've spoken the truth, and I 'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you 're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, O delectable one. Hold up your near forefoot and I 'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!" Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy *ankus*—the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun 's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. This was his way of bidding him good-by.

"He 'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices, and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered.

Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste and, drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you," shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hillsides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I 'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil-son."

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants, who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumping" him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house chuckling to himself, and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

"We 'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty blows."

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties

was to administer the graver punishments, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat hide where a blunt tusk would sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning, and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work, and is not tied up, is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his pickets for food.

"If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun angrily. "You 're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself shouting upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great Lord!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across, and soaked in rum, shall be

yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds' weight of fresh-cut young sugar-cane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me.''

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed, and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice—two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting and long grumbling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, and there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercise had made him hungry.

''Call up your beast,'' said the planter, and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language, that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun

noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy."

Moti Guj swung him up and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

GULLIVER THE GREAT

By WALTER A. DYER

It was a mild evening in early spring, and the magnolias were in bloom. We motored around the park, turned up a side street, and finally came to a throbbing standstill before the Churchwarden Club.

There was nothing about its exterior to indicate that it was a clubhouse at all, but within there was an indefinable atmosphere of early Victorian comfort. There was something about it that suggested Mr. Pickwick. Old prints of horses and ships and battles hung upon the walls, and the oak was dark and old. There seemed to be no decorative scheme or keynote, and yet the atmosphere was utterly distinctive. It was my first visit to the Churchwarden Club, of which my quaint, old-fashioned Uncle Ford had long been a member, and I was charmed.

We dined in the rathskeller, the walls of which were completely covered with long churchwarden pipes, arranged in the most intricate and marvelous patterns; and after our mutton-chop and ale and plum pudding, we filled with the choicest of tobaccos the pipes which the old major-domo brought us.

Then came Jacob R. Enderby to smoke with us.

Tall and spare he was, with long, straight, black hair, large, aquiline nose, and piercing eyes. I disgraced myself by staring at him. I did n't know that such a man existed in New York, and yet I could n't decide whether his habitat should be Arizona or Cape Cod.

Enderby and Uncle Ford were deep in a discussion of the statesmanship of James G. Blaine, when a waiter summoned my uncle to the telephone.

I neglected to state that my uncle, in his prosaic hours,

is a physician; and this was a call. I knew it the moment I saw the waiter approaching. I was disappointed and disgusted.

Uncle Ford saw this and laughed.

"Cheer up!" said he. "You need n't come with me to visit the sick. I 'll be back in an hour, and meanwhile Mr. Enderby will take care of you; won't you, Jake?"

For answer Enderby arose, and refilling his pipe took me by the arm, while my uncle got into his overcoat. As he passed us on the way out he whispered in my ear:

"Talk about dogs."

I heard and nodded.

Enderby led me to the lounge or loafing-room, an oak-paneled apartment in the rear of the floor above, with huge leather chairs and a seat in the bay window. Save for a gray-haired old chap dozing over a copy of *Simplicissimus,* the room was deserted.

But no sooner had Enderby seated himself on the window-seat than there was a rush and a commotion, and a short, glad bark, and Nubbins, the steward's bull-terrier, bounded in and landed at Enderby's side with canine expressions of great joy.

I reached forward to pat him, but he paid absolutely no attention to me.

At last his wriggling subsided, and he settled down with his head on Enderby's knee, the picture of content. Then I recalled my uncle's parting injunction.

"Friend of yours?" I suggested.

Enderby smiled. "Yes," he said, "we 're friends, I guess. And the funny part of it is that he does n't pay any attention to any one else except his master. They all act that way with me, dogs do." And he pulled Nubbins's stubby ears.

"Natural attraction, I suppose," said I.

"Yes, it is," he answered, with the modest frankness of a big man. "It 's a thing hard to explain, though there 's a sort of reason for it in my case."

I pushed toward him a little tobacco-laden teak-wood stand hopefully. He refilled and lighted.

"It 's an extraordinary thing, even so," he said, puffing. "Every dog nowadays seems to look upon me as his long-lost master, but it was n't always so. I hated dogs and they hated me."

Not wishing to say "Really" or "Indeed" to this big, outdoor man, I simply grunted my surprise.

"Yes, we were born enemies. More than that, I was afraid of dogs. A little fuzzy toy dog, ambling up to me in a room full of company, with his tail wagging, gave me the shudders. I could n't touch the beast. And as for big dogs outdoors, I feared them like the plague. I would go blocks out of my way to avoid one.

"I don't remember being particularly cowardly about other things, but I just could n't help this. It was in my blood, for some reason or other. It was the bane of my existence. I could n't see what the brutes were put into the world for, or how any one could have anything to do with them.

"And the dogs reciprocated. They disliked and distrusted me. The most docile old Brunos would growl and show their teeth when I came near."

"Did the change come suddenly?" I asked.

"Quite. It was in 1901. I accepted a commission from an importing and trading company to go to the Philippines to do a little quiet exploring, and spent four months in the sickly place. Then I got the fever, and when I recovered I could n't get out of there too soon.

"I reached Manila just in time to see the mail steamer disappearing around the point, and I was mad. There would be another in six days, but I could n't wait. I was just crazy to get back home.

"I made inquiries and learned of an old tramp steamer, named the *Old Squaw*, making ready to leave for Honolulu on the following day with a cargo of hemp and stuff, and a bunch of Moros for some show in the States, and I booked passage on that.

"She was the worst old tub you ever saw. I did n't learn much about her, but I verily believe her to have been a con-

demned excursion boat. She would n't have been allowed to run to Coney Island.

"She was battered and unpainted, and she wallowed horribly. I don't believe she could have reached Honolulu much before the next regular boat, but I could n't wait, and I took her.

"I made myself as comfortable as possible, bribed the cook to insure myself against starvation, and swung a hammock on the forward deck as far as possible from the worst of the vile smells.

"But we had n't lost sight of Manila Bay when I discovered that there was a dog aboard—and such a dog! I had never seen one that sent me into such a panic as this one, and he had free range of the ship. A Great Dane he was, named Gulliver, and he was the pride of the captain's rum-soaked heart.

"With all my fear, I realized he was a magnificent animal, but I looked on him as a gigantic devil. Without exception, he was the biggest dog I ever saw, and as muscular as a lion. He lacked some points that show judges set store by, but he had the size and the build.

"I have seen Vohl's Vulcan and the Wurtemburg breed, but they were fox-terriers compared with Gulliver. His tail was as big around as my arm, and the cook lived in terror of his getting into the galley and wagging it; and he had a mouth that looked to me like the crater of Mauna Loa, and a voice that shook the planking when he spoke.

"I first caught sight of him appearing from behind a huge coil of cordage in the stern. He stretched and yawned, and I nearly died of fright.

"I caught up a belaying-pin, though little good that would have done me. I think he saw me do it, and doubtless he set me down for an enemy then and there.

"We were well out of the harbor, and there was no turning back, but I would have given my right hand to be off that boat. I fully expected him to eat me up, and I slept with that belaying-pin sticking into my ribs in the hammock, and with my revolver loaded and handy.

"Fortunately, Gulliver's dislike for me took the form of sublime contempt. He knew I was afraid of him, and he despised me for it. He was a great pet with the captain and crew, and even the Moros treated him with admiring respect when they were allowed on deck. I could n't understand it. I would as soon have made a pet of a hungry boa-constrictor.

"On the third day out the poor old boiler burst and the *Old Squaw* caught fire. She was dry and rotten inside and she burned like tinder. No attempt was made to extinguish the flames, which got into the hemp in the hold in short order.

"The smoke was stifling, and in a jiffy all hands were struggling with the boats. The Moros came tumbling up from below and added to the confusion with their terrified yells.

"The davits were old and rusty, and the men were soon fighting among themselves. One boat dropped stern foremost, filled, and sank immediately, and the *Old Squaw* herself was visibly settling.

"I saw there was no chance of getting away in the boats, and I recalled a life-raft on the deck forward near my hammock. It was a sort of catamaran—a double platform on a pair of hollow, water-tight, cylindrical buoys. It was n't twenty feet long and about half as broad, but it would have to do. I fancy it was a forgotten relic of the old excursion-boat days.

"There was no time to lose, for the *Old Squaw* was bound to sink presently. Besides, I was aft with the rest, and the flames were licking up the deck and running-gear in the waist of the boat.

"The galley, which was amidships near the engine-room, had received the full force of the explosion, and the cook lay moaning in the lee scuppers with a small water-cask thumping against his chest. I could n't stop to help the man, but I did kick the cask away.

"It seemed to be nearly full, and it occurred to me that I should need it. I glanced quickly around, and luckily found a tin of biscuits that had also been blown out of the galley. I picked this up, and rolling the cask of water ahead

of me as rapidly as I could, I made my way through the hot, stifling smoke to the bow of the boat.

"I kicked at the life-raft; it seemed to be sound, and I lashed the biscuits and water to it. I also threw on a coil of rope and a piece of sail-cloth. I saw nothing else about that could possibly be of any value to me. I abandoned my trunk for fear it would only prove troublesome.

"Then I hacked the raft loose with my knife and shoved it over to the bulwark. Apparently no one had seen me, for there was no one else forward of the sheet of flame that now cut the boat in two.

"The raft was a mighty heavy affair, but I managed to raise one end to the rail. I don't believe I would ever have been able to heave it over under any circumstances, but I did n't have to.

"I felt a great upheaval, and the prow of the *Old Squaw* went up into the air. I grabbed the ropes that I had lashed the food on with and clung to the raft. The deck became almost perpendicular, and it was a miracle that the raft did n't slide down with me into the flames. Somehow it stuck where it was.

"Then the boat sank with a great roar, and for about a thousand years, it seemed to me, I was under water. I did n't do anything. I could n't think.

"I was only conscious of a tremendous weight of water and a feeling that I would burst open. Instinct alone made me cling to the raft.

"When it finally brought me to the surface I was as nearly dead as I care to be. I lay there on the thing in a half-conscious condition for an endless time. If my life had depended on my doing something, I would have been lost.

"Then gradually I came to, and began to spit out salt water and gasp for breath. I gathered my wits together and sat up. My hands were absolutely numb, and I had to loosen the grip of my fingers with the help of my toes. Odd sensation.

"Then I looked about me. My biscuits and water and rope were safe, but the sail-cloth had vanished. I remember

that this annoyed me hugely at the time, though I don't know what earthly good it would have been.

"The sea was fairly calm, and I could see all about. Not a human being was visible, only a few floating bits of wreckage. Every man on board must have gone down with the ship and drowned, except myself.

"Then I caught sight of something that made my heart stand still. The huge head of Gulliver was coming rapidly toward me through the water!

"The dog was swimming strongly, and must have leaped from the *Old Squaw* before she sank. My raft was the only thing afloat large enough to hold him, and he knew it.

"I drew my revolver, but it was soaking wet and useless. Then I sat down on the cracker tin and gritted my teeth and waited. I had been alarmed, I must admit, when the boiler blew up and the panic began, but that was nothing to the terror that seized me now.

"Here I was all alone on the top of the Pacific Ocean with a horrible demon making for me as fast as he could swim. My mind was benumbed, and I could think of nothing to do. I trembled and my teeth rattled. I prayed for a shark, but no shark came.

"Soon Gulliver reached the raft and placed one of his forepaws on it and then the other. The top of it stood six or eight inches above the water, and it took a great effort for the dog to raise himself. I wanted to kick him back, but I didn't dare to move.

"Gulliver struggled mightily. Again and again he reared his great shoulders above the sea, only to be cast back, scratching and kicking, at a lurch of the raft.

"Finally a wave favored him, and he caught the edge of the under platform with one of his hind feet. With a stupendous effort he heaved his huge bulk over the edge and lay sprawling at my feet, panting and trembling."

Enderby paused and gazed out of the window with a big sigh, as though the recital of his story had brought back some of the horror of his remarkable experience.

Nubbins looked up inquiringly, and then snuggled closer to his friend, while Enderby smoothed the white head.

"Well," he continued, "there we were. You can't possibly imagine how I felt unless you, too, have been afflicted with dog-fear. It was awful. And I hated the brute so. I could have torn him limb from limb if I had had the strength. But he was vastly more powerful than I. I could only fear him.

"By and by he got up and shook himself. I cowered on my cracker-tin, but he only looked at me contemptuously, went to the other end of the raft, and lay down to wait patiently for deliverance.

"We remained this way until nightfall. The sea was comparatively calm, and we seemed to be drifting but slowly. We were in the path of ships likely to be passing one way or the other, and I would have been hopeful of the outcome if it had not been for my feared and hated companion.

"I began to feel faint, and opened the cracker-tin. The biscuits were wet with salt water, but I ate a couple, and left the cover of the tin open to dry them. Gulliver looked around, and I shut the tin hastily. But the dog never moved. He was not disposed to ask any favors. By kicking the sides of the cask and prying with my knife, I managed to get the bung out and took a drink. Then I settled myself on the raft with my back against the cask, and longed for a smoke.

"The gentle motion of the raft produced a lulling effect on my exhausted nerves, and I began to nod, only to awake with a start, with fear gripping at my heart. I dared not sleep. I don't know what I thought Gulliver would do to me, for I did not understand dogs, but I felt that I must watch him constantly. In the starlight I could see that his eyes were open. Gulliver was watchful too.

"All night long I kept up a running fight with drowsiness. I dozed at intervals, but never for long at a time. It was a horrible night, and I cannot tell you how I longed for day and welcomed it when it came.

"I must have slept toward dawn, for I suddenly became conscious of broad daylight. I roused myself, stood up, and

swung my arms and legs to stir up circulation, for the night had been chilly. Gulliver arose, too, and stood silently watching me until I ceased for fear. When he had settled down again I got my breakfast out of the cracker-tin. Gulliver was restless, and was evidently interested.

"'He must be hungry,' I thought, and then a new fear caught me. I had only to wait until he became very hungry and then he would surely attack me. I concluded that it would be wiser to feed him, and I tossed him a biscuit.

"I expected to see him grab it ravenously, and wondered as soon as I had thrown it if the taste of food would only serve to make him more ferocious. But at first he would not touch it. He only lay there with his great head on his paws and glowered at me. Distrust was plainly visible in his face. I had never realized before that a dog's face could express the subtler emotions.

"His gaze fascinated me, and I could not take my eyes from his. The bulk of him was tremendous as he lay there, and I noticed the big, swelling muscles of his jaw. At last he arose, sniffed suspiciously at the biscuit, and looked up at me again.

"'It 's all right; eat it!' I cried.

"The sound of my own voice frightened me. I had not intended to speak to him. But in spite of my strained tone he seemed somewhat reassured.

"He took a little nibble, and then swallowed the biscuit after one or two crunches, and looked up expectantly. I threw him another and he ate that.

"'That 's all,' said I. 'We must be sparing of them.'

"I was amazed to discover how perfectly he understood. He lay down again and licked his chops.

"Late in the forenoon I saw a line of smoke on the horizon, and soon a steamer hove into view. I stood up and waved my coat frantically, but to no purpose. Gulliver stood up and looked from me to the steamer, apparently much interested.

"'Too far off,' I said to Gulliver. 'I hope the next one will come nearer.'

"At midday I dined, and fed Gulliver. This time he took

the two biscuits quite without reserve and whacked his great tail against the raft. It seemed to me that his attitude was less hostile, and I wondered at it.

"When I took my drink from the cask, Gulliver showed signs of interest.

" 'I suppose dogs get thirsty, too,' I said aloud.

"Gulliver rapped with his tail. I looked about for some sort of receptacle, and finally pulled off my shoe, filled it with water, and shoved it toward him with my foot. He drank gratefully.

"During the afternoon I sighted another ship, but it was too distant to notice me. However, the sea remained calm and I did not despair.

"After we had had supper, I settled back against my cask, resolved to keep awake, for still I did not trust Gulliver. The sun set suddenly and the stars came out, and I found myself strangely lonesome. It seemed as though I had been alone out there on the Pacific for weeks. The miles and miles of heaving waters, almost on a level with my eye, were beginning to get on my nerves. I longed for some one to talk to, and wished I had dragged the half-breed cook along with me for company. I sighed loudly, and Gulliver raised his head.

" 'Lonesome out here, is n't it?' I said, simply to hear the sound of my own voice.

"Then for the first time Gulliver spoke. He made a deep sound in his throat, but it was n't a growl, and with all my ignorance of dog language I knew it.

"Then I began to talk. I talked about everything—the people back home and all that—and Gulliver listened. I know more about dogs now, and I know that the best way to make friends with a dog is to talk to him. He can't talk back, but he can understand a heap more than you think he can.

"Finally Gulliver, who had kept his distance all this time, arose and came toward me. My words died in my throat. What was he going to do? To my immense relief he did nothing but sink down at my feet with a grunt and curl his huge body into a semicircle. He had dignity, Gulliver had. He wanted to be friendly, but he would not presume. However,

I had lost interest in conversation, and sat watching him and wondering.

"In spite of my firm resolution, I fell asleep at length from sheer exhaustion, and never woke until daybreak. The sky was clouded and our craft was pitching. Gulliver was standing in the middle of the raft, looking at me in evident alarm. I glanced over my shoulder, and the blackness of the horizon told me that a storm was coming, and coming soon.

"I made fast our slender provender, tied the end of a line about my own waist for safety, and waited.

"In a short time the storm struck us in all its tropical fury. The raft pitched and tossed, now high up at one end, and now at the other, and sometimes almost engulfed in the waves.

"Gulliver was having a desperate time to keep aboard. His blunt claws slipped on the wet deck of the raft, and he fell and slid about dangerously. The thought flashed across my mind that the storm might prove to be a blessing in disguise, and that I might soon be rid of the brute.

"As I clung there to the lashings, I saw him slip down to the further end of the raft, his hind quarters actually over the edge. A wave swept over him, but still he clung, panting madly. Then the raft righted itself for a moment, and as he hung there he gave me a look I shall never forget—a look of fear, of pleading, of reproach, and yet of silent courage. And with all my stupidity I read that look. Somehow it told me that I was the master, after all, and he the dog. I could not resist it. Cautiously I raised myself and loosened the spare rope I had saved. As the raft tipped the other way Gulliver regained his footing and came sliding toward me.

"Quickly I passed the rope around his body, and as the raft dived again I hung on to the rope with one hand, retaining my own hold with the other. Gulliver's great weight nearly pulled my arm from its socket, but he helped mightily, and during the next moment of equilibrium I took another turn about his body and made the end of the rope fast.

"The storm passed as swiftly as it had come, and though it left us drenched and exhausted, we were both safe.

Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful

"That evening Gulliver crept close to me as I talked, and I let him. Loneliness will make a man do strange things.

"On the fifth day, when our provisions were nearly gone, and I had begun to feel the sinking dullness of despair, I sighted a steamer apparently coming directly toward us. Instantly I felt new life in my limbs and around my heart, and while the boat was yet miles away I began to shout and to wave my coat.

" 'I believe she 's coming, old man!' I cried to Gulliver; 'I believe she 's coming!'

"I soon wearied of this foolishness and sat down to wait. Gulliver came close and sat beside me, and for the first time I put my hand on him. He looked up at me and rapped furiously with his tail. I patted his head—a little gingerly, I must confess.

"It was a big, smooth head, and it felt solid and strong. I passed my hand down his neck, his back, his flanks. He seemed to quiver with joy. He leaned his huge body against me. Then he bowed his head and licked my shoe.

"A feeling of intense shame and unworthiness came over me, with the realization of how completely I had misunderstood him. Why should this great, powerful creature lick my shoe? It was incredible.

"Then, somehow, everything changed. Fear and distrust left me, and a feeling of comradeship and understanding took their place. We two had been through so much together. A dog was no longer a frightful beast to me; he was a dog! I cannot think of a nobler word. And Gulliver had licked my shoe! Doubtless it was only the fineness of his perception that had prevented him from licking my hand. I might have resented that. I put my arms suddenly around Gulliver's neck and hugged him. I loved that dog!

"Slowly, slowly, the steamer crawled along, but still she kept to her course. When she was about a mile away, however, I saw that she would not pass as near to us as I had hoped; so I began once more my waving and yelling. She came nearer, nearer, but still showed no sign of observing us.

"She was abreast of us, and passing. I was in a frenzy!

"She was so near that I could make out the figure of the captain on the bridge, and other figures on the deck below. It seemed as though they must see us, though I realized how low in the water we stood, and how pitifully weak and hoarse my voice was. I had been a fool to waste it. Then an idea struck me.

" 'Speak!' I cried to Gulliver, who stood watching beside me. 'Speak, old man!'

"Gulliver needed no second bidding. A roar like that of all the bulls of Bashan rolled out over the blue Pacific. Again and again Gulliver gave voice, deep, full, powerful. His great sides heaved with the mighty effort, his red, cavernous mouth open, and his head raised high.

" 'Good, old man!' I cried. 'Good!' And again that magnificent voice boomed forth.

"Then something happened on board the steamer. The figures came to the side. I waved my coat and danced. Then they saw us.

"I was pretty well done up when they took us aboard, and I slept for twenty-four hours straight. When I awoke there sat Gulliver by my bunk, and when I turned to look at him he lifted a great paw and put it on my arm."

Enderby ceased, and there was silence in the room save for the light snoring of Nubbins.

"You took him home with you, I suppose?" I asked.

Enderby nodded.

"And you have him still?" I certainly wanted to have a look at that dog.

But he did not answer. I saw an expression of great sadness come into his eyes as he gazed out of the window, and I knew that Jacob Enderby had finished his story.

SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'

By RUTH McENERY STUART

A MONOLOGUE

WELL, sir, we 're tryin' to edjercate him—good ez we can. Th' ain't never been a edjercational advantage come in reach of us but we 've give it to him. Of co'se he 's all we 've got, that one boy is, an' wife an' me, why, we feel the same way about it.

They 's three schools in the county, an' we send him to all three.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; he b'longs to all three schools—to *fo'*, for that matter, countin' the home school.

You see, Sonny he 's purty ticklish to handle, an' a person has to know thess how to tackle him. Even wife an' me, thet 's been knowin' him f'om the beginnin', not only knowin' his traits, but how he *come* by 'em,—though some is hard to trace to their so'ces,—why, sir, even we have to study sometimes to keep in with him, an' of co'se a teacher—why, it 's thess hit an' miss whether he 'll take the right tack with him or not; an' sometimes one teacher 'll strike it one day, an' another nex' day; so by payin' schoolin' for him right along in all three, why, of co'se, ef he don't feel like goin' to one, why, he 'll go to another.

Once-t in a while he 'll git out with the whole of 'em, an' that was how wife come to open the home school for him. She was determined his edjercation should n't be interrupted ef she could help it. She don't encour'ge him much to go to her school, though, 'cause it interrupts her in her housekeepin' consider'ble, an' she 's had extry quilt-patchin' on hand ever since he come. She 's patchin' him a set 'ginst the time he 'll marry.

An' then I reckon he frets her a good deal in school. Some-

how, seems like he thess picks up enough in the other schools to be able to conterdic' her ways o' teachin'.

F' instance, in addin' up a colume o' figgers, ef she comes to a aught—which some calls 'em naughts—she 'll say, "Aught 's a aught," an' Sonny ain't been learned to say it that a-way; an' so maybe when she says, "Aught 's a aught," he 'll say, "Who said it was n't?" an' that puts her out in countin'.

He 's been learned to thess pass over aughts an' not call their names; and once-t or twice-t, when wife called 'em out that a-way, why, he got so fretted he thess gethered up his things an' went to another school. But seem like she 's added aughts that a-way so long she can't think to add 'em no other way.

I notice nights after she 's kept school for Sonny all day she talks consider'ble in her sleep, an' she says, "Aught 's a aught" about ez often ez she says anything else.

Oh, yas, sir; he 's had consider'ble fusses with his teachers, one way an' another, but they ever' one declare they think a heap of 'im.

Sir? Oh, yas, sir; of co'se they all draw their reg'lar pay whether he 's a day in school du'in' the month or not. That 's right enough, 'cause you see they don't know what day he 's li'ble to drop in on 'em, an' it 's worth the money thess a-keepin' their nerves strung for 'im.

Well, yas, sir; 't is toler'ble expensive, lookin' at it one way, but lookin' at it another, it don't cost no mo' 'n what it would to edjercate three child'en, which many poor families have to do—*an' more*—which in our united mind Sonny's worth 'em all.

Yas, sir; 't is confusin' to him in some ways, goin' to all three schools at once-t.

F' instance, Miss Alviry Sawyer, which she 's a single-handed maiden lady 'bout wife's age, why, of co'se, she teaches accordin' to the old rules; an' in learnin' the child'en subtraction, f' instance, she 'll tell 'em, ef they run short to borry one f'om the nex' lef' han' top figur', an' pay it back to the feller underneath him.

Well, this did n't suit Sonny's sense o' jestice *no way,* borryin' from one an' payin' back to somebody else; so he thess up an' argued about it—told her thet fellers thet borried nickels f'om one another could n't pay back that a-way; an' of co'se she told him they was heap o' difference 'twix' money and 'rithmetic—which I wish't they was more in my experience; an' so they had it hot and heavy for a while, till at last she explained to him thet that way of doin' subtraction *fetched the answer,* which, of co'se, ought to satisfy any school-boy; an' I reckon Sonny would soon 'a' settled into that way 'ceptin' thet he got out o' patience with that school in sev'al ways, an' he left an' went out to Sandy Crik school, and it thess happened that he struck a subtraction class there the day he got in, an' they was workin' it the *other* way—borry one from the top figur' an' never pay it back at all, thess count it off (that 's the way I 've worked my lifelong subtraction, though wife does hers payin' back), an' of co'se Sonny was ready to dispute this way, an' he did n't have no mo' tac' than to th'ow up Miss Alviry's way to the teacher, which of co'se he would n't stand, particular ez Miss Alviry 's got the biggest school. So they broke up in a row, immejate, and Sonny went right along to Miss Kellog's school down here at the cross-roads.

She 's a sort o' reformed teacher, I take it; an' she gets at her subtraction by a new route altogether—like ez ef the first feller thet had any surplus went sort o' security for them thet was short, an' passed the loan down the line. But I noticed he never got his money back, for when they come to him, why, they docked him. I reckon goin' security is purty much the same in an out o' books. She passes the borryin' along some way till it gits to headquarters, an' writes a new row o' figur's over the heads o' the others. Well, my old brain got so addled watchin' Sonny work it thet I did n't seem to know one figur' f'om another 'fo' he got thoo; but when I see the answer come, why, I was satisfied. Ef a man can thess git his answers right all his life, why nobody ain't a-goin' to pester him about how he worked his figur's.

I did try to get Sonny to stick to one school for each rule

in 'rithmetic, an' havin' thess fo' schools, why he could learn each o' the fo' rules by one settled plan. But he won't promise nothin'. He 'll quit for lessons one week, and maybe next week somethin' else 'll decide him. (He 's quit ever' one of 'em in turn when they come to long division.) He went thoo a whole week o' disagreeable lessons once-t at one school 'cause he was watchin' a bird-nest on the way to that school. He was determined them young birds was to be allowed to leave that nest without bein' pestered, an' they stayed so long they purty nigh run him into long division 'fo' they did fly. Ef he 'd 'a' missed school one day he knowed two sneaky chaps thet would 'a' robbed that nest, either goin' or comin'.

Of co'se Sonny goes to the exhibitions an' picnics of all the schools. Last summer we had a time of it when it come picnic season. Two schools set the same day for theirs, which of co'se was n't no ways fair to Sonny. He payin' right along in all the schools, of co'se he was entitled to all the picnics; so I put on my Sunday clo'es, an' I went down an' had it fixed right. They all wanted Sonny, too, come down to the truth, 'cause besides bein' fond of him, they knowed thet Sonny always fetched a big basket.

Trouble with Sonny is thet he don't take nothin' on nobody's say-so, don't keer who it is. He even commenced to dispute Moses one Sunday when wife was readin' the Holy Scriptures to him, tell of co'se she made him understand thet that would n't do. Moses did n't intend to *be* conterdicted.

An' ez to secular lessons, he ain't got no respec' for 'em whatsoever. F' instance, when the teacher learned him thet the world was round, why he up an' told him *'t war n't so,* less'n we was on the inside an' it was blue-lined, which of co'se teacher he insisted thet we was *on the outside,* walkin' over it, all feet todes the center—a thing I 've always thought myself was mo' easy said than proved.

Well, sir, Sonny did n't hesitate to deny it, an' of co'se teacher he commenced by givin' him a check—which is a bad mark—for conterdictin'. An' then Sonny he 'lowed thet he did n't conterdic' to *be* a-conterdictin', but he *knowed* 't

war n't so. He had walked the whole len'th o' the road 'twix' the farm an' the school-house, an' they war n't *no bulge in it;* an' besides, he had n't never saw over the edges of it.

An' with that teacher he give him another check for speakin' out o' turn. An' then Sonny, says he, "Ef a man was tall enough he could see around the edges, could n't he?" "No," says the teacher; "a man could n't grow that tall," says he; "he 'd be deformed."

An' Sonny, why, he spoke up again, an' says he, "But I 'm thess a-sayin' *ef,*" says he. "An' teacher," says he, "we ain't a-studyin' *efs;* we 're studyin' geoger'phy." And then Sonny they say he kep' still a minute, an' then he says, says he, "Oh, maybe he could n't see over the edges, teacher, 'cause ef he was tall enough his head might reach up into the flo' o' heaven." And with that teacher he give him another check, an' told him not to dare to mix up geoger'phy an' religion, which was a sackerlege to both studies; an' with that Sonny gethered up his books an' set out to another school.

I think myself it 'u'd be thess ez well ef Sonny was n't quite so quick to conterdic'; but it 's thess his way of holdin' his p'int.

Why, one day he faced one o' the teachers down thet two an' two did n't *haf* to make *fo',* wh'er or no.

This seemed to tickle the teacher mightily, an' so he laughed an' told him he was goin' to give him rope enough to hang hisself now, an' then he dared him to show him any two an' two thet did n't make fo', and Sonny says, says he, "Heap o' two an' twos don't make four, 'cause they 're kep' sep'rate," says he.

"An' then," says he, "I don't want my two billy-goats harnessed up with nobody else's two billys to make fo' billys."

"But," says the teacher, "suppose I *was* to harness up yo' two goats with Tom Deems's two, there 'd be fo' goats, I reckon, whether you wanted 'em there or not."

"No they would n't," says Sonny. "They would n't be but two. 'T would n't take my team more 'n half a minute to butt the life out o' Tom's team."

An' with that little Tommy Deems, why, he commenced to cry, an' 'stid o' punishin' him for bein' sech a cry-baby, what did the teacher do but give Sonny another check, for castin' slurs on Tommy's animals, an' gettin' Tommy's feelin's hurted! Which I ain't a-sayin' it on account o' Sonny bein' my boy, but it seems to me was a mighty unfair advantage.

No boy's feelin's ain't got no right to be that tender—an' a goat is the last thing on earth thet could be injured by a word of mouth.

Sonny's pets an' beasts has made a heap o' commotion in school one way an' another, somehow. Ef 't ain't his goats it 's somethin' else.

Sir? Sonny's pets? Oh, they 're all sorts. He ain't no ways partic'lar thess so a thing is po' an' miser'ble enough. That 's about all he seems to require of anything.

He don't never go to school hardly 'thout a garter-snake or two or a lizard or a toad-frog somewheres about him. He 's got some o' the little girls at school that nervous thet if he thess shakes his little sleeve at 'em they 'll squeal, not knowin' what sort o' live critter 'll jump out of it.

Most of his pets is things he 's got by their bein' hurted some way.

One of his toad-frogs is blind of a eye. Sonny rescued him from the old red rooster one day after he had nearly pecked him to death, an' he had him hoppin' round the kitchen for about a week with one eye bandaged up.

When a hurted critter gits good an' strong he gen'ally turns it loose ag'in; but ef it stays puny, why he reg'lar 'dopts it an' names it Jones. That 's thess a little notion o' his, namin' his pets the family name.

The most outlandish thing he ever 'dopted, to my mind, is that old yaller cat. That was a miser'ble low-down stray cat thet hung round the place a whole season, an' Sonny used to vow he was goin' to kill it, 'cause it kep' a-ketchin' the birds.

Well, one day he happened to see him thess runnin' off with a young mockin'-bird in his mouth, an' he took a brickbat an' he let him have it, an' of co'se he dropped the bird an' tumbled over—stunted. The bird it got well, and Sonny

turned him loose after a few days; but that cat was hurted fatal. He could n't never no mo' 'n drag hisself around from that day to this; an' I reckon ef Sonny was called on to give up every pet he 's got, that cat would be 'bout the last thing he 'd surrender. He named him Tommy Jones, an' he never goes to school of a mornin', rain or shine, till Tommy Jones is fed f'om his own plate with somethin' he 's left for him special.

Of co'se Sonny he 's got his faults, which anybody 'll tell you; but th' ain't a dumb brute on the farm but 'll foller him around—an' Dicey, why, she thinks they never was such another boy born into the world—that is, not no human child.

An' wife an' me—

But of co'se he 's ours.

I don't doubt thet he ain't constructed thess exac'ly ez the school-teachers would have him, ef they had their way. Sometimes I have thought I 'd like his disposition eased up a little, myself, when he taken a stand ag'in my jedgment or wife's.

Takin' 'em all round, though, the teachers has been mighty patient with him.

At one school the teacher did take him out behind the schoolhouse one day to whup him; an' although teacher is a big strong man, Sonny's mighty wiry an' quick, an' some way he slipped his holt, an' 'fo' teacher could ketch him ag'in he had clumb up the lightnin'-rod on to the roof thess like a cat. An' teacher he felt purty shore of him then, 'cause he 'lowed they was n't no other way to git down (which they was n't, the school bein' a steep-sided buildin'), an' he 'd wait for him.

So teacher he set down close-t to the lightnin'-rod to wait. He would n't go back in school without him, cause he did n't want the child'en to know he 'd got away. So down he set; but he had n't no mo' 'n took his seat sca'cely when he heerd the child'en in school roa'in' out loud, laughin' fit to kill theirselves.

He 'lowed at first thet like ez not the monitor was cuttin' up some sort o' didoes, the way monitors does gen'ally, so he waited a-while; but it kep' a-gittin' worse, so d'rectly he got

up, an' he went in to see what the excitement was about; an' lo and beholt! Sonny had slipped down the open chimbly right in amongst 'em—come out a-grinnin', with his face all sooted over, an', says he, "Say, fellers," says he, "I run up the lightnin'-rod, an' he 's a-waitin' for me to come down." An' with that he went an' gethered up his books, deliberate, an' fetched his hat, an' picked up a nest o' little chimbly-swallows he had dislodged in comin' down (all this here it happened thess las' June), an' he went out an' harnessed up his goat-wagon, an' got in. An' thess ez he driv' out the school-yard into the road the teacher come in, an' he see how things was.

Of co'se sech conduct ez that is worrisome, but I don't see no, to say, bad principle in it. Sonny ain't got a bad habit on earth, not a-one. They 'll ever' one o' the teachers tell you that. He ain't never been knowed to lie, an' ez for improper language, why he would n't know how to select it. An' ez to tattlin' at home about what goes on in school, why, he never has did it. The only way we knowed about him comin' down the school-house chimbly was wife went to fetch his dinner to him, an' she found it out.

She knowed he had went to that school in the mornin', an' when she got there at twelve o'clock, why he was n't there, an' of co'se she questioned the teacher, an' he thess told her thet Sonny had been present at the mornin' session, but thet he was now absent. An' the rest of it she picked out o' the child'en.

Oh, no, sir; she don't take his dinner to him reg'lar—only some days when she happens to have somethin' extry good, or maybe when she 'magines he did n't eat hearty at breakfast. The school-child'en they always likes to see her come, because she gen'ally takes a extry lot o' fried chicken thess for him to give away. He don't keer much for nothin' but livers an' gizzards, so we have to kill a good many to get enough for him; an' of co'se the fryin' o' the rest of it is mighty little trouble.

Sonny is a bothersome child one way: he don't never want to take his dinner to school with him. Of co'se thess after

eatin' breakfas' he don't feel hungry, an' when wife does coax him to take it, he 'll seem to git up a appetite walkin' to school, an' he 'll eat it up 'fo' he gits there.

Sonny 's got a mighty noble disposition, though, take him all round.

Now, the day he slipped down that chimbly an' run away he was n't a bit flustered, an' he did n't play hookey the balance of the day neither. He thess went down to the crik, an' washed the soot off his face, though they say he did n't no more 'n smear it round, an' then he went down to Miss Phœbe's school, an' stayed there till it was out. An' she took him out to the well, an' washed his face good for him. But nex' day he up an' went back to Mr. Clark's school—walked in thess ez pleasant an' kind, an' taken his seat an' said his lessons—never th'owed it up to teacher at all. Now, some child'en, after playin' off on a teacher that a-way would a' took advantage, but he never. It was a fair fight, an' Sonny whupped, an' that 's all there was to it; an' he never put on no air about it.

Wife did threaten to go herself an' make the teacher apologize for gittin' the little feller all sooted up an' sp'ilin' his clo'es; but she thought it over, an' she decided thet she would n't disturb things ez long ez they was peaceful. An', after all, he did n't exac'ly send him down the chimbly nohow, though he provoked him to it.

Ef Sonny had 'a' fell an' hurted hisself, though, in that chimbly, I 'd 'a' helt that teacher responsible, shore.

Sonny says hisself thet the only thing he feels bad about in that chimbly business is thet one o' the little swallers' wings was broke by the fall. Sonny 's got him yet, an' he 's li'ble to keep him, cause he 'll never fly. Named him Swally Jones, an' reg'lar 'dopted him soon ez he see how his wing was.

Sonny 's the only child I ever see in my life thet could take young chimbly-swallers after their fall an' make 'em live. But he does it reg'lar. They ain't a week passes sca'cely but he fetches in some hurted critter an' works with it. Dicey says thet half the time she 's afeered to step around her cook-

stove less'n she 'll step on some critter thet 's crawled back to life where he 's put it under the stove to hatch or thaw out, which she bein' bare-feeted, I don't wonder at.

An' he has did the same way at school purty much. It got so for a-while at one school thet not a child in school could be hired to put his hand in the wood-box, not knowin' ef any piece o' bark or old wood in it would turn out to be a young alligator or toad-frog thawin' out. Teacher hisself picked up a chip, reckless, one day, an' it hopped up, and knocked off his spectacles. Of co'se it was n't no chip. Hopper-toad frog an' wood-bark chips, why, they favors consider'ble—lay 'em same side up.

It was on account o' her takin' a interest in all his little beasts an' varmints thet he first took sech a notion to Miss Phœbe Kellog's school. Where any other teacher would scold about sech things ez he 'd fetch in, why, she 'd encourage him to bring 'em to her; an' she 'd fix a place for 'em, an' maybe git out some book tellin' all about 'em, an' showin' pictures of 'em.

She 's had squir'l-books, an' bird-books, an' books on nearly every sort o' wild critter you 'd think too mean to *put* into a book, at that school, an' give the child'en readin'-lessons on 'em an' drawin'-lessons an' clay-moldin' lessons.

Why, Sonny has did his alligator so nach'l in clay thet you 'd most expec' to see it creep away. An' you 'd think mo' of alligators forever afterward, too. An' ez to readin', he never did take no interest in learnin' how to read out 'n them school-readers, which he declares don't no more 'n git a person interested in one thing befo' they start on another, an' maybe start *that* in the middle.

The other teachers, they makes a heap o' fun o' Miss Phœbe's way o' school-teachin', 'cause she lets the child'en ask all sorts of outlandish questions, an' make pictures in school hours, an' she don't requi' 'em to fold their arms in school, neither.

Maybe she is foolin' their time away. I can't say ez I exac'ly see how she 's a workin' it to edjercate 'em that a-way. I had to set with my arms folded eight hours a day in school when I was a boy, to learn the little I know, an' wife she got

her edjercation the same way. An' we went clean thoo f'om the *a-b abs* an' *e-b ebs* clair to the end o' the blue-back speller.

An' we learned to purnounce a heap mo' words than either one of us has ever needed to know, though there has been times, sech ez when my wife's mother took the phthisic an' I had the asthma, thet I was obligated to write to the doctor about it, thet I was thankful for my experience in the blue-back speller. Them was our brag-words, phthisic and asthma was. They 's a few other words I 've always hoped to have a chance to spell in the reg'lar co'se of life, sech ez y-a-c-h-t, yacht, but I suppose, livin' in a little inland town, which a yacht is a boat, a person could n't be expected to need sech a word—less'n he went travelin'.

I 've often thought thet ef at the Jedgment the good Lord would only examine me an' all them thet went to school in my day, in the old blue-back speller 'stid o' tacklin' us on the weak p'ints of our pore mortal lives, why, we 'd stand about ez good a chance o' gettin' to heaven ez anybody else. An' maybe He will—who knows?

But ez for book-readin', wife an' me ain't never felt called on to read no book save an' exceptin' the Holy Scriptures—an', of co'se, the seed catalogues.

An' here Sonny, not quite twelve year old, has read five books thoo, an' some of 'em twice-t an' three times over. His *Robinson Crusoe* shows mo' wear 'n tear 'n what my Testament does, I 'm ashamed to say. I 've done give Miss Phœbe free license to buy him any book she wants him to have, an' he 's got 'em all 'ranged in a row on the end o' the mantel-shelf.

Quick ez he 'd git thoo readin' a book, of co'se wife she 'd be for dustin' it off and puttin' up on the top closet shelf where a book nach'ally belongs; but seem like Sonny he wants to keep 'em in sight. So wife she 's worked a little lace shelf-cover to lay under 'em, an' we 've hung our framed marriage-c'tificate above 'em, an' the corner looks right purty, come to see it fixed up.

Sir? Oh, no; we ain't took him from none o' the other schools yet. He 's been goin' to Miss Phœbe's reg'lar now—

all but the exhibition an' picnic days in the other schools—for nearly five months, not countin' off-an'-on days he went to her befo' he settled down to it stiddy.

He says he 's a-goin' there reg'lar from this time on, an' I b'lieve he will; but wife an' me we talked it over, an' we decided we 'd let things stand, an' keep his name down on all the books till sech a time ez he come to long division with Miss Kellog.

An' ef he stays thoo that, we 'll feel free to notify the other schools thet he 's quit.

HER FIRST HORSE SHOW

By DAVID GRAY

She folded the program carefully for preservation in her memory-book, and devoured the scene with her eyes. It was hard to believe, but unquestionably Angelica Stanton, in the flesh, was in Madison Square Garden at the horse show. The great arena was crowded; the band was playing, and a four-in-hand was swinging around the tan-bark ring.

What had been her dream since she put away her dolls and the flea-bitten pony was realized. The pony had been succeeded by Lady Washington, and with Lady Washington opened the epoch when she began to hunt with the grown-up people and to reflect upon the outside world. From what she had gathered from the men in the hunting-field, the outside world seemed to center in the great horse show, and most of what was interesting and delightful in life took place there.

Besides the obvious profit of witnessing this institution, there had arisen, later on, more serious considerations which led Angelica to take an interest in it. Since the disappearance of Lady Washington and the failure to trace her, Angelica's hope was in the show.

One of the judges who had visited Jim had unwittingly laid the bases of this hope. "All the best performers in America are exhibited there," he had said in the course of an interminable discussion upon the great subject. And was not Lady Washington probably the best? Clearly, therefore, soon or late Lady Washington would be found winning blue ribbons at Madison Square Garden.

To this cheering conclusion the doubting Thomas within her replied that so desirable a miracle could never be; and she cherished the doubt, though rather to provoke contrary fate into refuting it than because it embodied her convictions. She knew that some day Lady Washington must come back.

After Jim had sold Lady Washington, he had been informed by Chloe, the parlor-maid, how Angelica felt, and he repented his act. He had tried to buy the mare back, but the man to whom he had sold her had sold her to a dealer, and he had sold her to somebody who had gone abroad, and no one knew what this person had done with her. So Lady Washington had disappeared, and Angelica mourned for her. Two years passed, two years that were filled with doubt and disappointment. Each autumn Jim went North with his horses, but never suggested taking Angelica. As for Angelica, the subject was too near her heart for her to broach it. Thus it seemed that life was slipping away, harshly withholding opportunity.

That November, for reasons of his own, Jim decided to take Angelica along with him. When he told her of his intention, she gasped, but made no demonstration. On the threshold of fulfilling her hope she was afraid to exult: she knew how things are snatched away the moment one begins to count upon them; but inwardly she was happy to the point of apprehension. On the trip North she "knocked wood" scrupulously every time she was lured into a day-dream which pictured the finding of Lady Washington, and thus she gave the evil forces of destiny no opening.

The first hour of the show overwhelmed her. It was too splendid and mystifying to be comprehended immediately, or to permit a divided attention. Even Lady Washington dropped out of her thoughts, but only until the jumping classes began. The first hunter that trotted across the tanbark brought her back to her quest.

But after two days the mystery was no more a mystery, and the splendor had faded out. The joy of it had faded out, too. For two days she had pored over the entry-lists and had studied every horse that entered the ring; but the search for Lady Washington had been a vain one. Furthermore, all the best horses by this time had appeared in some class, and the chances of Lady Washington's turning up seemed infinitesimal. Reluctantly she gave up hope. She explained it to herself that probably there had been a moment of vainglorious pride when she had neglected to "knock wood." She would

have liked to discuss it with somebody; but Chloe and her colored mammy, who understood such matters, were at the "Pines" in Virginia, and Jim would probably laugh at her; so she maintained silence and kept her despair to herself.

It was the evening of the third day, and she was at the show again, dressed in her habit, because she was going to ride. Her brother was at the other end of the Garden, hidden by a row of horses. He was waiting to show in a class of park hacks. There was nothing in it that looked like Lady Washington, and she turned her eyes away from the ring with a heavy heart. The band had stopped playing, and there was no one to talk to but her aunt's maid, and this maid was not companionable. She fell to watching the people in the boxes; she wished that she knew some of them. There was a box just below her which looked attractive. There were two pretty women in it, and some men who looked as if they were nice; they were laughing and seemed to be having a good time. She wished she was with them, or home, or anywhere else than where she was.

Presently the music struck up again; the hum of the innumerable voices took a higher pitch. The ceaseless current of promenaders staring and bowing at the boxes went slowly around and around. Nobody paid any attention to the horses, but all jostled and chattered and craned their necks to see the people. When her brother's Redgauntlet took the blue ribbon in the heavy-weight green-hunter class, not a person in the whole Garden applauded except herself. She heard a man ask, "What took the blue?" And she heard his friend answer, "Southern horse, I believe; don't know the owner." They didn't even know Jim! She would have left the place and gone back to her aunt's for a comfortable cry, but she was going to ride Hilda in the ladies' saddle class, which came toward the end of the evening.

The next thing on the program were some qualified hunters which might be expected to show some good jumping. This was something to be thankful for, and she turned her attention to the ring.

"I think I 'll go down on the floor," she said to the maid. "I 'm tired of sitting still."

In theory Miss Angelica Stanton was at the horse show escorted by her brother; but in fact she was in the custody of Caroline, the maid of her aunt Henrietta Cushing, who lived in Washington Square. Miss Cushing was elderly, and she disapproved of the horse show because her father had been a charter member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and because to go to it in the afternoon interfered with her drive and with her tea, while to go to it in the evening interfered with her whist, and that was not to be thought of. Consequently, when Angelica arrived, the horse show devolved upon Caroline, who accepted the situation not altogether with resignation. She had done Miss Cushing's curls for twenty years, and had absorbed her views.

Angelica would have preferred stopping at the hotel with Jim; but that, he said, was out of the question. Jim admitted that Aunt Henrietta was never intentionally entertaining, but he said that Angelica needed her womanly influence. Jim had brought up Angelica, and the problem sometimes seemed a serious one. She was now sixteen, and he was satisfied that she was going to be a horsewoman, but at times he doubted whether his training was adequate in other respects, and that was why he had brought her to the horse show and had incarcerated her at Aunt Henrietta's.

The girl led Caroline through the crowd, and took a position at the end, between the first and last jumps. As the horses were shown, they went round the ring, came back, and finished in front of them. It was the best place from which to watch, if one wished to see the jumping.

Angelica admitted to herself that some of the men rode pretty well, but not as well as some of the men rode at their out-of-door shows at home; and the tan-bark was not as good as turf. It was a large class, and after eight or ten had been shown, a striking-looking black mare came out of the line and started plunging and rearing toward the first jump. Her rider faced her at the bars, and she minced reluctantly for-

ward. Just before they reached the wings the man struck her. She stopped short and whirled back into the ring.

From the time the black mare appeared Angelica's heart almost stopped beating. "I 'm sure of it, I 'm sure of it!" she gasped. "Three white feet and the star. Caroline," she said, "that 's Lady Washington. He ought n't to strike her. He must n't!"

"Hush, miss," said Caroline. "We 'll be conspicuous."

The man was bringing the mare back toward the jump. As before, he used his whip, intending to drive her into the wings, and, as before, she stopped, reared angrily, wheeled about, and came back plunging. The man quieted her after a little, and turned her again toward the hurdle. It was his last chance. She came up sulkily, tossing her head and edging away from the bars. As he got near the wings he raised his whip again. Then the people in that part of the Garden heard a girl's shrill, excited voice cry out: "You must n't hit her! Steady, Lady Washington! Drop your curb!"

The black mare's ears went forward at the sound of the voice. The young man on her back put down his uplifted whip and loosened the rein on the bit. He glanced around with an embarrassed smile, and the next instant he was over the jump, and the mare was galloping for the hurdle beyond.

Suddenly Angelica became conscious that several thousand people were staring at her with looks of wonder and amusement. Caroline clutched her arm and dragged her away from the rail. The girl colored, and shook herself free.

"I don't care," she said. "He should n't have hit her. She can jump anything if she 's ridden right. I knew we 'd find her," she muttered excitedly. "I knew it!"

Caroline struggled desperately through the crowd with her charge.

"Whatever will Miss Cushing say!" she gasped.

Angelica forgot the crowd. "I don't care," she said. "If Aunt Henrietta had ever owned Lady Washington she 'd have done the same thing. And if you tell her I 'll pay you back. She 'll know that you let me leave my seat, and she told you not to." This silenced Caroline.

"There! He 's fussed her mouth again," she went on. The black mare had refused, and was rearing at the jump next the last. The girl stood on tiptoe and watched impatiently for a moment.

"There she goes," she murmured, with a sigh. The judges had ordered the horse out.

Angelica tagged along disconsolately through the crowd till a conversation between two men who were leaning against the rail caught her ear.

"I wonder who that little girl was," said one. "The mare seemed to know her voice, but Reggie does n't call her Lady Washington."

"No—Hermione," said the other. "He may have changed it, though," he added. "He gives them all names beginning with H."

"You 'll have an easy time beating him in the five-foot-six jumps," said the first man. "It 's a good mare, but he can't ride her."

Angelica wondered who they were, but they turned around just then, aad she dropped her eyes and hurried after Caroline.

As they made their way through the crowd, a nudge from the maid took her thoughts from Lady Washington. She had been wondering how she would find the young man who had ridden her. She looked up and saw that a man was bowing to her. It was Mr. "Billy" Livingstone. Mr. Livingstone was nearly sixty, but he had certain qualities of permanent youth which made him "Billy" to three generations.

"Hello, Angelica!" he exclaimed. "When did you turn up? How you 've grown!"

"I came up North with Jim," she replied.

"You should have let me know," he said. "You know Jim never writes any one. This is the first time I 've been here. I 'm just back from the country. Where 's your box—that is, who are you with?"

"I 'm here with my maid," said Angelica, with a somewhat conscious dignity. "Jim is with the horses."

Livingstone looked from the slender girl to the substantial Caroline, and the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I prefer to be alone this way," she explained. "It 's more independent."

Mr. Livingstone thought a moment. "Of course that 's so," he said. "But I think I 've got a better plan; let 's hunt up Mrs. Dicky Everett."

"Is she an old woman?" asked Angelica.

"Not so terribly old," said Mr. Livingstone. "I suppose you 'd call her middle-aged."

"Thirty?" asked Angelica.

"Near it, I 'm afraid," he answered.

"Well, I don't know," said Angelica. "That 's pretty old. She won't have anything to say to me."

"She knows something about a horse," said Livingstone, "though, of course, she can't ride the way you do. If you find her stupid, I 'll take you away; but I want you to come because she will be very nice to me for bringing you."

He turned to Caroline. "I 'm a friend of Miss Stanton's brother. Go to your seat, and I 'll bring Miss Stanton back to you."

Then he led the way up the stairs, and Angelica followed, wondering what sort of person Mrs. "Dicky" Everett might be.

She cheered herself with the thought that she could not be any older or more depressing than Aunt Henrietta, and if she was fond of horses she might know who owned Lady Washington.

Livingstone consulted his program. "It 's down on this side," he said. She followed him mechanically, with her eyes wandering toward the ring, till presently they stopped.

"Hello!" she heard them call to Livingstone, as he stepped in ahead of her, and the next moment she realized that she was in the very box which she had watched from her seat among the chairs.

"I want to present you to my friend Miss Stanton," Livingstone said. He repeated the names, but they made no

impression upon her, because there, standing in front of her, was the young man who had ridden Lady Washington.

"You seem to know each other," said Livingstone. "Am I wasting my breath? Is this a joke?"

He looked at Angelica. She was speechless with mixed joy and embarrassment.

"Come here, my dear," said one of the two pretty women, "and sit down beside me. Miss Stanton," she went on to Livingstone, "very kindly tried to teach Reggie how to ride Hermione, and we are glad to have the chance to thank her."

"I don't understand at all," said Livingstone. "But there are so many things that I shall never understand that one more makes no difference."

Angelica's self-confidence began to come back.

"Why, he was riding Lady Washington with a whip," she explained. "And I just called out to him not to. You remember Lady Washington,—she was a four-year-old when you were at the Pines,—and you know you never could touch her with a whip."

"I remember very well," said Livingstone. "You flattered me by offering to let me ride her, an offer which, I think, I declined. When did you sell her?"

"Two years ago," said Angelica.

Then the other young woman spoke. "But how did you recognize the horse?" she asked. "You haven't seen it for two years."

"Recognize her!" exclaimed Angelica. "I guess if you had ever owned Lady Washington you would have recognized her. I broke her as a two-year-old, and schooled her myself. Jim says she 's the best mare we ever had." Angelica looked at the woman pityingly. She was sweet-looking and had beautiful clothes, but she was evidently a goose.

"Miss Stanton won the high jump with the mare," Livingstone remarked, "at their hunt show down in Virginia."

"It was only six feet," said the girl, "but she can do better than that. Jim wouldn't let me ride her at anything bigger."

"I should hope not," said the lady by whose side she was

sitting. Then she asked suddenly, "You are not Jimmie Stanton's sister?"

"Yes," said Angelica.

"I 'd like to know why he has n't brought you to see me!"

"He 's awfully busy with the horses," the girl replied. "He has to stop at the Waldorf and see about the show with the men, and he makes me stay with Aunt Henrietta Cushing." She stopped abruptly. She was afraid that what she had said might sound disloyal. "I like to stop with Aunt Henrietta," she added solemnly. "Besides, I 've been busy looking for Lady Washington."

The young man whom they called Reggie, together with Mr. Livingstone and the lady beside Angelica, laughed openly at this allusion to Miss Cushing.

"Do you know her?" asked Angelica.

"Oh, everybody knows your Aunt Henrietta," said the lady.

"And loves her," added Livingstone, solemnly.

The lady laughed a little. "You see, she 's connected with nearly everybody. She 's a sort of connection of Reggie's and mine, so I suppose we 're sort of cousins of yours. I hope you will like us."

"I don't know much about my relations on my mother's side," Angelica observed. The distinction between connections and relatives had never been impressed upon her. She was about to add that Jim said that his New York relatives tired him, but caught herself. She paused uneasily.

"Please excuse me," she said, "but I did n't hear Mr. Livingstone introduce me to you."

"Why," said Livingstone, who overheard, "this is Mrs. Everett. I told you we were coming into her box."

"I thought she must have stepped out," said Angelica. "You told me she was middle-aged."

A peal of laughter followed.

"Angelica! Angelica!" Livingstone exclaimed.

"But you did," said Angelica. "I asked you if she was an old lady, and you said, 'Not so terribly old—middle-aged. And she 's not; she 's young."

"Things can never be as they were before," said Livingstone, mournfully, as the laughter died away.

"No," said Mrs. Everett.

There was a pause, and one of the men turned to Reggie. "What are you going to do about the five-foot-six jumps?"

"Let it go," said Reggie.

"It 's a pity," said the other. "If you had met Miss Stanton earlier in the evening, I think she could have taught you to ride that mare. I wanted to see you win your bet."

"Bet?" said Livingstone.

"Reggie 's such an idiot," said Mrs. Everett. "He bet Tommy Post that Hermione would beat his chestnut in the five-foot-six jumps, and Reggie can't make Hermione jump at all, so he 's lost."

"Not yet; I 've got a chance," said Reggie, good-naturedly. "Perhaps I 'll go in, after all." The other men laughed.

"I should think you had made monkey enough of yourself for one evening," observed Palfrey, who was his best friend and could say such things.

"Five feet six would be easy for Lady Washington," said Angelica. "I can't get used to calling her by that new name." She hesitated a moment with embarrassment, and then she stammered: "Why don't you let *me* ride her?"

The people in the box looked aghast.

"I 'm afraid it would n't do," said Reggie, seriously. "It 's awfully good of you, but, you see, it would n't look well to put a lady on that horse. Suppose something should happen?"

"Good of me!" the girl exclaimed. "I 'd love it! I want to ride her again so much!"

"Well," said Reggie, "I 'll have her at the park for you tomorrow morning. You can ride her whenever you like."

A low cry of alarm ran through the Garden, and the conversation in the box hushed. A tandem cart had tipped over, and the wheeler was kicking it to pieces.

"I don't like that sort of thing," said Mrs. Everett, with a shudder.

They finally righted the trap, and the driver limped off to

show that he was not hurt. The great crowd seemed to draw a long breath of relief, and the even hum of voices went on again. The judges began to award the ribbons, and Angelica looked down at her program.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "The saddle class I 'm going to ride in is next. I 'm afraid I 'll be late. Good-by."

"Good-by," they all replied.

"Don't you come," she said to Livingstone. "It 's just a step."

"I must keep my word with Caroline," he answered, and he took her to her seat.

"She 's immense, is n't she?" he said, as he came back. "I 'm glad Reggie did n't let her ride that brute. She will be killed one of these days."

"She 's going to be a great beauty," said Mrs. Everett.

"She looks like her blessed mother," said Livingstone. "I was very fond of her mother. I think that if it had n't been for Stanton—"

"Stop!" interrupted Mrs. Everett. "Your heart-tragedies are too numerous. Besides, if you *had* married her you would n't be here trying to tell us why you did n't." And they all laughed, and cheerfully condemned the judging of the tandem class.

The negro groom who had come up with the Stanton horses met Angelica as she was going down-stairs into the basement where the stalls were. Jim had not appeared, so Angelica and Caroline had started off alone.

"Hilda 's went lame behind, Miss Angie," the man said. "She must have cast huhself. They ain't no use to show huh."

Ordinarily this calamity would have disturbed Angelica, but the discovery of Lady Washington was a joy which could not be dimmed.

"Have you told my brother?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Angie," said the man. "He was gwine to tell you."

"I want to see her," said Angelica, and they went on

toward the stall. But what Angelica most wanted was to get among the horses and look for a certain black mare.

Hilda was very lame, and there was fever in the hock. Angelica patted her neck, and turned away with a side glance at Caroline, who, she feared, would rebel at being led through the horses' quarters. She walked down the row of stalls till she came to the corner, then up through another passage till she stopped at a big box-stall over the side of which stretched a black head set on a long, thoroughbred-looking neck.

The small, fine ears, the width between the eyes, the square little muzzle, were familiar; and there was a white star on the forehead. But Angelica did not enumerate these things. Horses to her had personalities and faces, just as people had them. She recognized Lady Washington as she had recognized Mr. Livingstone. She made a little exclamation, and, standing on tiptoe, put her arms about the mare's neck, and kissed it again and again.

"The dear! She remembers me!" the girl said, wiping her eyes. "It 's Lady Washington," she explained to Caroline. She reached up to fondle the little muzzle, and the mare nipped playfully.

"Look out, miss," called the stable-boy, who was sitting on a soap-box; "she 's mean."

"She 's no such thing," said the girl.

"Oh, ain't she?" said the boy.

"Well, if she is, you made her so," retorted Angelica.

The boy grinned. "I ain't only been in the stable two weeks," he said. "She caught me on the second day and nigh broke me leg. You see her act in the ring? Mr. Haughton says he won't ride her no more, and she 's entered in the five-foot-six jumps."

The girl looked thoughtfully at the boy and then at the horse. An idea had come to her. She was reflecting upon the last words Mr. Haughton had spoken before she left the box: *"You can ride her whenever you like."*

"I know," she said aloud. "I 'm going to ride her in that class. I 'm Miss Stanton. I used to own her, you know. My

saddle is down there with Mr. Stanton's horses, and I want you to go and get it."

"Oh, never, Miss Angelica!" exclaimed Caroline. "Dear me, not that!"

"You hush," said Angelica.

The stable-boy looked at her incredulously. "I ain't had no orders, miss," he said. "I 'll have to see William. Did Mr. Haughton say you might?"

"Of course he said I might," she replied.

The boy said no more and went off after William.

"Of course he said I might," she repeated half aloud. "Did n't he say I might ride her 'whenever I wanted to'? 'Whenever' is any time, and I want to now." She fortified herself behind this sophistry, but she was all in a flutter lest Jim or Mr. Haughton should appear. The thought, however, of being on Lady Washington's back, and showing people that she was n't sulky and bad-tempered, was a temptation too strong to be resisted.

The boy came back with the head groom, to whom he had explained the matter.

"Why, miss," said William, "she 'd kill you. I would n't want to show her myself. Mr. Haughton, miss, must have been joking. Honest, miss, you could n't ride Hermione." The man was respectful but firm.

"Think what Miss Cushing would say," said Caroline.

"But I tell you I can," retorted Angelica. She paid no attention to Caroline; her temper flashed up. "You don't seem to understand. I owned that mare when she was Lady Washington, and broke her all myself, and schooled her, too. Mr. Haughton has n't any 'hands,' and he ought to know better than to raise a whip on her."

William grinned at the unvarnished statement about his master's "hands."

"Are you the young lady what called out to him in the ring?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," said Angelica. "And if he 'd done what I told him to she would have won. Here 's our Emanuel," she

went on. "He 'll tell you I can ride her. Emanuel," she demanded, as the negro approached, "have n't I ridden Lady Washington?"

"You jest have, Miss Angie," said Emanuel. "Why," said he, turning to William, "this heah young lady have rode that maah ovah six feet. She done won the high jump at ouah hunt show. That 's Lady Washington all right," he went on, looking at the head poked out over the stall. "I got huh maahk on mah ahm foh to remembah huh."

The stable-boy grinned.

"Well, she never bit me," said Angelica.

"The young lady," said William, doubtfully, "wants to ride her in the five-foot-six class. She says Mr. Haughton said she might."

"Oh, Miss Angelica," interposed Caroline, "you 'll be kilt!"

"You 're a goose," said Angelica. "I 've ridden her hundreds of times."

"I don't know how Mistah Jim would like it," said Emanuel; "but she could ride that maah all right, you jest bet."

William was getting interested. He was not so concerned about Mr. Stanton's likes as he was that his stable should take some ribbons.

"Mr. Haughton said you might ride her?" he repeated.

"Of course he did," said Angelica; "I just left him in Mrs. Everett's box, and I 've got my own saddle and everything."

"All right, miss," said William. "Get the saddle, Tim."

William did not believe that Mr. Haughton had given any such orders, but he had gotten into trouble not long before by refusing to give a mount to a friend of Haughton's whom he did not know and who came armed only with verbal authority. He knew that if any harm was done he could hide behind that occurrence.

"I want a double-reined snaffle," said Angelica. "Emanuel," she added, "you have the bit I used to ride her with. Bring my own bridle."

"I 'm afraid you won't be able to hold her, miss," muttered William; "but it 's as you say. Hurry up with that saddle,"

he called to the stable-boy. "We ain't got no time to lose. They 're callin' the class now. You 're number two, miss; I 'll get your number for you."

"You 'll be kilt! You 'll be kilt!" said Caroline, dolefully. "Think what Miss Cushing will say!"

"Caroline," said Angelica, "you don't know anything about horses, so you hush." And then she added under her breath, "If I can only get started before Jim sees me!"

In the Everett box they were waiting for the five-foot-six class to begin. They called it the five-foot-six class because there were four jumps that were five feet six inches high; the others were an even five feet. It was the "sensational event" of the evening. Thus far the show had been dull.

"Those saddle-horses were an ordinary lot," observed Reggie.

"This is n't opening very well, either," said Palfrey. The first horse had started out by refusing. Then he floundered into the jump and fell.

"Let 's not wait," said Mrs. Everett. But the words were hardly spoken when, with a quick movement, she turned her glasses on the ring. Something unusual was going on at the farther end. A ripple of applause came down the sides of the Garden, and then she saw a black horse, ridden by a girl, come cantering toward the starting-place.

"It 's that child on Hermione! You must stop it, Reggie!" she exclaimed excitedly.

Before any one could move, Angelica had turned the horse toward the first jump. It looked terribly high to Mrs. Everett. It was almost even with the head of the man who was standing on the farther side ready to replace the bars if they should be knocked down.

Tossing her head playfully, the black mare galloped steadily for the wings, took off in her stride, and swept over the jump in a long curve. She landed noiselessly on the tan-bark, and was on again. Around the great ring went the horse and the girl, steadily, not too fast, and taking each jump without a mistake. The great crowd remained breathless and expect-

ant. Horse and rider finished in front of the Everett box, and pulled up to a trot, the mare breathing hard with excitement, but well-mannered.

Then a storm of cheers and hand-clapping burst, the like of which was never heard at a New York horse show before.

As the applause died away, Reggie rose and hurried out. "Let 's all go," said Mrs. Everett.

Before they got through the crowd the judges had awarded the ribbons. There were only three other horses that went over all the jumps, and none of them made a clean score. There was no question about which was first. The judges ran their hands down the mare's legs in a vain search for lumps. She was short-coupled, with a beautiful shoulder and powerful quarters. She had four crosses of thoroughbred, and showed it.

"She 's a picture mare," said one of the judges, and he tied the blue rosette to her bridle himself. Then the great crowd cheered and clapped again, and Angelica rode down to the entrance as calmly as if she were in the habit of taking blue ribbons daily. But inside she was not calm.

"I 've got to cry or something," she thought.

At the gate some one came out of the crowd and took the mare by the head. Angelica looked down, and there were her brother and Reggie and Mrs. Everett's party. The Garden began to swim.

"Oh, Jim!" she murmured, "help me down. It 's Lady Washington." Then she threw her arms around his neck and wept.

They were at supper in the old Waldorf Palm Room before Angelica was quite certain whether actual facts had been taking place or whether she had been dreaming. It seemed rather too extraordinary and too pleasant to be true. Still, she was sure that she was there, because the people stared at her when she came in dressed in her habit, and whispered to each other about her. Furthermore, a party of judges came over and asked Mrs. Everett to present them.

There never before was quite such an evening. It was after twelve, at least, and nobody had suggested that she ought to be in bed. One pleasant thing followed another in quick succession, and there seemed no end to them. She was absorbed in an edible rapture which Mrs. Everett called a "café parfait" when she became aware that Reggie's friend, Mr. Palfrey, had started to address the party. She only half listened, because she was wondering why every one except Mrs. Everett and herself had denied himself this delightful sweet. Grown-up people had strange tastes.

Mr. Palfrey began by saying that he thought it was time to propose a toast in honor of Miss Stanton, which might also rechristen Reggie's mare by her first and true name, "Lady Washington." He said that it was plain to him that the mare had resented a strange name out of Greek mythology, and in future would go kindly, particularly if Reggie never tried to ride her again.

He went on with his remarks, and from time to time the people interrupted with laughter; but it was only a meaningless sound in Angelica's ears. The words "Reggie's mare" had come like a blow in the face. She had forgotten about that. Her knees grew weak and a lump swelled in her throat. It was true, of course, but for the time being it had passed out of her mind. And now that Lady Washington had won the five-foot-six class and was so much admired, probably Jim could not afford to buy her back. It was doubtful if Mr. Haughton would sell her at any price.

Presently she was aroused by a remark addressed directly to her.

"I think that 's a good idea," said Reggie. "Don't you?"

She nodded; but she did not know what the idea was, and she did not trust her voice to ask.

"Only," he continued, turning to Palfrey, "it is n't my mare any more; it 's Miss Stanton's. Put that in, Palfrey."

Angelica's mouth opened in wonderment and her heart stood still. She looked about the table blankly.

"It 's so," said Reggie; "she 's yours."

"But I can't take her," she said falteringly. "She 's too valuable. Can I, Jim?"

"But Jim 's bought her," said Reggie, hurriedly.

Angelica's eyes settled on her brother's face; he said nothing, but began to smile; Reggie was kicking him under the table.

"Yes," said Reggie; "when I saw you ride Lady Washington, that settled it with me. I 'm too proud to stand being beaten by a girl; so I made Jim buy her back and promise to give her to you."

"Do you mean it?" said Angelica. "Is Lady Washington really mine?"

"Yes," he said.

She dropped her hands in her lap and sighed wearily. "It does n't seem possible," she murmured. She paused and seemed to be running over the situation in her mind. Presently she spoke as if unaware that the others were listening. "I knew it would happen, though," she said. "I knew it. I reckon I prayed enough." She smiled as a great thrill of happiness ran through her, and glancing up, saw that all the rest were smiling, too.

"I 'm so happy," she said apologetically. Then she bethought herself, and furtively reached down and tapped the frame of her chair with her knuckles.

"Well, here 's the toast," said Mr. Palfrey, rising. "To the lady and Lady Washington." And they all rose and drank it standing.

MY HUSBAND'S BOOK[1]

By JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Long before I married George I knew that he was dreadfully ambitious. We were not yet engaged when he took me into his confidence about his forthcoming great book, which was to take the form of an inquiry into the Metaphysics of Ethics. "I have not begun it yet," he always said, "but I shall be at it every night once the winter sets in." In the daytime George is only a clerk, though a much-valued one, so that he has to give the best hours of his life to a ledger.

"If you only had more time at your disposal," I used to say, when he told me of the book that was to make his name.

"I don't complain," he said, heartily, like the true hero he always is, except when he has to take medicine. "Indeed, you will find that the great books have nearly always been written by busy men. I am firmly of opinion that if a man has original stuff in him it will come out."

He glowed with enthusiasm while he spoke in this inspiriting strain, and some of his ardor passed into me. When we met we talked of nothing but his future; at least he talked while I listened with clasped hands. It was thus that we became engaged. George was no ordinary lover. He did not waste his time telling me that I was beautiful, or saying "Beloved!" at short intervals. No, when we were alone he gave me his hand to hold, and spoke fervently of the Metaphysics of Ethics.

Our engagement was not of a very long duration, for George coaxed me into marriage thus—"I cannot settle down to my book," he said, "until we are married."

His heart was so set on that book that I yielded. We wandered all over London together buying the furniture. There

[1] From *Two of Them*. Copyright, 1893, by the United States Book Co.

was a settee that I particularly wanted, but George, with his usual thoughtfulness, said:

"Let us rather buy a study table. It will help me at my work, and once the book is out we shall be able to afford half a dozen settees."

Another time he went alone to buy some pictures for the drawing-room.

"I got a study chair instead," he told me in the evening. "I knew you would not mind, my darling, for the chair is the very thing for writing a big book in."

He even gave thought to the ink-bottle.

"In my room," he said, "I am constantly discovering that my ink-bottle is empty, and it puts me out of temper to write with water and soot. I therefore think we ought to buy one of those large ink-stands with two bottles."

"We shall," I replied, with the rapture of youth, "and mine will be the pleasant task of seeing that the bottles are kept full."

"Dearest!" he said, fondly, for this was the sort of remark that touched him most.

"Every evening," I continued, encouraged by his caressing tones, "you will find your manuscripts lying on the table waiting for you, and a pen with a new nib in it."

"What a wife you will make!" he exclaimed.

"But you must n't write too much," I said. "You must have fixed hours, and at a certain time, say at ten o'clock, I shall insist on your ceasing to write for the night."

"That seems a wise arrangement. But sometimes I shall be too entranced in the work, I fancy, to leave it without an effort."

"Ah," I said, "I shall come behind you, and snatch the pen from your hand!"

"Every Saturday night," he said, "I shall read to you what I have written during the week."

No wonder I loved him.

We were married on a September day, and the honeymoon passed delightfully in talk about the book. Nothing proved to me the depth of George's affection so much as his not begin-

ning the great work before the honeymoon was over. So I often told him, and he smiled fondly in reply. The more, indeed, I praised him the better pleased he seemed to be. The name for this is sympathy.

Conceive us at home in our dear little house in Clapham.

"Will you begin the book at once?" I asked George the day after we arrived.

"I have been thinking that over," he said. "I need n't tell you that there is nothing I should like so much, but, on the whole, it might be better to wait a week."

"Don't make the sacrifice for my sake," I said, anxiously.

"Of course it is for your sake," he replied.

"But it is such a pity to waste any more time," I said.

"There is no such hurry," he answered, rather testily.

I looked at him in surprise.

"What I mean," he said, "is that I can be thinking the arrangement of the book over."

We had, of course, a good many callers at this time, and I told most of them about the book. For reasons to be seen by and by I regret this now.

When the week had become a fortnight, I insisted on leaving George alone in the study after dinner. He looked rather gloomy, but I filled the ink-bottles, and put the paper on the desk, and handed him his new pen. He took it, but did not say "thank you."

An hour afterward I took him a cup of tea. He was still sitting by the fire, but the pen had fallen from his hands.

"You are not sleeping, George?" I asked.

"Sleeping!" he cried, as indignantly as if I had charged him with crime. "No, I 'm thinking."

"You have n't written any yet?"

"I was just going to begin when you came in. I 'll begin as soon as I 've drunk this tea."

"Then I 'll leave you to your work, dear."

I returned to the study at nine o'clock. He was still in the same attitude.

"I wish you would bring me a cup of tea," he said.

"I brought you one hours ago."

"Eh? Why did n't you tell me?"

"Oh, George! I talked with you about it. Why, here it is on the table, untouched."

"I declare you never mentioned it to me. I must have been thinking so deeply that I never noticed you. You should have spoken to me."

"But I did speak, and you answered."

"My dear, I assure you I did nothing of the sort. This is very vexing, for it has spoiled my evening's work."

The next evening George said that he did not feel in the mood for writing, and I suppose I looked disappointed, for he flared up.

"I can't be eternally writing," he growled.

"But you have n't done anything at all yet."

"That is a rather ungenerous way of expressing it."

"But you spoke as if the work would be a pleasure."

"Have I said that it is not a pleasure? If you knew anything of literary history, you would be aware that there are occasions when the most industrious writers cannot pen a line."

"They must make a beginning some time, though!"

"Well, I shall make a beginning to-morrow."

Next evening he seemed in no hurry to go into the study.

"I 'll hang the bedroom pictures," he said.

"No, no, you must get begone to your book."

"You are in a desperate hurry to see me at that book."

"You spoke as if you were so anxious to begin it."

"So I am. Did I say I was n't?"

He marched off to the study, banging the drawing-room door. An hour or so afterward I took him his tea. He had left his study door open so that I could see him on the couch before I entered the room. When he heard the rattle of the tea-things he jumped up and strode to the study table, where, when I entered, he pretended to be busy writing.

"How are you getting on, dear?" I asked, with a sinking at the heart.

"Excellently, my love, excellently."

I looked at him so reproachfully that he blushed.

"I think," said he, when he had drunk the tea, "that I have done enough for one night. I must n't overdo it."

"Won't you let me hear what you have written?"

He blushed again.

"Wait till Saturday," he said.

"Then let me put your papers away," I said, for I was anxious to see whether he had written anything at all.

"I could n't think of it," he replied, covering the paper with his elbows.

Next morning I counted the clean sheets of paper. They were just as I had put them on the table. So it went on for a fortnight or more, with this difference. He either suspected that I counted the sheets, or thought that I might take it into my head to do so. To allay my suspicions, therefore, he put away what he called his manuscript in a drawer, which he took care to lock. I discovered that one of my own keys opened this drawer, and one day I examined the manuscripts. They consisted of twenty-four pages of paper, without a word written on them. Every evening he added two more clean pages to the contents of the drawer. This discovery made me so scornful that I taxed him with the deceit. At first he tried to brazen it out, but I was merciless, and then he said:

"The fact is that I can't write by gas-light. I fear I shall have to defer beginning the work until spring."

"But you used to say that the winter was the best season for writing."

"I thought so at the time, but I find I was wrong. It will be a great blow to me to give up the work for the present, but there is no help for it."

When spring came I reminded him that now was his opportunity to begin the book.

"You are eternally talking about that book," he snarled.

"I have n't mentioned it for a month."

"Well, you are always looking at me as if I should be at it."

"Because you used to speak so enthusiastically about it."

"I am as enthusiastic as ever, but I can't be forever writing at the book."

"We have now been married seven months, and you have n't written a line yet."

He banged the doors again, and a week afterward he said that spring was a bad time for writing a book.

"One likes to be out-of-doors," he said, "in spring, watching the trees become green again. Wait till July, when one is glad to be indoors. Then I 'll give four hours to the work every evening."

Summer came, and then he said:

"It is too hot to write books. Get me another bottle of iced soda-water. I 'll tackle the book in the autumn."

We have now been married more than five years, but the book is not begun yet. As a rule, we now shun the subject, but there are times when he still talks hopefully of beginning. I wonder if there are any other husbands like mine.

WAR

By JACK LONDON

He was a young man, not more than twenty-four or five, and he might have sat his horse with the careless grace of his youth had he not been so catlike and tense. His black eyes roved everywhere, catching the movements of twigs and branches where small birds hopped, questing ever onward through the changing vistas of trees and brush, and returning always to the clumps of undergrowth on either side. And as he watched, so did he listen, though he rode on in silence, save for the boom of heavy guns from far to the west. This had been sounding monotonously in his ears for hours, and only its cessation would have aroused his notice. For he had business closer to hand. Across his saddle-bow was balanced a carbine.

So tensely was he strung, that a bunch of quail, exploding into flight from under his horse's nose, startled him to such an extent that automatically, instantly, he had reined in and fetched the carbine halfway to his shoulder. He grinned sheepishly, recovered himself, and rode on. So tense was he, so bent upon the work he had to do, that the sweat stung his eyes unwiped, and unheeded rolled down his nose and spattered his saddle pommel. The band of his cavalryman's hat was fresh-stained with sweat. The roan horse under him was likewise wet. It was high noon of a breathless day of heat. Even the birds and squirrels did not dare the sun, but sheltered in shady hiding places among the trees.

Man and horse were littered with leaves and dusted with yellow pollen, for the open was ventured no more than was compulsory. They kept to the brush and trees, and invariably the man halted and peered out before crossing a dry glade or naked stretch of upland pasturage. He worked always to the north, though his way was devious, and it was from the

north that he seemed most to apprehend that for which he was looking. He was no coward, but his courage was only that of the average civilized man, and he was looking to live, not die.

Up a small hillside he followed a cowpath through such dense scrub that he was forced to dismount and lead his horse. But when the path swung around to the west, he abandoned it and headed to the north again along the oak-covered top of the ridge.

The ridge ended in a steep descent—so steep that he zigzagged back and forth across the face of the slope, sliding and stumbling among the dead leaves and matted vines and keeping a watchful eye on the horse above that threatened to fall down upon him. The sweat ran from him, and the pollen-dust, settling pungently in mouth and nostrils, increased his thirst. Try as he would, nevertheless the descent was noisy, and frequently he stopped, panting in the dry heat and listening for any warning from beneath.

At the bottom he came out on a flat, so densely forested that he could not make out its extent. Here the character of the woods changed, and he was able to remount. Instead of the twisted hillside oaks, tall straight trees, big-trunked and prosperous, rose from the damp fat soil. Only here and there were thickets, easily avoided, while he encountered winding, park-like glades where the cattle had pastured in the days before war had run them off.

His progress was more rapid now, as he came down into the valley, and at the end of half an hour he halted at an ancient rail fence on the edge of a clearing. He did not like the openness of it, yet his path lay across to the fringe of trees that marked the banks of the stream. It was a mere quarter of a mile across that open, but the thought of venturing out in it was repugnant. A rifle, a score of them, a thousand, might lurk in that fringe by the stream.

Twice he essayed to start, and twice he paused. He was appalled by his own loneliness. The pulse of war that beat from the west suggested the companionship of battling thousands; here was naught but silence, and himself, and possible

death-dealing bullets from a myriad ambushes. And yet his task was to find what he feared to find. He must go on, and on, till somewhere, some time, he encountered another man, or other men, from the other side, scouting, as he was scouting, to make report, as he must make report, of having come in touch.

Changing his mind, he skirted inside the woods for a distance, and again peeped forth. This time, in the middle of the clearing, he saw a small farmhouse. There were no signs of life. No smoke curled from the chimney, not a barnyard fowl clucked and strutted. The kitchen door stood open, and he gazed so long and hard into the black aperture that it seemed almost that a farmer's wife must emerge at any moment.

He licked the pollen and dust from his dry lips, stiffened himself, mind and body, and rode out into the blazing sunshine. Nothing stirred. He went on past the house, and approached the wall of trees and bushes by the river's bank. One thought persisted maddeningly. It was of the crash into his body of a high-velocity bullet. It made him feel very fragile and defenseless, and he crouched lower in the saddle.

Tethering his horse in the edge of the wood, he continued a hundred yards on foot till he came to the stream. Twenty feet wide it was, without perceptible current, cool and inviting, and he was very thirsty. But he waited inside his screen of leafage, his eyes fixed on the screen on the opposite side. To make the wait endurable, he sat down, his carbine resting on his knees. The minutes passed, and slowly his tenseness relaxed. At last he decided there was no danger; but just as he prepared to part the bushes and bend down to the water, a movement among the opposite bushes caught his eye.

It might be a bird. But he waited. Again there was an agitation of the bushes, and then, so suddenly that it almost startled a cry from him, the bushes parted and a face peered out. It was a face covered with several weeks' growth of ginger-colored beard. The eyes were blue and wide apart, with laughter-wrinkles in the corners that showed despite the tired and anxious expression of the whole face.

All this he could see with microscopic clearness, for the distance was no more than twenty feet. And all this he saw in such brief time, that he saw it as he lifted his carbine to his shoulder. He glanced along the sights, and knew that he was gazing upon a man who was as good as dead. It was impossible to miss at such point blank range.

But he did not shoot. Slowly he lowered the carbine and watched. A hand, clutching a water-bottle, became visible and the ginger beard bent downward to fill the bottle. He could hear the gurgle of the water. Then arm and bottle and ginger beard disappeared behind the closing bushes. A long time he waited, when, with thirst unslaked, he crept back to his horse, rode slowly across the sun-washed clearing, and passed into the shelter of the woods beyond.

II

Another day, hot and breathless. A deserted farmhouse, large, with many outbuildings and an orchard, standing in a clearing. From the woods, on a roan horse, carbine across pommel, rode the young man with the quick black eyes. He breathed with relief as he gained the house. That a fight had taken place here earlier in the season was evident. Clips and empty cartridges, tarnished with verdigris, lay on the ground, which, while wet, had been torn up by the hoofs of horses. Hard by the kitchen garden were graves, tagged and numbered. From the oak tree by the kitchen door, in tattered, weather-beaten garments, hung the bodies of two men. The faces, shriveled and defaced, bore no likeness to the faces of men. The roan horse snorted beneath them, and the rider caressed and soothed it and tied it farther away.

Entering the house, he found the interior a wreck. He trod on empty cartridges as he walked from room to room to reconnoiter from the windows. Men had camped and slept everywhere, and on the floor of one room he came upon stains unmistakable where the wounded had been laid down.

Again outside, he led the horse around behind the barn and invaded the orchard. A dozen trees were burdened with

ripe apples. He filled his pockets, eating while he picked. Then a thought came to him, and he glanced at the sun, calculating the time of his return to camp. He pulled off his shirt, tying the sleeves and making a bag. This he proceeded to fill with apples.

As he was about to mount his horse, the animal suddenly pricked up its ears. The man, too, listened, and heard, faintly, the thud of hoofs on soft earth. He crept to the corner of the barn and peered out. A dozen mounted men, strung out loosely, approaching from the opposite side of the clearing, were only a matter of a hundred yards or so away. They rode on to the house. Some dismounted, while others remained in the saddle as an earnest that their stay would be short. They seemed to be holding a council, for he could hear them talking excitedly in the detested tongue of the alien invader. The time passed, but they seemed unable to reach a decision. He put the carbine away in its boot, mounted, and waited impatiently, balancing the shirt of apples on the pommel.

He heard footsteps approaching, and drove his spurs so fiercely into the roan as to force a surprised groan from the animal as it leaped forward. At the corner of the barn he saw the intruder, a mere boy of nineteen or twenty for all of his uniform, jump back to escape being run down. At the same moment the roan swerved, and its rider caught a glimpse of the aroused men by the house. Some were springing from their horses, and he could see the rifles going to their shoulders. He passed the kitchen door and the dried corpses swinging in the shade, compelling his foes to run around the front of the house. A rifle cracked, and a second, but he was going fast, leaning forward, low in the saddle, one hand clutching the shirt of apples, the other guiding the horse.

The top bar of the fence was four feet high, but he knew his roan and leaped it at full career to the accompaniment of several scattered shots. Eight hundred yards straight away were the woods, and the roan was covering the distance with mighty strides. Every man was now firing. They were pumping their guns so rapidly that he no longer heard in-

dividual shots. A bullet went through his hat, but he was unaware, though he did know when another tore through the apples on the pommel. And he winced and ducked even lower when a third bullet, fired low, struck a stone between his horse's legs and ricochetted off through the air, buzzing and humming like some incredible insect.

The shots died down as the magazines were emptied, until, quickly, there was no more shooting. The young man was elated. Through that astonishing fusillade he had come unscathed. He glanced back. Yes, they had emptied their magazines. He could see several reloading. Others were running back behind the house for their horses. As he looked, two already mounted, came back into view around the corner, riding hard. And at the same moment, he saw the man with the unmistakable ginger beard kneel down on the ground, level his gun, and coolly take his time for the long shot.

The young man threw his spurs into the horse, crouched very low, and swerved in his flight in order to distract the other's aim. And still the shot did not come. With each jump of the horse, the woods sprang nearer. They were only two hundred yards away, and still the shot was delayed.

And then he heard it, the last thing he was to hear, for he was dead ere he hit the ground in the long crashing fall from the saddle. And they, watching at the house, saw him fall, saw his body bounce when it struck the earth, and saw the burst of red-cheeked apples that rolled about him. They laughed at the unexpected eruption of apples, and clapped their hands in applause of the long shot by the man with the ginger beard.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

EXTRACT from hospital record of the case of John Anderson, patient of Dr. Brown, Ward 3, Room 6:

August 3. Arrived at hospital in extreme mental distress, having been bitten on the wrist three hours previously by dog known to have been rabid. Large, strong man, full-blooded and well nourished. Sanguine temperament. Pulse and temperature higher than normal, due to excitement. Cauterized wound at once (2 P. M.) and inoculated with antitoxin.

As patient admits having recently escaped, by swimming ashore, from lately arrived cholera ship, now at quarantine, he has been isolated and clothing disinfected. Watch for symptoms of cholera.

August 3, 6 P. M. Microscopic examination of blood corroborative of Metschnikoff's theory of fighting leucocytes. White corpuscles gorged with bacteria.

He was an amphibian, and, as such, undeniably beautiful; for the sunlight, refracted and diffused in the water, gave his translucent, pearl-blue body all the shifting colors of the spectrum. Vigorous and graceful of movement, in shape he resembled a comma of three dimensions, twisted, when at rest, to a slight spiral curve; but in traveling he straightened out with quick successive jerks, each one sending him ahead a couple of lengths. Supplemented by the undulatory movement of a long continuation of his tail, it was his way of swimming, good enough to enable him to escape his enemies; this, and riding at anchor in a current by his cable-like appendage, constituting his main occupation in life. The pleasure of eating was denied him; nature had given him a mouth, but he used it only for purposes of offense and defense, absorbing his food in a most unheard-of manner—through the soft walls of his body.

Yet he enjoyed a few social pleasures. Though the organs of the five senses were missing in his economy, he possessed an inner sixth sense which answered for all and also gave him power of speech. He would converse, swap news and views, with creatures of his own and other species, provided that they were of equal size and prowess; but he wasted no time on any but his social peers. Smaller creatures he pursued when they annoyed him; larger ones pursued him.

The sunlight, which made him so beautiful to look at, was distasteful to him; it also made him too visible. He preferred a half-darkness and less fervor to life's battle—time to judge of chances, to figure on an enemy's speed and turning-circle, before beginning flight or pursuit. But his dislike of it really came of a stronger animus—a shuddering recollection of three hours once passed on dry land in a comatose condition, which had followed a particularly long and intense period of bright sunlight. He had never been able to explain the connection, but the awful memory still saddened his life.

And now it seemed, as he swam about, that this experience might be repeated. The light was strong and long-continued, the water uncomfortably warm, and the crowd about him denser—so much so as to prevent him from attending properly to a social inferior who had crossed his bow. But just as his mind grasped the full imminence of the danger, there came a sudden darkness, a crash and vibration of the water, then a terrible, rattling roar of sound. The social inferior slipped from his mouth, and with his crowding neighbors was washed far away, while he felt himself slipping along, bounding and rebounding against the projections of a corrugated wall which showed white in the gloom. There was an unpleasant taste to the water, and he became aware of creatures in his vicinity unlike any he had known,—quickly darting little monsters about a tenth as large as himself,—thousands of them, black and horrid to see, each with short, fish-like body and square head like that of a dog; with wicked mouth that opened and shut nervously; with hooked flippers on the middle part, and a bunch of tentacles on the fore that spread out

ahead and around. A dozen of them surrounded him menacingly; but he was young and strong, much larger than they, and a little frightened. A blow of his tail killed two, and the rest drew off.

The current bore them on until the white wall rounded off and was lost to sight beyond the mass of darting creatures. Here was slack water, and with desperate effort he swam back, pushing the small enemies out of his path, meeting some resistance and receiving a few bites, until, in a hollow in the wall, he found temporary refuge and time to think. But he could not solve the problem. He had not the slightest idea where he was or what had happened—who and what were the strange black creatures, or why they had threatened him.

His thoughts were interrupted. Another vibrant roar sounded, and there was pitch-black darkness; then he was pushed and washed away from his shelter, jostled, bumped, and squeezed, until he found himself in a dimly lighted tunnel, which, crowded as it was with swimmers, was narrow enough to enable him to see both sides at once. The walls were dark brown and blue, broken up everywhere into depressions or caves, some of them so deep as to be almost like blind tunnels. The dog-faced creatures were there—as far as he could see; but besides them, now, were others, of stranger shape—of species unknown to him.

A slow current carried them on, and soon they entered a larger tunnel. He swam to the opposite wall, gripped a projection, and watched in wonder and awe the procession gliding by. He soon noticed the source of the dim light. A small creature with barrel-like body and innumerable legs or tentacles, wavering and reaching, floated past. Its body swelled and shrank alternately, with every swelling giving out a phosphorescent glow, with every contraction darkening to a faint red color. Then came a group of others; then a second living lamp; later another and another: they were evenly distributed, and illumined the tunnel.

There were monstrous shapes, living but inert, barely pulsing with dormant life, as much larger than himself as the

dog-headed kind were smaller—huge, unwieldy, disk-shaped masses of tissue, light gray at the margins, dark red in the middle. They were in the majority, and blocked the view. Darting and wriggling between and about them were horrible forms, some larger than himself, others smaller. There were serpents, who swam with a serpent's motion. Some were serpents in form, but were curled rigidly into living corkscrews, and by sculling with their tails screwed their way through the water with surprising rapidity. Others were barrel- or globe-shaped, with swarming tentacles. With these they pulled themselves along, in and out through the crowd, or, bringing their squirming appendages rearward,—each an individual snake,—used them as propellers, and swam. There were creatures in the form of long cylinders, some with tentacles by which they rolled along like a log in a tideway; others, without appendages, were as inert and helpless as the huge red-and-gray disks. He saw four ball-shaped creatures float by, clinging together; then a group of eight, then one of twelve. All these, to the extent of their volition, seemed to be in a state of extreme agitation and excitement.

The cause was apparent. The tunnel from which he had come was still discharging the dog-faced animals by the thousand, and he knew now the business they were on. It was war—war to the death. They flung themselves with furious energy into the parade, fighting and biting all they could reach. A hundred at a time would pounce on one of the large red-and-gray creatures, almost hiding it from view; then, and before they had passed out of sight, they would fall off and disperse, and the once living victim would come with them, in parts. The smaller, active swimmers fled, but if one was caught, he suffered; a quick dart, a tangle of tentacles, an embrace of the wicked flippers, a bite—and a dead body floated on.

And now into the battle came a ponderous engine of vengeance and defense. A gigantic, lumbering, pulsating creature, white and translucent but for the dark, active brain showing through its walls, horrible in the slow, implacable deliberation of its movements, floated down with the current. It was

larger than the huge red-and-gray creatures. It was formless, in the full irony of the definition—for it assumed all forms. It was long—barrel-shaped; it shrank to a sphere, then broadened laterally, and again extended above and below. In turn it was a sphere, a disk, a pyramid, a pentahedron, a polyhedron. It possessed neither legs, flippers, nor tentacles; but out from its heaving, shrinking body it would send, now from one spot, now from another, an active arm, or feeler, with which it swam, pulled, or pushed. An unlucky invader which one of them touched made few more voluntary movements; for instantly the whole side of the whitish mass bristled with arms. They seized, crushed, killed it, and then pushed it bodily through the living walls to the animal's interior to serve for food. And the gaping fissure healed at once, like the wounds of Milton's warring angels.

The first white monster floated down, killing as he went; then came another, pushing eagerly into the fray; then came two, then three, then dozens. It seemed that the word had been passed, and the army of defense was mustering.

Sick with horror, he watched the grim spectacle from the shelter of the projection, until roused to an active sense of danger to himself—but not from the fighters. He was anchored by his tail, swinging easily in the eddy, and now felt himself touched from beneath, again from above. A projection down-stream was extending outward and toward him. The cave in which he had taken refuge was closing on him like a great mouth—as though directed by an intelligence behind the wall. With a terrified flirt of his tail he flung himself out, and as he drifted down with the combat the walls of the cave crunched together. It was well for him that he was not there.

The current was clogged with fragments of once living creatures, and everywhere, darting, dodging, and biting, were the fierce black invaders. But they paid no present attention to him or to the small tentacled animals. They killed the large, helpless red-and-gray kind, and were killed by the larger white monsters, each moment marking the death and rending to fragments of a victim, and the horrid interment

of fully half his slayers. The tunnel grew larger, as mouth after mouth of tributary tunnels was passed; but as each one discharged its quota of swimming and drifting creatures, there was no thinning of the crowd.

As he drifted on with the inharmonious throng, he noticed what seemed the objective of the war. This was the caves which lined the tunnel. Some were apparently rigid, others were mobile. A large red-and-gray animal was pushed into the mouth of one of the latter, and the walls instantly closed; then they opened, and the creature drifted out, limp and colorless, but alive; and with him came fragments of the wall, broken off by the pressure. This happened again and again, but the large creature was never quite killed—merely squeezed. The tentacled non-combatants and the large white fighters seemed to know the danger of these tunnel mouths, possibly from bitter experiences, for they avoided the walls; but the dog-faced invaders sought this death, and only fought on their way to the caves. Sometimes two, often four or more, would launch themselves together into a hollow, but to no avail; their united strength could not prevent the closing in of the mechanical maw, and they were crushed and flung out, to drift on with other debris.

Soon the walls could not be seen for the pushing, jostling crowd, but everywhere the terrible, silent war went on until there came a time when fighting ceased; for each must look out for himself. They seemed to be in an immense cave, and the tide was broken into cross-currents rushing violently to the accompaniment of rhythmical thunder. They were shaken, jostled, pushed about and pushed together, hundreds of the smaller creatures dying from the pressure. Then there was a moment of comparative quiet, during which fighting was resumed, and there could be seen the swiftly flying walls of a large tunnel. Next they were rushed through a labyrinth of small caves with walls of curious, branching formation, sponge-like and intricate. It required energetic effort to prevent being caught in the meshes, and the large red-and-gray creatures were sadly torn and crushed, while the white ones fought their way through by main strength.

Again the flying walls of a tunnel, again a mighty cave, and the cross-currents, and the rhythmical thunder, and now a wild charge down an immense tunnel, the wall of which surged outward and inward, in unison with the roaring of the thunder.

The thunder died away in the distance, though the walls still surged—even those of a smaller tunnel which divided the current and received them. Down-stream the tunnel branched again and again, and with the lessening of the diameter was a lessening of the current's velocity, until, in a maze of small, short passages, the invaders, content to fight and kill in the swifter tide, again attacked the caves.

But to the never-changing result: they were crushed, mangled, and cast out, the number of suicides, in this neighborhood, largely exceeding those killed by the white warriors. And yet, in spite of the large mortality among them, the attacking force was increasing. Where one died two took his place; and the reason was soon made plain—they were reproducing. A black fighter, longer than his fellows, a little sluggish of movement, as though from the restrictive pressure of a large, round protuberance in his middle, which made him resemble a snake which had swallowed an egg, was caught by a white monster and instantly embraced by a multitude of feelers. He struggled, bit, and broke in two; then the two parts escaped the grip of the astonished captor, and wriggled away, the protuberance becoming the head of the rear portion, which immediately joined the fight, snapping and biting with unmistakable jaws. This phenomenon was repeated.

And on went the battle. Illumined by the living lamps, and watched by terrified noncombatants, the horrid carnival continued with never-slacking fury and ever-changing background—past the mouths of tributary tunnels which increased the volume and velocity of the current and added to the fighting strength, on through widening archways to a repetition of the cross-currents, the thunder, and the sponge-like maze, down past the heaving walls of larger tunnels to branched passages, where, in comparative slack water, the siege of the caves was resumed. For hour after hour this

went on, the invaders dying by hundreds, but increasing by thousands and ten thousands, as the geometrical progression advanced, until, with swimming-spaces nearly choked by their bodies, living and dead, there came the inevitable turn in the tide of battle. A white monster was killed.

Glutted with victims, exhausted and sluggish, he was pounced upon by hundreds, hidden from view by a living envelop of black, which pulsed and throbbed with his death-throes. A feeler reached out, to be bitten off; then another, to no avail. His strength was gone, and the assailants bit and burrowed until they reached a vital part, when the great mass assumed a spherical form and throbbed no more. They dropped off, and, as the mangled ball floated on, charged on the next enemy with renewed fury and courage born of their victory. This one died as quickly.

And as though it had been foreseen, and a policy arranged to meet it, the white army no longer fought in the open, but lined up along the walls to defend the immovable caves. They avoided the working jaws of the other kind, which certainly needed no garrison, and drifting slowly in the eddies, fought as they could, with decreasing strength and increasing death-rate. And thus it happened that our conservative non-combatant, out in midstream, found himself surrounded by a horde of black enemies who had nothing better to do than attack him.

And they did. As many as could crowd about him closed their wicked jaws in his flesh. Squirming with pain, rendered trebly strong by his terror, he killed them by twos and threes as he could reach them with his tail. He shook them off with nervous contortions, only to make room for more. He plunged, rolled, launched himself forward and back, up and down, out and in, bending himself nearly double, then with lightning rapidity throwing himself far into the reverse curve. He was fighting for his life, and knew it. When he could, he used his jaws, only once to an enemy. He saw dimly at intervals that the white monsters were watching him; but none offered to help, and he had not time to call.

He thought that he must have become the object of the

war; for from all sides they swarmed, crowding about him, seeking a place on which to fasten their jaws. Little by little the large red-and-gray creatures, the noncombatants, and the phosphorescent animals were pushed aside, and he, the center of an almost solid black mass, fought, in utter darkness, with the fury of extreme fright. He had no appreciation of the passing of time, no knowledge of his distance from the wall, or the destination of this never-pausing current. But finally, after an apparently interminable period, he heard dimly, with failing consciousness, the reverberations of the thunder, and knew momentary respite as the violent cross-currents tore his assailants away. Then, still in darkness, he felt the crashing and tearing of flesh against obstructing walls and sharp corners, the repetition of thunder and the roar of the current which told him he was once more in a large tunnel. An instant of light from a venturesome torch showed him to his enemies, and again he fought, like a whale in his last flurry, slowly dying from exhaustion and pain, but still potential to kill—terrible in his agony. There was no counting of scalps in that day's work; but perhaps no devouring white monster in all the defensive army could have shown a death-list equal to this. From the surging black cloud there was a steady outflow of the dead, pushed back by the living.

Weaker and weaker, while they mangled his flesh, and still in darkness, he fought them down through branching passages to another network of small tunnels, where he caught a momentary view of the walls and the stolid white guard, thence on to what he knew was open space. And here he felt that he could fight no more. They had covered him completely, and, try as he might with his failing strength, he could not dislodge them. So he ceased his struggles; and numb with pain, dazed with despair, he awaited the end.

But it did not come. He was too exhausted to feel surprise or joy when they suddenly dropped away from him; but the instinct of self-preservation was still in force, and he swam toward the wall. The small creatures paid him no attention; they scurried this way and that, busy with troubles of their own, while he crept stupidly and painfully between

two white sentries floating in the eddies,—one of whom considerately made room for him,—and anchored to a projection, luckily choosing a harbor that was not hostile.

"Any port in a storm, eh, neighbor?" said the one who had given him room, and who seemed to notice his dazed condition. "You 'll feel better soon. My, but you put up a good fight, that 's what you did!"

He could not answer, and the friendly guard resumed his vigil. In a few moments, however, he could take cognizance of what was going on in the stream. There was a new army in the fight, and reinforcements were still coming. A short distance above him was a huge rent in the wall, and the caves around it, crushed and distorted, were grinding fiercely. Protruding through the rent and extending half-way across the tunnel was a huge mass of some strange substance, roughly shaped to a cylindrical form. It was hollow, and out of it, by thousands and hundred thousands, was pouring the auxiliary army, from which the black fighters were now fleeing for dear life.

The newcomers, though resembling in general form the creatures they pursued, were much larger and of two distinct types. Both were light brown in color; but while one showed huge development of head and jaw, with small flippers, the other kind reversed these attributes, their heads being small, but their flippers long and powerful. They ran their quarry down in the open, and seized them with outreaching tentacles. No mistakes were made—no feints or false motions; and there was no resistance by the victims. Where one was noticed he was doomed. The tentacles gathered him in—to a murderous bite or a murderous embrace.

At last, when the inflow had ceased,—when there must have been millions of the brown killers in the tunnel,—the great hollow cylinder turned slowly on its axis and backed out through the rent in the wall, which immediately closed, with a crushing and scattering of fragments. Though the allies were far down-stream now, the war was practically ended; for the white defenders remained near the walls, and the black invaders were in wildest panic, each one, as the resist-

less current rushed him past, swimming against the stream, to put distance between himself and the destroyer below. But before long an advance-guard of the brown enemy shot out from the tributaries above, and the tide of retreat swung backward. Then came thousands of them, and the massacre was resumed.

"Hot stuff, eh?" said his friendly neighbor to him.

"Y-y-y-es—I guess so," he answered, rather vacantly; "I don't know. I don't know anything about it. I never saw such doings. What is it all for? What does it mean?"

"Oh, this is nothing; it 's all in a lifetime. Still, I admit it might ha' been serious for us—and you, too—if we had n't got help."

"But who are they, and what? They all seem of a family, and are killing each other."

"Immortal shade of Darwin!" exclaimed the other sentry, who had not spoken before. "Where were you brought up? Don't you know that variations from type are the deadliest enemies of the parent stock? These two brown breeds are the hundredth or two-hundredth cousins of the black kind. When they 've killed off their common relative, and get to competing for grub, they 'll exterminate each other, and we 'll be rid of 'em all. Law of nature. Understand?"

"Oh, y-yes, I understand, of course; but what did the black kind attack me for? And what do they want, anyway?"

"To follow out their destiny, I s'pose. They 're the kind of folks who have missions. Reformers, we call 'em—who want to enforce their peculiar ideas and habits on other people. Sometimes we call them expansionists—fond of colonizing territory that does n't belong to them. They wanted to get through the cells to the lymph-passages, thence on to the brain and spinal marrow. Know what that means? Hydrophobia."

"What 's that?"

"Oh, say, now! You 're too easy."

"Come, come," said the other, good-naturedly; "don't guy him. He never had our advantages. You see, neighbor, we

get these points from the subjective brain, which knows all things and gives us our instructions. We 're the white corpuscles,—phagocytes, the scientists call us,—and our work is to police the blood-vessels, and kill off invaders that make trouble. Those red-and-gray chumps can't take care of themselves, and we must protect 'em. Understand? But this invasion was too much for us, and we had to have help from outside. You must have come in with the first crowd—think I saw you—in at the bite. Second crowd came in through an inoculation tube, and just in time to pull you through."

"I don't know," answered our bewildered friend. "In at the bite? What bite? I was swimming round comfortable-like, and there was a big noise, and then I was alongside of a big white wall, and then—"

"Exactly; the dog's tooth. You got into bad company, friend, and you 're well out of it. That first gang is the microbe of rabies, not very well known yet, because a little too small to be seen by most microscopes. All the scientists seem to have learned about 'em is that a colony a few hundred generations old—which they call a culture, or serum—is death on the original bird; and that 's what they sent in to help out. Pasteur 's dead, worse luck, but sometime old Koch 'll find out what we 've known all along—that it 's only variation from type."

"Koch!" he answered eagerly and proudly. "Oh, I know Koch; I 've met him. And I know about miscroscopes, too. Why, Koch had me under his microscope once. He discovered my family, and named us—the comma bacilli—the Spirilli of Asiatic Cholera."

In silent horror they drew away from him, and then conversed together. Other white warriors drifting along stopped and joined the conference, and when a hundred or more were massed before him, they spread out to a semi-spherical formation and closed in.

"What 's the matter?" he asked nervously. "What 's wrong? What are you going to do? I have n't done anything, have I?"

"It 's not what you 've done, stranger," said his quondam

friend, "or what we 're going to do. It 's what you 're going to do. You 're going to die. Don't see how you got past quarantine, anyhow?"

"What—why—I don't want to die. I 've done nothing. All I want is peace and quiet, and a place to swim where it is n't too light nor too dark. I mind my own affairs. Let me alone—you hear me—let me alone!"

They answered him not. Slowly and irresistibly the hollow formation contracted—individuals slipping out when necessary—until he was pushed, still protesting, into the nearest movable cave. The walls crashed together and his life went out. When he was cast forth he was in five pieces.

And so our gentle, conservative, non-combative cholera microbe, who only wanted to be left alone to mind his own affairs, met this violent death, a martyr to prejudice and an unsympathetic environment.

Extract from hospital record of the case of John Anderson:

August 18. As period of incubation for both cholera and hydrophobia has passed and no initial symptoms of either disease have been noticed, patient is this day discharged, cured.

A DILEMMA

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

I WAS just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine-wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies and pearls. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin:

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my precious stones; they will be

yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My jewels are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

"Dear Tom: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are hundreds of pearls—one the famous green pearl and a necklace of blue pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections." I thought of Susan. "I wish you to continue to have expectations and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son,—yes, rather more.

"The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you

will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate

"UNCLE."

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watch-guard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that some one might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away and force it open and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch about my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies.

He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none that would not ruin the stones, especially the pearls, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I offered him the biggest ruby if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library attendants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needful to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost and much beside. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood ruby," not, as was explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

The pearls were described with care as an unequalled collection. Concerning two of them my uncle had written what I might call biographies,—for, indeed, they seemed to have done much evil and some good. One, a black pearl, was mentioned in an old bill of sale as—She—which seemed queer to me.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd about many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject any one else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. *Mine,* indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, being a good Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel jest of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counselled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the "Journal of Science," and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that box. I am now advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and

changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies and pearls to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE[1]

By A. CONAN DOYLE

I HAD called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced, elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me.

"You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially.

"I was afraid that you were engaged."

"So I am. Very much so."

"Then I can wait in the next room."

"Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also."

The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick, little, questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes.

"Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his arm-chair and putting his finger-tips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of every-day life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures."

"Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed.

"You will remember that I remarked the other day, just

[1] By permission of Harper & Brothers.

before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination.''

''A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting.''

''You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledges me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend Dr. Watson has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events, I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique.''

The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his great-coat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavored, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance.

I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our

visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over-clean black frock-coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top-hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head, and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

Sherlock Holmes's quick eye took in my occupation, and he shook his head with a smile as he noticed my questioning glances. "Beyond the obvious facts that he has at some time done manual labor, that he takes snuff, that he is a Freemason, that he has been in China, and that he has done a considerable amount of writing lately, I can deduce nothing else."

Mr. Jabez Wilson started up in his chair, with his forefinger upon the paper, but his eyes upon my companion.

"How, in the name of good-fortune, did you know all that, Mr. Holmes?" he asked. "How did you know, for example, that I did manual labor? It 's as true as gospel, for I began as a ship's carpenter."

"Your hands, my dear sir. Your right hand is quite a size larger than your left. You have worked with it, and the muscles are more developed."

"Well, the snuff, then, and the Freemasonry?"

"I won't insult your intelligence by telling you how I read that, especially as, rather against the strict rules of your order, you use an arc-and-compass breastpin."

"Ah, of course, I forgot that. But the writing?"

"What else can be indicated by that right cuff so very shiny for five inches, and the left one with the smooth patch near the elbow where you rest it upon the desk?"

"Well, but China?"

"The fish that you have tattooed immediately above your right wrist could only have been done in China. I have made a small study of tattoo marks, and have even contributed to

the literature of the subject. That trick of staining the fishes' scales a delicate pink is quite peculiar to China. When, in addition, I see a Chinese coin hanging from your watch-chain, the matter becomes even more simple.''

Mr. Jabez Wilson laughed heavily. ''Well, I never!'' said he. ''I thought at first that you had done something clever, but I see that there was nothing in it, after all.''

''I begin to think, Watson,'' said Holmes, ''that I make a mistake in explaining. *'Omne ignotum pro magnifico,'* you know, and my poor little reputation, such as it is, will suffer shipwreck if I am so candid. Can you not find the advertisement, Mr. Wilson?''

''Yes, I have got it now,'' he answered, with his thick, red finger planted half-way down the column. ''Here it is. This is what began it all. You just read it for yourself, sir.''

I took the paper from him, and read as follows:

''To the Red-headed League: On account of the bequest of the late Ezekiah Hopkins, of Lebanon, Pa., U.S.A., there is now another vacancy open which entitles a member of the League to a salary of £4 a week for purely nominal services. All red-headed men who are sound in body and mind, and above the age of twenty-one years, are eligible. Apply in person on Monday, at eleven o'clock, to Duncan Ross, at the offices of the League, 7 Pope's Court, Fleet Street.''

''What on earth does this mean?'' I ejaculated, after I had twice read over the extraordinary announcement.

Holmes chuckled, and wriggled in his chair, as was his habit when in high spirits. ''It is a little off the beaten track, is n't it?'' said he. ''And now, Mr. Wilson, off you go at scratch, and tell us all about yourself, your household, and the effect which this advertisement had upon your fortunes. You will first make a note, doctor, of the paper and the date.''

''It is *The Morning Chronicle,* of April 27, 1890. Just two months ago.''

''Very good. Now, Mr. Wilson?''

"Well, it is just as I have been telling you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Jabez Wilson, mopping his forehead; "I have a small pawnbroker's business at Coburg Square, near the city. It 's not a very large affair, and of late years it has not done more than just give me a living. I used to be able to keep two assistants, but now I only keep one; and I would have a job to pay him, but that he is willing to come for half wages, so as to learn the business."

"What is the name of this obliging youth?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"His name is Vincent Spaulding, and he 's not such a youth, either. It 's hard to say his age. I should not wish a smarter assistant, Mr. Holmes; and I know very well that he could better himself, and earn twice what I am able to give him. But, after all, if he is satisfied, why should I put ideas in his head?"

"Why, indeed?" You seem most fortunate in having an *employé* who comes under the full market price. It is not a common experience among employers in this age. I don't know that your assistant is not as remarkable as your advertisement."

"Oh, he has his faults, too," said Mr. Wilson. "Never was such a fellow for photography. Snapping away with a camera when he ought to be improving his mind, and then diving down into the cellar like a rabbit into its hole to develop his pictures. That is his main fault; but, on the whole, he 's a good worker. There 's no vice in him."

"He is still with you, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. He and a girl of fourteen, who does a bit of simple cooking, and keeps the place clean—that 's all I have in the house, for I am a widower, and never had any family. We live very quietly, sir, the three of us; and we keep a roof over our heads, and pay our debts, if we do nothing more.

"The first thing that put us out was that advertisement. Spaulding, he came down into the office just this day eight weeks, with this very paper in his hand, and he says:

" 'I wish to the Lord, Mr. Wilson, that I was a red-headed man.'

"'Why that?' I asks.

"'Why,' says he, 'here 's another vacancy in the League of the Red-headed Men. It 's worth quite a little fortune to any man who gets it, and I understand that there are more vacancies than there are men, so that the trustees are at their wits' end what to do with the money. If my hair would only change color, here 's a nice little crib all ready for me to step into.'

"'Why, what is it, then?' I asked. You see, Mr. Holmes, I am a very stay-at-home man, and as my business came to me instead of my having to go to it, I was often weeks on end without putting my foot over the door-mat. In that way I did n't know much of what was going on outside, and I was always glad of a bit of news.

"'Have you never heard of the League of the Red-headed Men?' he asked, with his eyes open.

"'Never.'

"'Why, I wonder at that, for you are eligible yourself for one of the vacancies.'

"'And what are they worth?' I asked.

"'Oh, merely a couple of hundred a year, but the work is slight, and it need not interfere very much with one's other occupations.'

"Well, you can easily think that that made me prick up my ears, for the business has not been over-good for some years, and an extra couple of hundred would have been very handy.

"'Tell me all about it,' said I.

"'Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions to apply the interest to the providing of easy berths to men whose hair is of that color. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.'

" 'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.'

" 'Not so many as you might think,' he answered. 'You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.'

"Now, it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves, that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement.

"I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the city to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were—straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish-setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected;

but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office.''

''Your experience has been a most entertaining one,'' remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. ''Pray continue your very interesting statement.''

''There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter, after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favorable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us.

'' 'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.'

'' 'And he is admirably suited for it,' the other answered. 'He has every requirement. I cannot recall when I have seen anything so fine.' He took a step backward, cocked his head on one side, and gazed at my hair until I felt quite bashful. Then suddenly he plunged forward, wrung my hand, and congratulated me warmly on my success.

'' 'It would be injustice to hesitate,' said he. 'You will, however, I am sure, excuse me for taking an obvious precaution.' With that he seized my hair in both his hands, and tugged until I yelled with the pain. 'There is water in your eyes,' said he, as he released me. 'I perceive that all is as it should be. But we have to be careful, for we have twice been deceived by wigs and once by paint. I could tell you tales of cobbler's wax which would disgust you with human nature.' He stepped over to the window, and shouted through it at the top of his voice that the vacancy was filled. A groan of disappointment came up from below, and the folk all trooped away in different directions, until there was not a red head to be seen except my own and that of the manager.

"'My name,' said he, 'is Mr. Duncan Ross, and I am myself one of the pensioners upon the fund left by our noble benefactor. Are you a married man, Mr. Wilson? Have you a family?'

"I answered that I had not.

"His face fell immediately.

"'Dear me!' he said, gravely, 'that is very serious indeed! I am sorry to hear you say that. The fund was, of course, for the propagation and spread of the red-heads as well as for their maintenance. It is exceedingly unfortunate that you should be a bachelor.'

"My face lengthened at this, Mr. Holmes, for I thought that I was not to have the vacancy after all; but, after thinking it over for a few minutes, he said that it would be all right.

"'In the case of another,' said he, 'the objection might be fatal, but we must stretch a point in favor of a man with such a head of hair as yours. When shall you be able to enter upon your new duties?'

"'Well, it is a little awkward, for I have a business already,' said I.

"'Oh, never mind about that, Mr. Wilson!' said Vincent Spaulding. 'I shall be able to look after that for you.'

"'What would be the hours?' I asked.

"'Ten to two.'

"Now a pawnbroker's business is mostly done of an evening, Mr. Holmes, especially Thursday and Friday evening, which is just before pay-day; so it would suit me very well to earn a little in the mornings. Besides, I knew that my assistant was a good man, and that he would see to anything that turned up.

"'That would suit me very well,' said I. 'And the pay?'

"'Is £4 a week.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is purely nominal.'

"'What do you call purely nominal?'

"'Well, you have to be in the office, or at least in the building, the whole time. If you leave, you forfeit your whole

position forever. The will is very clear upon that point. You don't comply with the conditions if you budge from the office during that time.'

"'It 's only four hours a day, and I should not think of leaving,' said I.

"'No excuse will avail,' said Mr. Duncan Ross; 'neither sickness nor business nor anything else. There you must stay, or you lose your billet.'

"'And the work?'

"'Is to copy out the "Encyclopædia Britannica." There is the first volume of it in that press. You must find your own ink, pens, and blotting-paper, but we provide this table and chair. Will you be ready to-morrow?'

"'Certainly,' I answered.

"'Then, good-bye, Mr. Jabez Wilson, and let me congratulate you once more on the important position which you have been fortunate enough to gain.' He bowed me out of the room, and I went home with my assistant, hardly knowing what to say or do, I was so pleased at my own good fortune.

"Well, I thought over the matter all day, and by evening I was in low spirits again; for I had quite persuaded myself that the whole affair must be some great hoax or fraud, though what its object might be I could not imagine. It seemed altogether past belief that any one could make such a will, or that they would pay such a sum for doing anything so simple as copying out the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Vincent Spaulding did what he could to cheer me up, but by bedtime I had reasoned myself out of the whole thing. However, in the morning I determined to have a look at it anyhow, so I bought a penny bottle of ink, and with a quill-pen, and seven sheets of foolscap paper, I started off for Pope's Court.

"Well, to my surprise and delight, everything was as right as possible. The table was set out ready for me, and Mr. Duncan Ross was there to see that I got fairly to work. He started me off upon the letter A, and then he left me; but he would drop in from time to time to see that all was right with

me. At two o'clock he bade me good-day, complimented me upon the amount that I had written, and locked the door of the office after me.

"This went on day after day, Mr. Holmes, and on Saturday the manager came in and planked down four golden sovereigns for my week's work. It was the same next week, and the same the week after. Every morning I was there at ten, and every afternoon I left at two. By degrees Mr. Duncan Ross took to coming in only once of a morning, and then, after a time, he did not come in at all. Still, of course, I never dared to leave the room for an instant, for I was not sure when he might come, and the billet was such a good one, and suited me so well, that I would not risk the loss of it.

"Eight weeks passed away like this, and I had written about Abbots and Archery and Armor and Architecture and Attica, and hoped with diligence that I might get on to the B's before very long. It cost me something in foolscap, and I had pretty nearly filled a shelf with my writings. And then suddenly the whole business came to an end."

"To an end?"

"Yes, sir. And no later than this morning. I went to my work as usual at ten o'clock, but the door was shut and locked, with a little square of card-board hammered on to the middle of the panel with a tack. Here it is, and you can read for yourself."

He held up a piece of white card-board about the size of a sheet of note-paper. It read in this fashion:

"THE RED-HEADED LEAGUE

IS

DISSOLVED.

October 9, 1890."

Sherlock Holmes and I surveyed this curt announcement and the rueful face behind it, until the comical side of the

affair so completely overtopped every other consideration that we both burst out into a roar of laughter.

"I cannot see that there is anything very funny," cried our client, flushing up to the roots of his flaming head. "If you can do nothing better than laugh at me, I can go elsewhere."

"No, no," cried Holmes, shoving him back into the chair from which he had half risen. "I really would n't miss your case for the world. It is most refreshingly unusual. But there is, if you will excuse my saying so, something just a little funny about it. Pray what steps did you take when you found the card upon the door?"

"I was staggered, sir. I did not know what to do. Then I called at the offices round, but none of them seemed to know anything about it. Finally, I went to the landlord, who is an accountant living on the ground-floor, and I asked him if he could tell me what had become of the Red-headed League. He said that he had never heard of any such body. Then I asked him who Mr. Duncan Ross was. He answered that the name was new to him.

" 'Well,' said I, 'the gentleman at No. 4.'

" 'What, the red-headed man?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Oh,' said he, 'his name was William Morris. He was a solicitor, and was using my room as a temporary convenience until his new premises were ready. He moved out yesterday.'

" 'Where could I find him?'

" 'Oh, at his new offices. He did tell me the address. Yes, 17 King Edward Street, near St. Paul's.'

"I started off, Mr. Holmes, but when I got to that address it was a manufactory of artificial knee-caps, and no one in it had ever heard of either Mr. William Morris or Mr. Duncan Ross."

"And what did you do then?" asked Holmes.

"I went home to Saxe-Coburg Square, and I took the advice of my assistant. But he could not help me in any way. He could only say that if I waited I should hear by post.

But that was not quite good enough, Mr. Holmes. I did not wish to lose such a place without a struggle, so, as I had heard that you were good enough to give advice to poor folk who were in need of it, I came right away to you."

"And you did very wisely," said Holmes. "Your case is an exceedingly remarkable one, and I shall be happy to look into it. From what you have told me I think that it is possible that graver issues hang from it than might at first sight appear."

"Grave enough!" said Mr. Jabez Wilson. "Why, I have lost four pound a week."

"As far as you are personally concerned," remarked Holmes, "I do not see that you have any grievance against this extraordinary league. On the contrary, you are, as I understand, richer by some £30, to say nothing of the minute knowledge which you have gained on every subject which comes under the letter A. You have lost nothing by them."

"No, sir. But I want to find out about them, and who they are, and what their object was in playing this prank—if it was a prank—upon me. It was a pretty expensive joke for them, for it cost them two and thirty pounds."

"We shall endeavor to clear up these points for you. And, first, one or two questions, Mr. Wilson. This assistant of yours who first called your attention to the advertisement—how long had he been with you?"

"About a month then."

"How did he come?"

"In answer to an advertisement."

"Was he the only applicant?"

"No, I had a dozen."

"Why did you pick him?"

"Because he was handy, and would come cheap."

"At half-wages, in fact."

"Yes."

"What is he like, this Vincent Spaulding?"

"Small, stout-built, very quick in his ways, no hair on his face, though he 's not short of thirty. Has a white splash of acid upon his forehead."

Holmes sat up in his chair in considerable excitement. "I thought as much," said he. "Have you ever observed that his ears are pierced for earrings?"

"Yes, sir. He told me that a gypsy had done it for him when he was a lad."

"Hum!" said Holmes, sinking back in deep thought. "He is still with you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I have only just left him."

"And has your business been attended to in your absence?"

"Nothing to complain of, sir. There 's never very much to do of a morning."

"That will do, Mr. Wilson. I shall be happy to give you an opinion upon the subject in the course of a day or two. To-day is Saturday, and I hope that by Monday we may come to a conclusion."

"Well, Watson," said Holmes, when our visitor had left us, "what do you make of it all?"

"I make nothing of it," I answered, frankly. "It is a most mysterious business."

"As a rule," said Holmes, "the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be. It is your commonplace, featureless crimes which are really puzzling, just as a commonplace face is the most difficult to identify. But I must be prompt over this matter."

"What are you going to do, then?" I asked.

"To smoke," he answered. "It is quite a three-pipe problem, and I beg that you won't speak to me for fifty minutes." He curled himself up in his chair, with his thin knees drawn up to his hawk-like nose, and there he sat with his eyes closed and his black clay pipe thrusting out like the bill of some strange bird. I had come to the conclusion that he had dropped asleep, and indeed was nodding myself, when he suddenly sprang out of his chair with the gesture of a man who has made up his mind, and put his pipe down upon the mantel-piece.

"Sarasate plays at the St. James's Hall this afternoon," he remarked. "What do you think, Watson? Could your patients spare you for a few hours?"

"I have nothing to do to-day. My practice is never very absorbing."

"Then put on your hat and come. I am going through the city first, and we can have some lunch on the way. I observe that there is a good deal of German music on the program which is rather more to my taste than Italian or French. It is introspective, and I want to introspect. Come along!"

We travelled by the Underground as far as Aldersgate; and a short walk took us to Saxe-Coburg Square, the scene of the singular story which we had listened to in the morning. It was a pokey, little, shabby-genteel place, where four lines of dingy two-storied brick houses looked out into a small railed-in enclosure, where a lawn of weedy grass and a few clumps of faded laurel-bushes made a hard fight against a smoke-laden and uncongenial atmosphere. Three gilt balls and a brown board with "Jabez Wilson" in white letters, upon a corner house, announced the place where our red-headed client carried on his business. Sherlock Holmes stopped in front of it with his head on one side, and looked it all over, with his eyes shining brightly between puckered lids. Then he walked slowly up the street, and then down again to the corner, still looking keenly at the houses. Finally he returned to the pawnbroker's, and, having thumped vigorously upon the pavement with his stick two or three times, he went up to the door and knocked. It was instantly opened by a bright-looking, clean-shaven young fellow, who asked him to step in.

"Thank you," said Holmes, "I only wished to ask you how you would go from here to the Strand."

"Third right, fourth left," answered the assistant, promptly, closing the door.

"Smart fellow, that," observed Holmes, as we walked away. "He is, in my judgment, the fourth smartest man in London, and for daring I am not sure that he has not a claim to be third. I have known something of him before."

"Evidently," said I, "Mr. Wilson's assistant counts for a good deal in this mystery of the Red-headed League. I am

sure that you inquired your way merely in order that you might see him.''

''Not him.''

''What then?''

''The knees of his trousers.''

''And what did you see?''

''What I expected to see.''

''Why did you beat the pavement?''

''My dear doctor, this is a time for observation, not for talk. We are spies in an enemy's country. We know something of Saxe-Coburg Square. Let us now explore the parts which lie behind it.''

The road in which we found ourselves as we turned round the corner from the retired Saxe-Coburg Square presented as great a contrast to it as the front of a picture does to the back. It was one of the main arteries which convey the traffic of the city to the north and west. The roadway was blocked with the immense stream of commerce flowing in a double tide inward and outward, while the foot-paths were black with the hurrying swarm of pedestrians. It was difficult to realize as we looked at the line of fine shops and stately business premises that they really abutted on the other side upon the faded and stagnant square which we had just quitted.

''Let me see,'' said Holmes, standing at the corner, and glancing along the line, ''I should like just to remember the order of the houses here. It is a hobby of mine to have an exact knowledge of London. There is Mortimer's, the tobacconist, the little newspaper shop, the Coburg branch of the City and Suburban Bank, the Vegetarian Restaurant, and McFarlane's carriage-building depot. That carries us right on to the other block. And now, doctor, we 've done our work, so it 's time we had some play. A sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then off to violin-land, where all is sweetness and delicacy and harmony, and there are no red-headed clients to vex us with their conundrums.''

My friend was an enthusiastic musician, being himself not only a very capable performer, but a composer of no

ordinary merit. All the afternoon he sat in the stalls wrapped in the most perfect happiness, gently waving his long, thin fingers in time to the music, while his gently smiling face and his languid, dreamy eyes were as unlike those of Holmes, the sleuth-hound, Holmes the relentless, keen-witted, ready-handed criminal agent, as it was possible to conceive. In his singular character the dual nature alternately asserted itself, and his extreme exactness and astuteness represented, as I have often thought, the reaction against the poetic and contemplative mood which occasionally predominated in him. The swing of his nature took him from extreme languor to devouring energy; and, as I knew well, he was never so truly formidable as when, for days on end, he had been lounging in his arm-chair amid his improvisations and his black-letter editions. Then it was that the lust of the chase would suddenly come upon him, and that his brilliant reasoning power would rise to the level of intuition, until those who were unacquainted with his methods would look askance at him as on a man whose knowledge was not that of other mortals. When I saw him that afternoon so enwrapped in the music at St. James's Hall I felt that an evil time might be coming upon those whom he had set himself to hunt down.

"You want to go home, no doubt, doctor," he remarked, as we emerged.

"Yes, it would be as well."

"And I have some business to do which will take some hours. This business at Coburg Square is serious."

"Why serious?"

"A considerable crime is in contemplation. I have every reason to believe that we shall be in time to stop it. But to-day being Saturday rather complicates matters. I shall want your help to-night."

"At what time?"

"Ten will be early enough."

"I shall be at Baker Street at ten."

"Very well. And, I say, doctor, there may be some little danger, so kindly put your army revolver in your pocket."

He waved his hand, turned on his heel, and disappeared in an instant among the crowd.

I trust that I am not more dense than my neighbors, but I was always oppressed with a sense of my own stupidity in my dealings with Sherlock Holmes. Here I had heard what he had heard, I had seen what he had seen, and yet from his words it was evident that he saw clearly not only what had happened, but what was about to happen, while to me the whole business was still confused and grotesque. As I drove home to my house in Kensington I thought over it all, from the extraordinary story of the red-headed copier of the "Encyclopædia" down to the visit to Saxe-Coburg Square, and the ominous words with which he had parted from me. What was this nocturnal expedition, and why should I go armed? Where were we going, and what were we to do? I had the hint from Holmes that this smooth-faced pawnbroker's assistant was a formidable man—a man who might play a deep game. I tried to puzzle it out, but gave it up in despair, and set the matter aside until night should bring an explanation.

It was a quarter past nine when I started from home and made my way across the Park, and so through Oxford Street to Baker Street. Two hansoms were standing at the door, and, as I entered the passage, I heard the sound of voices from above. On entering his room I found Holmes in animated conversation with two men, one of whom I recognized as Peter Jones, the official police agent, while the other was a long, thin, sad-faced man, with a very shiny hat and oppressively respectable frock-coat.

"Ha! our party is complete," said Holmes, buttoning up his pea-jacket, and taking his heavy hunting crop from the rack. "Watson, I think you know Mr. Jones, of Scotland Yard? Let me introduce you to Mr. Merryweather, who is to be our companion in to-night's adventure."

"We 're hunting in couples again, doctor, you see," said Jones, in his consequential way. "Our friend here is a wonderful man for starting a chase. All he wants is an old dog to help him to do the running down."

"I hope a wild goose may not prove to be the end of our chase," observed Mr. Merryweather, gloomily.

"You may place considerable confidence in Mr. Holmes, sir," said the police agent, loftily. "He has his own little methods, which are, if he won't mind my saying so, just a little too theoretical and fantastic, but he has the makings of a detective in him. It is not too much to say that once or twice, as in that business of the Sholto murder and the Agra treasure, he has been more nearly correct than the official force."

"Oh, if you say so, Mr. Jones, it is all right," said the stranger, with deference. "Still, I confess that I miss my rubber. It is the first Saturday night for seven-and-twenty years that I have not had my rubber."

"I think you will find," said Sherlock Holmes, "that you will play for a higher stake to-night than you have ever done yet, and that the play will be more exciting. For you, Mr. Merryweather, the stake will be some £30,000, and for you, Jones, it will be the man upon whom you wish to lay your hands."

"John Clay, the murderer, thief, smasher, and forger. He 's a young man, Mr. Merryweather, but he is at the head of his profession, and I would rather have my bracelets on him than on any criminal in London. He 's a remarkable man, is young John Clay. His grandfather was a royal duke, and he himself has been to Eton and Oxford. His brain is as cunning as his fingers, and though we meet signs of him at every turn, we never know where to find the man himself. He'll crack a crib in Scotland one week, and be raising money to build an orphanage in Cornwall the next. I 've been on his track for years, and have never set eyes on him yet."

"I hope that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to-night. I 've had one or two little turns also with Mr. John Clay, and I agree with you that he is at the head of his profession. It is past ten, however, and quite time that we started. If you two will take the first hansom, Watson and I will follow in the second."

Sherlock Holmes was not very communicative during the

long drive, and lay back in the cab humming the tunes which he had heard in the afternoon. We rattled through an endless labyrinth of gas-lit streets until we emerged into Farringdon Street.

"We are close there now," my friend remarked. "This fellow Merryweather is a bank director, and personally interested in the matter. I thought it as well to have Jones with us also. He is not a bad fellow, though an absolute imbecile in his profession. He has one positive virtue. He is as brave as a bull-dog, and as tenacious as a lobster if he gets his claws upon any one. Here we are, and they are waiting for us."

We had reached the same crowded thoroughfare in which we had found ourselves in the morning. Our cabs were dismissed, and, following the guidance of Mr. Merryweather, we passed down a narrow passage and through a side door, which he opened for us. Within there was a small corridor, which ended in a very massive iron gate. This also was opened, and led down a flight of winding stone steps, which terminated at another formidable gate. Mr. Merryweather stopped to light a lantern, and then conducted us down a dark, earth-smelling passage, and so, after opening a third door, into a huge vault or cellar, which was piled all round with crates and massive boxes.

"You are not very vulnerable from above," Holmes remarked, as he held up the lantern and gazed about him.

"Nor from below," said Mr. Merryweather, striking his stick upon the flags which lined the floor. "Why, dear me, it sounds quite hollow!" he remarked, looking up in surprise.

"I must really ask you to be a little more quiet," said Holmes, severely. "You have already imperilled the whole success of our expedition. Might I beg that you would have the goodness to sit down upon one of those boxes, and not to interfere?"

The solemn Mr. Merryweather perched himself upon a crate, with a very injured expression upon his face, while Holmes fell upon his knees upon the floor, and, with the lantern and a magnifying lens, began to examine minutely the

cracks between the stones. A few seconds sufficed to satisfy him, for he sprang to his feet again, and put his glass in his pocket.

"We have at least an hour before us," he remarked; "for they can hardly take any steps until the good pawnbroker is safely in bed. Then they will not lose a minute, for the sooner they do their work the longer time they will have for their escape. We are at present, doctor—as no doubt you have divined—in the cellar of the city branch of one of the principal London banks. Mr. Merryweather is the chairman of directors, and he will explain to you that there are reasons why the more daring criminals of London should take a considerable interest in this cellar at present."

"It is our French gold," whispered the director. "We have had several warnings that an attempt might be made upon it."

"Your French gold?"

"Yes. We had occasion some months ago to strengthen our resources, and borrowed, for that purpose, 30,000 napoleons from the Bank of France. It has become known that we have never had occasion to unpack the money, and that it is still lying in our cellar. The crate upon which I sit contains 2000 napoleons packed between layers of lead foil. Our reserve of bullion is much larger at present than is usually kept in a single branch office, and the directors have had misgivings upon the subject."

"Which were very well justified," observed Holmes. "And now it is time that we arranged our little plans. I expect that within an hour matters will come to a head. In the mean time, Mr. Merryweather, we must put the screen over that dark lantern."

"And sit in the dark?"

"I am afraid so. I had brought a pack of cards in my pocket, and I thought that, as we were a *partie carrée,* you might have your rubber after all. But I see that the enemy's preparations have gone so far that we cannot risk the presence of a light. And, first of all, we must choose our positions. These are daring men, and though we shall take them

at a disadvantage, they may do us some harm unless we are careful. I shall stand behind this crate, and do you conceal yourselves behind those. Then, when I flash a light upon them, close in swiftly. If they fire, Watson, have no compunction about shooting them down.''

I placed my revolver, cocked, upon the top of the wooden case behind which I crouched. Holmes shot the slide across the front of his lantern, and left us in pitch darkness—such an absolute darkness as I have never before experienced. The smell of hot metal remained to assure us that the light was still there, ready to flash out at a moment's notice. To me, with my nerves worked up to a pitch of expectancy, there was something depressing and subduing in the sudden gloom, and in the cold, dank air of the vault.

''They have but one retreat,'' whispered Holmes. ''That is back through the house into Saxe-Coburg Square. I hope that you have done what I asked you, Jones?''

''I have an inspector and two officers waiting at the front door.''

''Then we have stopped all the holes. And now we must be silent and wait.''

What a time it seemed! From comparing notes afterwards it was but an hour and a quarter, yet it appeared to me that the night must have almost gone, and the dawn be breaking above us. My limbs were weary and stiff, for I feared to change my position; yet my nerves were worked up to the highest pitch of tension, and my hearing was so acute that I could not only hear the gentle breathing of my companions, but I could distinguish the deeper, heavier in-breath of the bulky Jones from the thin, sighing note of the bank director. From my position I could look over the case in the direction of the floor. Suddenly my eyes caught the glint of a light.

At first it was but a lurid spark upon the stone pavement. Then it lengthened out until it became a yellow line, and then, without any warning or sound, a gash seemed to open and a hand appeared; a white, almost womanly hand, which felt about in the center of the little area of light. For a minute or more the hand, with its writhing fingers, protruded out

of the floor. Then it was withdrawn as suddenly as it appeared, and all was dark again save the single lurid spark which marked a chink between the stones.

Its disappearance, however, was but momentary. With a rending, tearing sound, one of the broad, white stones turned over upon its side, and left a square, gaping hole, through which streamed the light of a lantern. Over the edge there peeped a clean-cut, boyish face, which looked keenly about it, and then, with a hand on either side of the aperture, drew itself shoulder-high and waist-high, until one knee rested upon the edge. In another instant he stood at the side of the hole, and was hauling after him a companion, lithe and small like himself, with a pale face and a shock of very red hair.

"It 's all clear," he whispered. "Have you the chisel and the bags? Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I 'll swing for it!"

Sherlock Holmes had sprung out and seized the intruder by the collar. The other dived down the hole, and I heard the sound of rending cloth as Jones clutched at his skirts. The light flashed upon the barrel of a revolver, but Holmes's hunting crop came down on the man's wrist, and the pistol clinked upon the stone floor.

"It 's no use, John Clay," said Holmes, blandly. "You have no chance at all."

"So I see," the other answered, with the utmost coolness. "I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails."

"There are three men waiting for him at the door," said Holmes.

"Oh, indeed! You seem to have done the thing very completely. I must compliment you."

"And I you," Holmes answered. "Your red-headed idea was very new and effective."

"You 'll see your pal again presently," said Jones. "He 's quicker at climbing down holes than I am. Just hold out while I fix the derbies."

"I beg that you will not touch me with your filthy hands," remarked our prisoner, as the handcuffs clattered upon his

wrists. "You may not be aware that I have royal blood in my veins. Have the goodness, also, when you address me always to say 'sir' and 'please.' "

"All right," said Jones, with a stare and a snigger. "Well, would you please, sir, march up-stairs, where we can get a cab to carry your highness to the police-station?"

"That is better," said John Clay, serenely. He made a sweeping bow to the three of us, and walked quietly off in the custody of the detective.

"Really Mr. Holmes," said Mr. Merryweather, as we followed them from the cellar, "I do not know how the bank can thank you or repay you. There is no doubt that you have detected and defeated in the most complete manner one of the most determined attempts at bank robbery that have ever come within my experience."

"I have had one or two little scores of my own to settle with Mr. John Clay," said Holmes. "I have been at some small expense over this matter, which I shall expect the bank to refund, but beyond that I am amply repaid by having had an experience which is in many ways unique, and by hearing the very remarkable narrative of the Red-headed League."

"You see, Watson," he explained, in the early hours of the morning, as we sat over a glass of whiskey-and-soda in Baker Street, "it was perfectly obvious from the first that the only possible object of this rather fantastic business of the advertisement of the League, and the copying of the 'Encyclopædia,' must be to get this not over-bright pawnbroker out of the way for a number of hours every day. It was a curious way of managing it, but, really, it would be difficult to suggest a better. The method was no doubt suggested to Clay's ingenious mind by the color of his accomplice's hair. The £4 a week was a lure which must draw him, and what was it to them, who were playing for thousands? They put in the advertisement, one rogue has the temporary office, the other rogue incites the man to apply for it, and together they manage to secure his absence every morning in the week. From the time that I heard of the assistant having come for half

wages, it was obvious to me that he had some strong motive for securing the situation.''

''But how could you guess what the motive was?''

''Had there been women in the house, I should have suspected a mere vulgar intrigue. That, however, was out of the question. The man's business was a small one, and there was nothing in his house which could account for such elaborate preparations, and such an expenditure as they were at. It must, then, be something out of the house. What could it be? I thought of the assistant's fondness for photography, and his trick of vanishing into the cellar. The cellar! There was the end of this tangled clue. Then I made inquiries as to this mysterious assistant, and found that I had to deal with one of the coolest and most daring criminals in London. He was doing something in the cellar—something which took many hours a day for months on end. What could it be, once more? I could think of nothing save that he was running a tunnel to some other building.

''So far I had got when we went to visit the scene of action. I surprised you by beating upon the pavement with my stick. I was ascertaining whether the cellar stretched out in front or behind. It was not in front. Then I rang the bell, and, as I hoped, the assistant answered it. We have had some skirmishes, but we had never set eyes upon each other before. I hardly looked at his face. His knees were what I wished to see. You must yourself have remarked how worn, wrinkled, and stained they were. They spoke of those hours of burrowing. The only remaining point was what they were burrowing for. I walked round the corner, saw that the City and Suburban Bank abutted on our friend's premises, and felt that I had solved my problem. When you drove home after the concert I called upon Scotland Yard, and upon the chairman of the bank directors, with the result that you have seen.''

''And how could you tell that they would make their attempt to-night?'' I asked.

''Well, when they closed their League offices that was a sign that they cared no longer about Mr. Jabez Wilson's pres-

ence—in other words, that they had completed their tunnel. But it was essential that they should use it soon, as it might be discovered, or the bullion might be removed. Saturday would suit them better than any other day, as it would give them two days for their escape. For all these reasons I expected them to come to-night."

"You reasoned it out beautifully," I exclaimed, in unfeigned admiration. "It is so long a chain, and yet every link rings true."

"It saved me from ennui," he answered, yawning. "Alas! I already feel it closing in upon me. My life is spent in one long effort to escape from the commonplaces of existence. These little problems help me to do so."

"And you are a benefactor of the race," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, perhaps, after all, it is of some little use," he remarked. "'*L'homme c'est rien—l'œuvre c'est tout,*' as Gustave Flaubert wrote to Georges Sand."

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

By OWEN JOHNSON

They were discussing languidly, as such groups do, seeking from each topic a peg on which to hang a few epigrams that might be retold in the lip currency of the club—Steingall, the painter, florid of gesture, and effete, foreign in type, with black-rimmed glasses and trailing ribbon of black silk that cut across his cropped beard and cavalry mustaches; De Gollyer, a critic, who preferred to be known as a man about town, short, feverish, incisive, who slew platitudes with one adjective and tagged a reputation with three; Rankin, the architect, always in a defensive, explanatory attitude, who held his elbows on the table, his hands before his long sliding nose, and gestured with his fingers; Quinny, the illustrator, long and gaunt, with a predatory eloquence that charged irresistibly down on any subject, cut it off, surrounded it, and raked it with enfilading wit and satire; and Peters, whose methods of existence were a mystery, a young man of fifty, who had done nothing and who knew every one by his first name, the club postman, who carried the tittle-tattle, the *bon mots* and the news of the day, who drew up a petition a week and pursued the house committee with a daily grievance.

About the latticed porch, which ran around the sanded yard with its feeble fountain and futile evergreens, other groups were eying one another, or engaging in desultory conversation, oppressed with the heaviness of the night.

At the round table, Quinny alone, absorbing energy as he devoured the conversation, having routed Steingall on the Germans and archæology and Rankin on the origins of the Lord's Prayer, had seized a chance remark of De Gollyer's to say:

"There are only half a dozen stories in the world. Like everything that 's true it is n't true." He waved his long, gouty fingers in the direction of Steingall, who, having been silenced, was regarding him with a look of sleepy indifference. "What is more to the point, is the small number of human relations that are so simple and yet so fundamental that they can be eternally played upon, redressed, and reinterpreted in every language, in every age, and yet remain inexhaustible in the possibility of variations."

"By George, that is so," said Steingall, waking up. "Every art does go back to three or four notes. In composition it is the same thing. Nothing new—nothing new since a thousand years. By George, that is true! We invent nothing, nothing!"

"Take the eternal triangle," said Quinny hurriedly, not to surrender his advantage, while Rankin and De Gollyer in a bored way continued to gaze dreamily at a vagrant star or two. "Two men and a woman, or two women and a man. Obviously it should be classified as the first of the great original parent themes. Its variations extend into the thousands. By the way, Rankin, excellent opportunity, eh, for some of our modern, painstaking, unemployed jackasses to analyze and classify."

"Quite right," said Rankin without perceiving the satirical note. "Now there 's De Maupassant's *Fort comme la Mort* —quite the most interesting variation—shows the turn a genius can give. There the triangle is the man of middle age, the mother he has loved in his youth and the daughter he comes to love. It forms, you might say, the head of a whole subdivision of modern continental literature."

"Quite wrong, Rankin, quite wrong," said Quinny, who would have stated the other side quite as imperiously. "What you cite is a variation of quite another theme, the Faust theme—old age longing for youth, the man who has loved longing for the love of his youth, which is youth itself. The triangle is the theme of jealousy, the most destructive and, therefore, the most dramatic of human passions. The Faust theme is the most fundamental and inevitable of all

human experiences, the tragedy of life itself. Quite a different thing.''

Rankin, who never agreed with Quinny unless Quinny maliciously took advantage of his prior announcement to agree with him, continued to combat this idea.

''You believe then,'' said De Gollyer after a certain moment had been consumed in hair splitting, ''that the origin of all dramatic themes is simply the expression of some human emotion. In other words, there can exist no more parent themes than there are human emotions.''

''I thank you, sir, very well put,'' said Quinny with a generous wave of his hand. ''Why is the *Three Musketeers* a basic theme? Simply the interpretation of comradeship, the emotion one man feels for another, vital because it is the one peculiarly masculine emotion. Look at Du Maurier and *Trilby,* Kipling in *Soldiers Three*—simply the *Three Musketeers.''*

''The *Vie de Bohème?''* suggested Steingall.

''In the real Vie de Bohème, yes,'' said Quinny viciously. ''Not in the concocted sentimentalities that we now have served up to us by athletic tenors and consumptive elephants!''

Rankin, who had been silently deliberating on what had been left behind, now said cunningly and with evident purpose:

''All the same, I don't agree with you men at all. I believe there are situations, original situations, that are independent of your human emotions, that exist just because they are situations, accidental and nothing else.''

''As for instance?'' said Quinny, preparing to attack.

''Well, I 'll just cite an ordinary one that happens to come to my mind,'' said Rankin, who had carefully selected his test. ''In a group of seven or eight, such as we are here, a theft takes place; one man is the thief—which one? I 'd like to know what emotion that interprets, and yet it certainly is an original theme, at the bottom of a whole literature.''

This challenge was like a bomb.

''Not the same thing.''

"Detective stories, bah!"

"Oh, I say, Rankin, that 's literary melodrama."

Rankin, satisfied, smiled and winked victoriously over to Tommers, who was listening from an adjacent table.

"Of course your suggestion is out of order, my dear man, to this extent," said Quinny, who never surrendered, "in that I am talking of fundamentals and you are citing details. Nevertheless, I could answer that the situation you give, as well as the whole school it belongs to, can be traced back to the commonest of human emotions, curiosity; and that the story of *Bluebeard* and *The Moonstone* are to all purposes identically the same."

At this Steingall, who had waited hopefully, gasped and made as though to leave the table.

"I shall take up your contention," said Quinny without pause for breath, "first, because you have opened up one of my pet topics, and, second, because it gives me a chance to talk." He gave a sidelong glance at Steingall and winked at De Gollyer. "What is the peculiar fascination that the detective problem exercises over the human mind? You will say curiosity. Yes and no. Admit at once that the whole art of a detective story consists in the statement of the problem. Any one can do it. I can do it. Steingall even can do it. The solution does n't count. It is usually banal; it should be prohibited. What interests us is, can we guess it? Just as an able-minded man will sit down for hours and fiddle over the puzzle column in a Sunday balderdash. Same idea. There you have it, the problem—the detective story. Now why the fascination? I 'll tell you. It appeals to our curiosity, yes—but deeper to a sort of intellectual vanity. Here are six matches, arrange them to make four squares; five men present, a theft takes place—who 's the thief? Who will guess it first? Whose brain will show its superior cleverness—see? That 's all—that 's all there is to it."

"Out of all of which," said De Gollyer, "the interesting thing is that Rankin has supplied the reason why the supply of detective fiction is inexhaustible. It does all come down to the simplest terms. Seven possibilities, one answer. It

is a formula, ludicrously simple, mechanical, and yet we will always pursue it to the end. The marvel is that writers should seek for any other formula when here is one so safe, that can never fail. Be George, I could start up a factory on it.''

''The reason is,'' said Rankin, ''that the situation does constantly occur. It 's a situation that any of us might get into any time. As a matter of fact, now, I personally know two such occasions when I was of the party; and very uncomfortable it was too.''

''What happened?'' said Steingall.

''Why, there is no story to it particularly. Once a mistake had been made, and the other time the real thief was detected by accident a year later. In both cases only one or two of us knew what had happened.''

De Gollyer had a similar incident to recall. Steingall, after reflection, related another that had happened to a friend.

''Of course, of course, my dear gentlemen,'' said Quinny impatiently, for he had been silent too long, ''you are glorifying commonplaces. Every crime, I tell you, expresses itself in the terms of the picture puzzle that you feed to your six-year-old. It 's only the variation that is interesting. Now quite the most remarkable turn of the complexities that can be developed is, of course, the well-known instance of the visitor at a club and the rare coin. Of course every one knows that? What?''

Rankin smiled in a bored, superior way, but the others protested their ignorance.

''Why, it 's very well known,'' said Quinny lightly. ''A distinguished visitor is brought into a club—dozen men, say, present, at dinner, long table. Conversation finally veers around to curiosities and relics. One of the members present then takes from his pocket what he announces as one of the rarest coins in existence—passes it around the table. Coin travels back and forth, every one examining it, and the conversation goes to another topic, say the influence of the automobile on domestic infelicity, or some other such asininely

intellectual club topic—you know? All at once the owner calls for his coin.

"The coin is nowhere to be found. Every one looks at every one else. First, they suspect a joke. Then it becomes serious—the coin is immensely valuable. Who has taken it?

"The owner is a gentleman—does the gentlemanly idiotic thing, of course, laughs, says he knows some one is playing a practical joke on him and that the coin will be returned tomorrow. The others refuse to leave the situation so. One man proposes that they all submit to a search. Every one gives his assent until it comes to the stranger. He refuses, curtly, roughly, without giving any reason. Uncomfortable silence—the man is a guest. No one knows him particularly well—but still he is a guest. One member tries to make him understand that no offense is offered, that the suggestion was simply to clear the atmosphere, and all that sort of bally rot, you know.

" 'I refuse to allow my person to be searched,' says the stranger, very firm, very proud, very English, you know, 'and I refuse to give my reason for my action.'

"Another silence. The men eye him and then glance at one another. What 's to be done? Nothing. There is etiquette—that magnificent inflated balloon. The visitor evidently has the coin—but he is their guest and etiquette protects him. Nice situation, eh?

"The table is cleared. A waiter removes a dish of fruit and there under the ledge of the plate where it had been pushed —is the coin. Banal explanation, eh? Of course. Solutions always should be. At once every one in profouse apologies! Whereupon the visitor rises and says:

" 'Now I can give you the reason for my refusal to be searched. There are only two known specimens of the coin in existence, and the second happens to be here in my waistcoat pocket.' "

"Of course," said Quinny with a shrug of his shoulders, "the story is well invented, but the turn to it is very nice—very nice indeed."

"I did know the story," said Steingall, to be disagreeable;

"the ending, though, is too obvious to be invented. The visitor should have had on him not another coin, but something absolutely different, something destructive, say, of a woman's reputation, and a great tragedy should have been threatened by the casual misplacing of the coin."

"I have heard the same story told in a dozen different ways," said Rankin.

"It has happened a hundred times. It must be continually happening," said Steingall.

"I know one extraordinary instance," said Peters, who up to the present, secure in his climax, had waited with a professional smile until the big guns had been silenced. "In fact, the most extraordinary instance of this sort I have ever heard."

"Peters, you little rascal," said Quinny with a sidelong glance, "I perceive you have quietly been letting us dress the stage for you."

"It is not a story that will please every one," said Peters, to whet their appetite.

"Why not?"

"Because you will want to know what no one can ever know."

"It has no conclusion then?"

"Yes and no. As far as it concerns a woman, quite the most remarkable woman I have ever met, the story is complete. As for the rest, it is what it is, because it is one example where literature can do nothing better than record."

"Do I know the woman?" asked De Gollyer, who flattered himself on passing through every class of society.

"Possibly, but no more than any one else."

"An actress?"

"What she has been in the past I don't know—a promoter would better describe her. Undoubtedly she has been behind the scenes in many an untold intrigue of the business world. A very feminine woman, and yet, as you shall see, with an unusual instantaneous masculine power of decision."

"Peters," said Quinny, waving a warning finger, "you

are destroying your story. Your preface will bring an anti-climax.''

''You shall judge,'' said Peters, who waited until his audience was in strained attention before opening his story. ''The names are, of course, disguises.''

. . . . . .

Mrs. Rita Kildair inhabited a charming bachelor-girl studio, very elegant, of the duplex pattern, in one of the buildings just off Central Park West. She knew pretty nearly every one in that indescribable society in New York that is drawn from all levels, and that imposes but one condition for membership—to be amusing. She knew every one and no one knew her. No one knew beyond the vaguest rumors her history or her means. No one had ever heard of a Mr. Kildair. There was always about her a certain defensive reserve the moment the limits of acquaintanceship had been reached. She had a certain amount of money, she knew a certain number of men in Wall Street affairs, and her studio was furnished with taste and even distinction. She was of any age. She might have suffered everything or nothing at all. In this mingled society her invitations were eagerly sought, her dinners were spontaneous, and the discussions, though gay and usually daring, were invariably under the control of wit and good taste.

On the Sunday night of this adventure she had, according to her invariable custom, sent away her Japanese butler and invited to an informal chafing-dish supper seven of her more congenial friends, all of whom, as much as could be said of any one, were habitués of the studio.

At seven o'clock, having finished dressing, she put in order her bedroom, which formed a sort of free passage between the studio and a small dining room to the kitchen beyond. Then, going into the studio, she lit a wax taper and was in the act of touching off the brass candlesticks that lighted the room when three knocks sounded on the door and a Mr. Flanders, a broker, compact, nervously alive, well groomed, entered with the informality of assured acquaintance.

"You are early," said Mrs. Kildair, in surprise.

"On the contrary, you are late," said the broker, glancing at his watch.

"Then be a good boy and help me with the candles," she said, giving him a smile and a quick pressure of her fingers.

He obeyed, asking nonchalantly:

"I say, dear lady, who 's to be here to-night?"

"The Enos Jacksons."

"I thought they were separated."

"Not yet."

"Very interesting! Only you, dear lady, would have thought of serving us a couple on the verge."

"It' s interesting, is n't it?"

"Assuredly. Where did you know Jackson?"

"Through the Warings. Jackson 's a rather doubtful person, is n't he?"

"Let 's call him a very sharp lawyer," said Flanders defensively. "They tell me, though, he is on the wrong side of the market—in deep."

"And you?"

"Oh, I? I 'm a bachelor," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "and if I come a cropper it makes no difference."

"Is that possible?" she said, looking at him quickly.

"Probable even. And who else is coming?"

"Maude Lille—you know her?"

"I think not."

"You met her here—a journalist."

"Quite so, a strange career."

"Mr. Harris, a clubman, is coming, and the Stanley Cheevers."

"The Stanley Cheevers!" said Flanders with some surprise. "Are we going to gamble?"

"You believe in that scandal about bridge?"

"Certainly not," said Flanders, smiling. "You see I was present. The Cheevers play a good game, a well united game, and have an unusual system of makes. By-the-way, it 's Jackson who is very attentive to Mrs. Cheever, is n't it?"

"Quite right."

"What a charming party," said Flanders flippantly. "And where does Maude Lille come in?"

"Don't joke. She is in a desperate way," said Mrs. Kildair, with a little sadness in her eyes.

"And Harris?"

"Oh, he is to make the salad and cream the chicken."

"Ah, I see the whole party. I, of course, am to add the element of respectability."

"Of what?"

She looked at him steadily until he turned away, dropping his glance.

"Don't be an ass with me, my dear Flanders."

"By George, if this were Europe I 'd wager you were in the secret service, Mrs. Kildair."

"Thank you."

She smiled appreciatively and moved about the studio, giving the finishing touches. The Stanley Cheevers entered, a short fat man with a vacant fat face and a slow-moving eye, and his wife, voluble, nervous, overdressed and pretty. Mr. Harris came with Maude Lille, a woman, straight, dark, Indian, with great masses of somber hair held in a little too loosely for neatness, with thick, quick lips and eyes that rolled away from the person who was talking to her. The Enos Jacksons were late and still agitated as they entered. His forehead had not quite banished the scowl, nor her eyes the scorn. He was of the type that never lost his temper, but caused others to lose theirs, immovable in his opinions, with a prowling walk, a studied antagonism in his manner, and an impudent look that fastened itself unerringly on the weakness in the person to whom he spoke. Mrs. Jackson, who seemed fastened to her husband by an invisible leash, had a hunted, resisting quality back of a certain desperate dash, which she assumed rather than felt in her attitude toward life. One looked at her curiously and wondered what such a nature would do in a crisis, with a lurking sense of a woman who carried with her her own impending tragedy.

As soon as the company had been completed and the in-

congruity of the selection had been perceived, a smile of malicious anticipation ran the rounds, which the hostess cut short by saying:

"Well, now that every one is here, this is the order of the night: You can quarrel all you want, you can whisper all the gossip you can think of about one another, but every one is to be amusing! Also every one is to help with the dinner —nothing formal and nothing serious. We may all be bankrupt to-morrow, divorced or dead, but to-night we will be gay —that is the invariable rule of the house!"

Immediately a nervous laughter broke out and the company, chattering, began to scatter through the rooms.

Mrs. Kildair, stopping in her bedroom, donned a Watteau-like cooking apron, and slipping her rings from her fingers fixed the three on her pincushion with a hatpin.

"Your rings are beautiful, dear, beautiful," said the low voice of Maude Lille, who, with Harris and Mrs. Cheever, was in the room.

"There 's only one that is very valuable," said Mrs. Kildair, touching with her thin fingers the ring that lay uppermost, two large diamonds, flanking a magnificent sapphire.

"It is beautiful—very beautiful," said the journalist, her eyes fastened to it with an uncontrollable fascination. She put out her fingers and let them rest caressingly on the sapphire, withdrawing them quickly as though the contact had burned them.

"It must be very valuable," she said, her breath catching a little. Mrs. Cheever, moving forward, suddenly looked at the ring.

"It cost five thousand six years ago," said Mrs. Kildair, glancing down at it. "It has been my talisman ever since. For the moment, however, I am cook; Maude Lille, you are scullery maid; Harris is the chef, and we are under his orders. Mrs. Cheever, did you ever peel onions?"

"Good Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Cheever, recoiling.

"Well, there are no onions to peel," said Mrs. Kildair, laughing. "All you 'll have to do is to help set the table. On to the kitchen!"

Under their hostess's gay guidance the seven guests began to circulate busily through the rooms, laying the table, grouping the chairs, opening bottles, and preparing the material for the chafing dishes. Mrs. Kildair, in the kitchen, ransacked the ice box, and with her own hands chopped the *fines herbes,* shredded the chicken and measured the cream.

"Flanders, carry this in carefully," she said, her hands in a towel. "Cheever, stop watching your wife and put the salad bowl on the table. Everything ready, Harris? All right. Every one sit down. I 'll be right in."

She went into her bedroom, and divesting herself of her apron hung it in the closet. Then going to her dressing table she drew the hatpin from the pincushion and carelessly slipped the rings on her fingers. All at once she frowned and looked quickly at her hand. Only two rings were there, the third ring, the one with the sapphire and the two diamonds, was missing.

"Stupid," she said to herself, and returned to her dressing table. All at once she stopped. She remembered quite clearly putting the pin through the three rings.

She made no attempt to search further, but remained without moving, her fingers drumming slowly on the table, her head to one side, her lip drawn in a little between her teeth, listening with a frown to the babble from the outer room. Who had taken the ring? Each of her guests had had a dozen opportunities in the course of the time she had been busy in the kitchen.

"Too much time before the mirror, dear lady," called out Flanders gaily, who from where he was seated could see her.

"It is not he," she said quickly. Then she reconsidered. "Why not? He is clever—who knows? Let me think."

To gain time she walked back slowly into the kitchen, her head bowed, her thumb between her teeth.

"Who has taken it?"

She ran over the characters of her guests and their situations as she knew them. Strangely enough, at each her mind stopped upon some reason that might explain a sudden temptation.

"I shall find out nothing this way," she said to herself after a moment's deliberation; "that is not the important thing to me just now. The important thing is to get the ring back."

And slowly, deliberately, she began to walk back and forth, her clenched hand beating the deliberate rhythmic measure of her journey.

Five minutes later, as Harris, installed *en maître* over the chafing dish, was giving directions, spoon in the air, Mrs. Kildair came into the room like a lengthening shadow. Her entrance had been made with scarcely a perceptible sound, and yet each guest was aware of it at the same moment, with a little nervous start.

"Heavens, dear lady," exclaimed Flanders, "you come in on us like a Greek tragedy! What is it you have for us, a surprise?"

As he spoke she turned her swift glance on him, drawing her forehead together until the eyebrows ran in a straight line.

"I have something to say to you," she said in a sharp, businesslike manner, watching the company with penetrating eagerness.

There was no mistaking the seriousness of her voice. Mr. Harris extinguished the oil lamp, covering the chafing dish clumsily with a discordant, disagreeable sound. Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Enos Jackson swung about abruptly, Maude Lille rose a little from her seat, while the men imitated these movements of expectancy with a clumsy shuffling of the feet.

"Mr. Enos Jackson?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Kindly do as I ask you."

"Certainly."

She had spoken his name with a peremptory positiveness that was almost an accusation. He rose calmly, raising his eyebrows a little in surprise.

"Go to the door," she continued, shifting her glance from him to the others. "Are you there? Lock it. Bring me the key."

He executed the order without bungling, and returning stood before her, tendering the key.

"You 've locked it?" she said, making the words an excuse to bury her glance in his.

"As you wished me to."

"Thanks."

She took from him the key and, shifting slightly, likewise locked the door into her bedroom through which she had come.

Then transferring the keys to her left hand, seemingly unaware of Jackson, who still awaited her further commands, her eyes studied a moment the possibilities of the apartment.

"Mr. Cheever?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Blow out all the candles except the candelabrum on the table."

"Put out the lights, Mrs. Kildair?"

"At once."

Mr. Cheever, in rising, met the glance of his wife, and the look of questioning and wonder that passed did not escape the hostess.

"But, my dear Mrs. Kildair," said Mrs. Jackson with a little nervous catch of her breath, "what is it? I 'm getting terribly worked up! My nerves—"

"Miss Lille?" said the voice of command.

"Yes."

The journalist, calmer than the rest, had watched the proceedings without surprise, as though fore-warned by professional instinct that something of importance was about to take place. Now she rose quietly with an almost stealthy motion.

"Put the candelabrum on this table—here," said Mrs. Kildair, indicating a large round table on which a few books were grouped. "No, wait. Mr. Jackson, first clear off the table. I want nothing on it."

"But, Mrs. Kildair—" began Mrs. Jackson's shrill voice again.

"That 's it. Now put down the candelabrum."

In a moment, as Mr. Cheever proceeded methodically on his errand, the brilliant crossfire of lights dropped in the studio, only a few smoldering wicks winking on the walls, while the high room seemed to grow more distant as it came under the sole dominion of the three candles bracketed in silver at the head of the bare mahogany table.

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, and her voice had in it a cold note. "My sapphire ring has just been stolen."

She said it suddenly, hurling the news among them and waiting ferret-like for some indications in the chorus that broke out.

"Stolen!"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Kildair!"

"Stolen—by Jove!"

"You don't mean it!"

"What! Stolen here—to-night?"

"The ring has been taken within the last twenty minutes," continued Mrs. Kildair in the same determined, chiseled tone. "I am not going to mince words. The ring has been taken and the thief is among you."

For a moment nothing was heard but an indescribable gasp and a sudden turning and searching, then suddenly Cheever's deep bass broke out:

"Stolen! But, Mrs. Kildair, is it possible?"

"Exactly. There is not the slightest doubt," said Mrs. Kildair. "Three of you were in my bedroom when I placed my rings on the pincushion. Each of you has passed through there a dozen times since. My sapphire ring is gone, and one of you has taken it."

Mrs. Jackson gave a little scream, and reached heavily for a glass of water. Mrs. Cheever said something inarticulate in the outburst of masculine exclamation. Only Maude Lille's calm voice could be heard saying:

"Quite true. I was in the room when you took them off. The sapphire ring was on top."

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, her eyes on Maude Lille's eyes. "I am not going to mince words. I am not going to

stand on ceremony. I 'm going to have that ring back. Listen to me carefully. I 'm going to have that ring back, and until I do, not a soul shall leave this room.'' She tapped on the table with her nervous knuckles. ''Who has taken it I do not care to know. All I want is my ring. Now I 'm going to make it possible for whoever took it to restore it without possibility of detection. The doors are locked and will stay locked. I am going to put out the lights, and I am going to count one hundred slowly. You will be in absolute darkness; no one will know or see what is done. But if at the end of that time the ring is not here on this table I shall telephone the police and have every one in this room searched. Am I quite clear?''

Suddenly she cut short the nervous outbreak of suggestions and in the same firm voice continued:

''Every one take his place about the table. That 's it. That will do.''

The women, with the exception of the inscrutable Maude Lille, gazed hysterically from face to face; while the men, compressing their fingers, locking them or grasping their chins, looked straight ahead fixedly at their hostess.

Mrs. Kildair, having calmly assured herself that all were ranged as she wished, blew out two of the three candles.

''I shall count one hundred, no more, no less,'' she said. ''Either I get back that ring or every one in this room is to be searched, remember.''

Leaning over, she blew out the remaining candle and snuffed it.

''One, two, three, four, five—''

She began to count with the inexorable regularity of a clock's ticking.

In the room every sound was distinct, the rustle of a dress, the grinding of a shoe, the deep, slightly asthmatic breathing of a man.

''Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three—''

She continued to count, while in the methodic unvarying note of her voice there was a rasping reiteration that began to affect the company. A slight gasping breath, uncontrollable,

almost on the verge of hysterics, was heard, and a man nervously clearing his throat.

"Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven—"

Still nothing had happened. Mrs. Kildair did not vary her measure the slightest, only the sound became more metallic.

"Sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine and seventy—"

Some one had sighed.

"Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven—"

All at once, clear, unmistakable, on the resounding plane of the table was heard a slight metallic note.

"The ring!"

It was Maude Lille's quick voice that had spoken. Mrs. Kildair continued to count.

"Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one—"

The tension became unbearable. Two or three voices protested against the needless prolonging of the torture.

"Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine and one hundred."

A match sputtered in Mrs. Kildair's hand and on the instant the company craned forward. In the center of the table was the sparkling sapphire and diamond ring. Candles were lit, flaring up like searchlights on the white accusing faces.

"Mr. Cheever, you may give it to me," said Mrs. Kildair. She held out her hand without trembling, a smile of triumph on her face, which had in it for a moment an expression of positive cruelty.

Immediately she changed, contemplating with amusement the horror of her guests, staring blindly from one to another, seeing the indefinable glance of interrogation that passed from Cheever to Mrs. Cheever, from Mrs. Jackson to her husband, and then without emotion she said:

"Now that that is over we can have a very gay little supper."

. . . . . .

When Peters had pushed back his chair, satisfied as only a trained raconteur can be by the silence of a difficult audience, and had busied himself with a cigar, there was an instant outcry.

"I say, Peters, old boy, that is not all!"

"Absolutely."

"The story ends there?"

"That ends the story."

"But who took the ring?"

Peters extended his hands in an empty gesture.

"What! It was never found out?"

"Never."

"No clue?"

"None."

"I don't like the story," said De Gollyer.

"It 's no story at all," said Steingall.

"Permit me," said Quinny in a didactic way; "it is a story, and it is complete. In fact, I consider it unique because it has none of the banalities of a solution and leaves the problem even more confused than at the start."

"I don't see—" began Rankin.

"Of course you don't, my dear man," said Quinny crushingly. "You do not see that any solution would be commonplace, whereas no solution leaves an extraordinary intellectual problem."

"How so?"

"In the first place," said Quinny, preparing to annex the topic, "whether the situation actually happened or not, which is in itself a mere triviality, Peters has constructed it in a masterly way, the proof of which is that he has made *me* listen. Observe, each person present might have taken the ring—Flanders, a broker, just come a cropper; Maude Lille, a woman on the ragged side of life in desperate means; either Mr. and Mrs. Cheever, suspected of being card sharps—very good touch that, Peters, when the husband and wife glanced involuntarily at each other at the end—Mr. Enos Jackson, a sharp lawyer, or his wife about to be divorced; even Harris, concerning whom, very cleverly, Peters has said nothing at

all to make him quite the most suspicious of all. There are, therefore, seven solutions, all possible and all logical. But beyond this is left a great intellectual problem.''

''How so?''

''Was it a feminine or a masculine action to restore the ring when threatened with a search, knowing that Mrs. Kildair's clever expedient of throwing the room into darkness made detection impossible? Was it a woman who lacked the necessary courage to continue, or was it a man who repented his first impulse? Is a man or is a woman the greater natural criminal?''

''A woman took it, of course,'' said Rankin.

''On the contrary, it was a man,'' said Steingall, ''for the second action was more difficult than the first.''

''A man, certainly,'' said De Gollyer. ''The restoration of the ring was a logical decision.''

''You see,'' said Quinny triumphantly, ''personally I incline to a woman for the reason that a weaker feminine nature is peculiarly susceptible to the domination of her own sex. There you are. We could meet and debate the subject year in and year out and never agree.''

''I recognize most of the characters,'' said De Gollyer with a little confidential smile toward Peters. ''Mrs. Kildair, of course, is all you say of her—an extraordinary woman. The story is quite characteristic of her. Flanders, I am not sure of, but I think I know him.''

''Did it really happen?'' asked Rankin, who always took the commonplace point of view.

''Exactly as I have told it,'' said Peters.

''The only one I don't recognize is Harris,'' said De Gollyer pensively.

''Your humble servant,'' said Peters, smiling.

The four looked up suddenly with a little start.

''What!'' said Quinny, abruptly confused. ''You—you were there?''

''I was there.''

The four continued to look at him without speaking, each absorbed in his own thoughts, with a sudden ill ease.

A club attendant, with a telephone slip on a tray, stopped by Peters' side. He excused himself and went along the porch, nodding from table to table.

"Curious chap," said De Gollyer musingly.

"Extraordinary."

The word was like a murmur in the group of four, who continued watching Peters' trim, disappearing figure in silence, without looking at one another—with a certain ill ease.

A RETRIEVED REFORMATION[1]

By O. HENRY

A GUARD came to the prison shoe-shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a tired kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had is received in the "stir" it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you 'll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You 're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes, and live straight."

"Me?" said Jimmy, in surprise. "Why, I never cracked a safe in my life."

"Oh, no," laughed the warden. "Of course not. Let 's see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you would n't prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high-toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It 's always one or the other with you innocent victims."

"Me?" said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!"

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at seven in the morning, and let him come to the bull-pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

[1] From *Roads of Destiny*. Published by permission of the publishers. Copyright, 1909, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

At a quarter past seven on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the five-dollar bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and prosperity. The warden gave him a cigar, and shook hands. Valentine, 9762, was chronicled on the books "Pardoned by Governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees, and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine—followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door, and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the state line. He went to the café of one Mike Dolan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

"Sorry we could n't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against, and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and went up-stairs, unlocking the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar-button that had been torn from that eminent detective's shirt-band when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him.

Pulling out from the wall a folding-bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suit-case. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools in the East. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest design in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps, and augers, with two or three novelties, invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride.

Over nine hundred dollars they had cost him to have made at ——, a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went down stairs and through the café. He was now dressed in tasteful and well-fitting clothes, and carried his dusted and cleaned suit-case in his hand.

"Got anything on?" asked Mike Dolan, genially.

"Me?" said Jimmy, in a puzzled tone. "I don't understand. I 'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Snap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat Company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer-and-milk on the spot. He never touched "hard" drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 9762, there was a neat job of safe-burglary done in Richmond, Indiana, with no clue to the author. A scant eight hundred dollars was all that was secured. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of fifteen hundred dollars, currency; securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue-catchers. Then an old-fashioned bank-safe in Jefferson City became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of bank-notes amounting to five thousand dollars. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price's class of work. By comparing notes, a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies, and was heard to remark:

"That 's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He 's resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He 's got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean those tumblers were punched out! Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, I guess I want Mr. Valentine. He 'll do his bit next time without any short-time or clemency foolishness."

Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick get-aways, no confederates, and a taste for good society—

these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksman, and other people with burglar-proof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suit-case climbed out of the mail-hack in Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the black-jack country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board side-walk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and became another man. She lowered her eyes and colored slightly. Young men of Jimmy's style and looks were scarce in Elmore.

Jimmy collared a boy that was loafing on the steps of the bank as if he were one of the stockholders, and began to question him about the town, feeding him dimes at intervals. By and by the young lady came out, looking royally unconscious of the young man with the suit-case, and went her way.

"Isn't that young lady Miss Polly Simpson?" asked Jimmy, with specious guile.

"Naw," said the boy. "She 's Annabel Adams. Her pa owns this bank. What 'd you come to Elmore for? Is that a gold watch-chain? I 'm going to get a bulldog. Got any more dimes?"

Jimmy went to the Planters' Hotel, registered as Ralph D. Spencer, and engaged a room. He leaned on the desk and declared his platform to the clerk. He said he had come to Elmore to look for a location to go into business. How was the shoe business, now, in the town? He had thought of the shoe business. Was there an opening?

The clerk was impressed by the clothes and manner of Jimmy. He, himself, was something of a pattern of fashion to the thinly gilded youth of Elmore, but he now perceived his shortcomings. While trying to figure out Jimmy's manner of tying his four-in-hand he cordially gave information.

Yes, there ought to be a good opening in the shoe line. There was n't an exclusive shoe-store in the place. The dry-goods and general stores handled them. Business in all lines was fairly good. Hoped Mr. Spencer would decide to locate in Elmore. He would find it a pleasant town to live in, and the people very sociable.

Mr. Spencer thought he would stop over in the town a few days and look over the situation. No, the clerk need n't call the boy. He would carry up his suit-case, himself; it was rather heavy.

Mr. Ralph Spencer, the phœnix that arose from Jimmy Valentine's ashes—ashes left by the flame of a sudden and alterative attack of love—remained in Elmore, and prospered. He opened a shoe-store and secured a good run of trade.

Socially he was also a success, and made many friends. And he accomplished the wish of his heart. He met Miss Annabel Adams, and became more and more captivated by her charms.

At the end of a year the situation of Mr. Ralph Spencer was this: he had won the respect of the community, his shoe-store was flourishing, and he and Annabel were engaged to be married in two weeks. Mr. Adams, the typical, plodding, country banker, approved of Spencer. Annabel's pride in him almost equalled her affection. He was as much at home in the family of Mr. Adams and that of Annabel's married sister as if he were already a member.

One day Jimmy sat down in his room and wrote this letter, which he mailed to the safe address of one of his old friends in St. Louis:

Dear Old Pal:

I want you to be at Sullivan's place, in Little Rock, next Wednesday night, at nine o'clock. I want you to wind up some little matters for me. And, also, I want to make you a present of my kit of tools. I know you 'll be glad to get them—you could n't duplicate the lot for a thousand dollars. Say, Billy, I 've quit the old business—a year ago. I 've got a nice store. I 'm making an honest living, and I 'm going to marry the finest girl on earth two weeks from now. It 's the only life, Billy—the straight one. I would n't touch a dollar of another man's money now for a million. After I get married

I'm going to sell out and go West, where there won't be so much danger of having old scores brought up against me. I tell you, Billy, she's an angel. She believes in me; and I would n't do another crooked thing for the whole world. Be sure to be at Sully's, for I must see you. I'll bring the tools with me.

Your old friend,

JIMMY.

On the Monday night after Jimmy wrote this letter, Ben Price jogged unobtrusively into Elmore in a livery buggy. He lounged about town in his quiet way until he found out what he wanted to know. From the drug-store across the street from Spencer's shoe-store he got a good look at Ralph D. Spencer.

"Going to marry the banker's daughter are you, Jimmy?" said Ben to himself, softly. "Well, I don't know!"

The next morning Jimmy took breakfast at the Adamses. He was going to Little Rock that day to order his wedding-suit and buy something nice for Annabel. That would be the first time he had left town since he came to Elmore. It had been more than a year now since those last professional "jobs," and he thought he could safely venture out.

After breakfast quite a family party went downtown together—Mr. Adams, Annabel, Jimmy, and Annabel's married sister with her two little girls, aged five and nine. They came by the hotel where Jimmy still boarded, and he ran up to his room and brought along his suit-case. Then they went on to the bank. There stood Jimmy's horse and buggy and Dolph Gibson, who was going to drive him over to the railroad station.

All went inside the high, carved oak railings into the banking-room—Jimmy included, for Mr. Adams's future son-in-law was welcome anywhere. The clerks were pleased to be greeted by the good-looking, agreeable young man who was going to marry Miss Annabel. Jimmy set his suit-case down. Annabel, whose heart was bubbling with lively youth, put on Jimmy's hat, and picked up the suit-case. "Would n't I make a nice drummer?" said Annabel. "My! Ralph, how heavy it is? Feels like it was full of gold bricks."

"Lot of nickel-plated shoe-horns in there," said Jimmy, coolly, "that I 'm going to return. Thought I 'd save express charges by taking them up. I 'm getting awfully economical."

The Elmore Bank had just put in a new safe and vault. Mr. Adams was very proud of it, and insisted on an inspection by every one. The vault was a small one, but it had a new, patented door. It fastened with three solid steel bolts thrown simultaneously with a single handle, and had a time-lock. Mr. Adams beamingly explained its workings to Mr. Spencer, who showed a courteous but not too intelligent interest. The two children, May and Agatha, were delighted by the shining metal and funny clock and knobs.

While they were thus engaged Ben Price sauntered in and leaned on his elbow, looking casually inside between the railings. He told the teller that he did n't want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women, and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders, May, the nine-year-old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. "The door can't be opened," he groaned. "The clock hasn't been wound nor the combination set."

Agatha's mother screamed again, hysterically.

"Hush!" said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. "All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could. "Listen to me." During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror.

"My precious darling!" wailed the mother. "She will die of fright! Open the door! Oh, break it open! Can't you men do something?"

"There is n't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams, in a shaky voice. "My God! Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can't stand it

long in there. There is n't enough air, and, besides, she 'll go into convulsions from fright.''

Agatha's mother, frantic now, beat the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

''Can't you do something, Ralph—*try,* won't you?''

He looked at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and in his keen eyes.

''Annabel,'' he said, ''give me that rose you are wearing, will you?''

Hardly believing that she heard him aright, she unpinned the bud from the bosom of her dress, and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest-pocket, threw off his coat and pulled up his shirt-sleeves. With that act Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

''Get away from the door, all of you,'' he commanded, shortly.

He set his suit-case on the table, and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else. He laid out the shining, queer implements swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable, the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy's pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes—breaking his own burglarious record—he threw back the bolts and opened the door.

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother's arms.

Jimmy Valentine put on his coat, and walked outside the railings toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a far-away voice that he once knew call ''Ralph!'' But he never hesitated.

At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way.

''Hello, Ben!'' said Jimmy, still with his strange smile

"Got around at last, have you? Well, let 's go. I don't know that it makes much difference, now."

And then Ben Price acted rather strangely.

"Guess you 're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," he said. "Don't believe I recognize you. You 're buggy 's waiting for you, ain't it?"

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street.

BROTHER LEO

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

It was a sunny morning, and I was on my way to Torcello. Venice lay behind us a dazzling line, with towers of gold against the blue lagoon. All at once a breeze sprang up from the sea; the small, feathery islands seemed to shake and quiver, and, like leaves driven before a gale, those flocks of colored butterflies, the fishing-boats, ran in before the storm. Far away to our left stood the ancient tower of Altinum, with the island of Burano a bright pink beneath the towering clouds. To our right, and much nearer, was a small cypress-covered islet. One large umbrella-pine hung close to the sea, and behind it rose the tower of the convent church. The two gondoliers consulted together in hoarse cries and decided to make for it.

"It is San Francesco del Deserto," the elder explained to me. "It belongs to the little brown brothers, who take no money and are very kind. One would hardly believe these ones had any religion, they are such a simple people, and they live on fish and the vegetables they grow in their garden."

We fought the crooked little waves in silence after that; only the high prow rebelled openly against its sudden twistings and turnings. The arrowy-shaped gondola is not a structure made for the rough jostling of waves, and the gondoliers put forth all their strength and skill to reach the tiny haven under the convent wall. As we did so, the black bars of cloud rushed down upon us in a perfect deluge of rain, and we ran speechless and half drowned across the tossed field of grass and forget-me-nots to the convent door. A shivering beggar sprang up from nowhere and insisted on ringing the bell for us.

The door opened, and I saw before me a young brown

brother with the merriest eyes I have ever seen. They were unshadowed, like a child's, dancing and eager, and yet there was a strange gentleness and patience about him, too, as if there was no hurry even about his eagerness.

He was very poorly dressed and looked thin. I think he was charmed to see us, though a little shy, like a hospitable country hostess anxious to give pleasure, but afraid that she has not much to offer citizens of a larger world.

"What a tempest!" he exclaimed. "You have come at a good hour. Enter, enter, Signore! And your men, will they not come in?"

We found ourselves in a very small rose-red cloister; in the middle of it was an old well under the open sky, but above us was a sheltering roof spanned by slender arches. The young monk hesitated for a moment, smiling from me to the two gondoliers. I think it occurred to him that we should like different entertainment, for he said at last:

"You men would perhaps like to sit in the porter's lodge for a while? Our Brother Lorenzo is there; he is our chief fisherman, with a great knowledge of the lagoons; and he could light a fire for you to dry yourselves by—Signori. And you, if I mistake not, are English, are you not, Signore? It is probable that you would like to see our chapel. It is not much. We are very proud of it, but that, you know, is because it was founded by our blessèd father, Saint Francis. He believed in poverty, and we also believe in it, but it does not give much for people to see. That is a misfortune, to come all this way and to see nothing." Brother Leo looked at me a little wistfully. I think he feared that I should be disappointed. Then he passed before me with swift, eager feet toward the little chapel.

It was a very little chapel and quite bare; behind the altar some monks were chanting an office. It was clean, and there were no pictures or images, only, as I knelt there, I felt as if the little island in its desert of waters had indeed secreted some vast treasure, and as if the chapel, empty as it had seemed at first, was full of invisible possessions. As for Brother Leo, he had stood beside me nervously for a moment; but on seeing

that I was prepared to kneel, he started, like a bird set free, toward the altar steps, where his lithe young impetuosity sank into sudden peace. He knelt there so still, so rapt, so incased in his listening silence, that he might have been part of the stone pavement. Yet his earthly senses were alive, for the moment I rose he was at my side again, as patient and courteous as ever, though I felt as if his inner ear were listening still to some unheard melody.

We stood again in the pink cloister. "There is little to see," he repeated. "We are *poverelli;* it has been like this for seven hundred years." He smiled as if that age-long, simple service of poverty were a light matter, an excuse, perhaps, in the eyes of the citizen of a larger world for their having nothing to show. Only the citizen, as he looked at Brother Leo, had a sudden doubt as to the size of the world outside. Was it as large, half as large, even, as the eager young heart beside him which had chosen poverty as a bride?

The rain fell monotonously against the stones of the tiny cloister.

"What a tempest!" said Brother Leo, smiling contentedly at the sky. "You must come in and see our father. I sent word by the porter of your arrival, and I am sure he will receive you; that will be a pleasure for him, for he is of the great world, too. A very learnèd man, our father; he knows the French and the English tongue. Once he went to Rome; also he has been several times to Venice. He has been a great traveler."

"And you," I asked—"have you also traveled?"

Brother Leo shook his head.

"I have sometimes looked at Venice," he said, "across the water, and once I went to Burano with the marketing brother; otherwise, no, I have not traveled. But being a guest-brother, you see, I meet often with those who have, like your Excellency, for instance, and that is a great education."

We reached the door of the monastery, and I felt sorry when another brother opened to us, and Brother Leo, with the most cordial of farewell smiles, turned back across the cloister to the chapel door.

"Even if he does not hurry, he will still find prayer there," said a quiet voice beside me.

I turned to look at the speaker. He was a tall old man with white hair and eyes like small blue flowers, very bright and innocent, with the same look of almost superb contentment in them that I had seen in Brother Leo's eyes.

"But what will you have?" he added with a twinkle. "The young are always afraid of losing time; it is, perhaps, because they have so much. But enter, Signore! If you will be so kind as to excuse the refectory, it will give me much pleasure to bring you a little refreshment. You will pardon that we have not much to offer?"

The father—for I found out afterward that he was the superior himself—brought me bread and wine, made in the convent, and waited on me with his own hands. Then he sat down on a narrow bench opposite to watch me smoke. I offered him one of my cigarettes, but he shook his head, smiling.

"I used to smoke once," he said. "I was very particular about my tobacco. I think it was similar to yours—at least the aroma, which I enjoy very much, reminds me of it. It is curious, is it not, the pleasure we derive from remembering what we once had? But perhaps it is not altogether a pleasure unless one is glad that one has not got it now. Here one is free from things. I sometimes fear one may be a little indulgent about one's liberty. Space, solitude, and love—it is all very intoxicating."

There was nothing in the refectory except the two narrow benches on which we sat, and a long trestled board which formed the table; the walls were white-washed and bare, the floor was stone. I found out later that the brothers ate and drank nothing except bread and wine and their own vegetables in season, a little macaroni sometimes in winter, and in summer figs out of their own garden. They slept on bare boards, with one thin blanket winter and summer alike. The fish they caught they sold at Burano or gave to the poor. There was no doubt that they enjoyed very great freedom from "things."

It was a strange experience to meet a man who never had

heard of a flying-machine and who could not understand why it was important to save time by using the telephone or the wireless-telegraphy system; but despite the fact that the father seemed very little impressed by our modern urgencies, I never have met a more intelligent listener or one who seized more quickly on all that was essential in an explanation.

"You must not think we do nothing at all, we lazy ones who follow old paths," he said in answer to one of my questions. "There are only eight of us brothers, and there is the garden, fishing, cleaning, and praying. We are sent for, too, from Burano to go and talk a little with the people there, or from some island on the lagoons which perhaps no priest can reach in the winter. It is easy for us, with our little boat and no cares."

"But Brother Leo told me he had been to Burano only once," said the father, and for a moment or two he was silent, and I found his blue eyes on mine, as if he were weighing me.

"Brother Leo," said the superior at last, "is our youngest. He is very young, younger perhaps than his years; but we have brought him up altogether, you see. His parents died of cholera within a few days of each other. As there were no relatives, we took him, and when he was seventeen he decided to join our order. He has always been happy with us, but one cannot say that he has seen much of the world." He paused again, and once more I felt his blue eyes searching mine. "Who knows?" he said finally. "Perhaps you were sent here to help me. I have prayed for two years on the subject, and that seems very likely. The storm is increasing, and you will not be able to return until to-morrow. This evening, if you will allow me, we will speak more on this matter. Meanwhile I will show you our spare room. Brother Lorenzo will see that you are made as comfortable as we can manage. It is a great privilege for us to have this opportunity; believe me, we are not ungrateful."

It would have been of no use to try to explain to him that it was for us to feel gratitude. It was apparent that none of the brothers had ever learned that important lesson of the worldly respectable—that duty is what other people ought to

do. They were so busy thinking of their own obligations as to overlook entirely the obligations of others. It was not that they did not think of others. I think they thought only of one another, but they thought without a shadow of judgment, with that bright, spontaneous love of little children, too interested to point a moral. Indeed, they seemed to me very like a family of happy children listening to a fairy-story and knowing that the tale is true.

After supper the superior took me to his office. The rain had ceased, but the wind howled and shrieked across the lagoons, and I could hear the waves breaking heavily against the island. There was a candle on the desk, and the tiny, shadowy cell looked like a picture by Rembrandt.

"The rain has ceased now," the father said quietly, "and to-morrow the waves will have gone down, and you, Signore, will have left us. It is in your power to do us all a great favor. I have thought much whether I shall ask it of you, and even now I hesitate; but Scripture nowhere tells us that the kingdom of heaven was taken by precaution, nor do I imagine that in this world things come oftenest to those who refrain from asking.

"All of us," he continued, "have come here after seeing something of the outside world; some of us even had great possessions. Leo alone knows nothing of it, and has possessed nothing, nor did he ever wish to; he has been willing that nothing should be his own, not a flower in the garden, not anything but his prayers, and even these I think he has oftenest shared. But the visit to Burano put an idea in his head. It is, perhaps you know, a factory town where they make lace, and the people live there with good wages, many of them, but also much poverty. There is a poverty which is a grace, but there is also a poverty which is a great misery, and this Leo never had seen before. He did not know that poverty could be a pain. It filled him with a great horror, and in his heart there was a certain rebellion. It seemed to him that in a world with so much money no one should suffer for the lack of it.

"It was useless for me to point out to him that in a world

where there is so much health God has permitted sickness; where there is so much beauty, ugliness; where there is so much holiness, sin. It is not that there is any lack in the gifts of God; all are there, and in abundance, but He has left their distribution to the soul of man. It is easy for me to believe this. I have known what money can buy and what it cannot buy; but Brother Leo, who never has owned a penny, how should he know anything of the ways of pennies?

"I saw that he could not be contented with my answer; and then this other idea came to him—the idea that is, I think, the blessèd hope of youth: that this thing being wrong, he, Leo, must protest against it, must resist it! Surely, if money can do wonders, we who set ourselves to work the will of God should have more control of this wonder-working power? He fretted against his rule. He did not permit himself to believe that our blessèd father, Saint Francis, was wrong, but it was a hardship for him to refuse alms from our kindly visitors. He thought the beggars' rags would be made whole by gold; he wanted to give them more than bread, he wanted, *poverino!* to buy happiness for the whole world."

The father paused, and his dark, thought-lined face lighted up with a sudden, beautiful smile till every feature seemed as young as his eyes.

"I do not think the human being ever has lived who has not thought that he ought to have happiness," he said. "We begin at once to get ready for heaven; but heaven is a long way off. We make haste slowly. It takes us all our lives, and perhaps purgatory, to get to the bottom of our own hearts. That is the last place in which we look for heaven, but I think it is the first in which we shall find it."

"But it seems to me extraordinary that, if Brother Leo has this thing so much on his mind, he should look so happy," I exclaimed. "That is the first thing I noticed about him."

"Yes, it is not for himself that he is searching," said the superior. "If it were, I should not wish him to go out into the world, because I should not expect him to find anything there. His heart is utterly at rest; but though he is personally happy, this thing troubles him. His prayers are eating

into his soul like flame, and in time this fire of pity and sorrow will become a serious menace to his peace. Besides, I see in Leo a great power of sympathy and understanding. He has in him the gift of ruling other souls. He is very young to rule his own soul, and yet he rules it. When I die, it is probable that he will be called to take my place, and for that it is necessary he should have seen clearly that our rule is right. At present he accepts it in obedience, but he must have more than obedience in order to teach it to others; he must have a personal light.

"This, then, is the favor I have to ask of you, Signore. I should like to have you take Brother Leo to Venice to-morrow, and, if you have the time at your disposal, I should like you to show him the towers, the churches, the palaces, and the poor who are still so poor. I wish him to see how people spend money, both the good and the bad. I wish him to see the world. Perhaps then it will come to him as it came to me—that money is neither a curse nor a blessing in itself, but only one of God's mysteries, like the dust in a sunbeam."

"I will take him very gladly; but will one day be enough?" I answered.

The superior arose and smiled again.

"Ah, we slow worms of earth," he said, "are quick about some things! You have learned to save time by flying-machines; we, too, have certain methods of flight. Brother Leo learns all his lessons that way. I hardly see him start before he arrives. You must not think I am so myself. No, no. I am an old man who has lived a long life learning nothing, but I have seen Leo grow like a flower in a tropic night. I thank you, my friend, for this great favor. I think God will reward you."

Brother Lorenzo took me to my bedroom; he was a talkative old man, very anxious for my comfort. He told me that there was an office in the chapel at two o'clock, and one at five to begin the day. but he hoped that I should sleep through them.

"They are all very well for us," he explained, "but for a stranger, what cold, what disturbance, and what a difficulty

to arrange the right thoughts in the head during chapel! Even for me it is a great temptation. I find my mind running on coffee in the morning, a thing we have only on great feast-days. I may say that I have fought this thought for seven years, but though a small devil, perhaps, it is a very strong one. Now, if you should hear our bell in the night, as a favor pray that I may not think about coffee. Such an imperfection! I say to myself, the sin of Esau! But he, you know, had some excuse; he had been hunting. Now, I ask you—one has not much chance of that on this little island; one has only one's sins to hunt, and, alas! they don't run away as fast as one could wish! I am afraid they are tame, these ones. May your Excellency sleep like the blessèd saints, only a trifle longer!"

I did sleep a trifle longer; indeed, I was quite unable to assist Brother Lorenzo to resist his coffee devil during chapel-time. I did not wake till my tiny cell was flooded with sunshine and full of the sound of St. Francis's birds. Through my window I could see the fishing-boats pass by. First came one with a pair of lemon-yellow sails, like floating primroses; then a boat as scarlet as a dancing flame, and half a dozen others painted some with jokes and some with incidents in the lives of patron saints, all gliding out over the blue lagoon to meet the golden day.

I rose, and from my window I saw Brother Leo in the garden. He was standing under St. Francis's tree—the old gnarled umbrella-pine which hung over the convent-wall above the water by the island's edge. His back was toward me, and he was looking out over the blue stretch of lagoon into the distance, where Venice lay like a moving cloud at the horizon's edge; but a mist hid her from his eyes, and while I watched him he turned back to the garden-bed and began pulling out weeds. The gondoliers were already at the tiny pier when I came out.

"*Per Bacco, Signore!*" the elder explained. "Let us hasten back to Venice and make up for the Lent we have had here. The brothers gave us all they had, the holy ones—a little wine, a little bread, cheese that could n't fatten one's

grandmother, and no macaroni—not so much as would go round a baby's tongue! For my part, I shall wait till I get to heaven to fast, and pay some attention to my stomach while I have one.'' And he spat on his hands and looked toward Venice.

''And not an image in the chapel!'' agreed the younger man. ''Why, there is nothing to pray to but the Signore Dio Himself! *Veramente,* Signore, you are a witness that I speak nothing but the truth.''

The father superior and Leo appeared at this moment down the path between the cypresses. The father gave me thanks and spoke in a friendly way to the gondoliers, who for their part expressed a very pretty gratitude in their broad Venetian patois, one of them saying that the hospitality of the monks had been like paradise itself, and the other hasting to agree with him.

The two monks did not speak to each other, but as the gondolier turned the huge prow toward Venice, a long look passed between them—such a look as a father and son might exchange if the son were going out to war, while his father, remembering old campaigns, was yet bound to stay at home.

It was a glorious day in early June; the last traces of the storm had vanished from the serene, still waters; a vague curtain of heat and mist hung and shimmered between ourselves and Venice; far away lay the little islands in the lagoon, growing out of the water like strange sea-flowers. Behind us stood San Francesco del Deserto, with long reflections of its one pink tower and arrowy, straight cypresses, soft under the blue water.

The father superior walked slowly back to the convent, his brown-clad figure a shining shadow between the two black rows of cypresses. Brother Leo waited till he had disappeared, then turned his eager eyes toward Venice.

As we approached the city the milky sea of mist retreated, and her towers sprang up to greet us. I saw a look in Brother Leo's eyes that was not fear or wholly pleasure; yet there was in it a certain awe and a strange, tentative joy, as if

He was looking out over the blue stretch of lagoon into the distance where Venice lay

something in him stretched out to greet the world. He muttered half to himself:

"What a great world, and how many children *il Signore Dio* has!"

When we reached the piazzetta, and he looked up at the amazing splendor of the ducal palace, that building of soft yellow, with its pointed arches and double loggias of white marble, he spread out both hands in an ecstasy.

"But what a miracle!" he cried. "What a joy to God and to His angels! How I wish my brothers could see this! Do you not imagine that some good man was taken to paradise to see this great building and brought back here to copy it?"

"Chi lo sa?" I replied guardedly, and we landed by the column of the Lion of St. Mark's. That noble beast, astride on his pedestal, with wings outstretched, delighted the young monk, who walked round and round him.

"What a tribute to the saint!" he exclaimed. "Look, they have his wings, too. Is not that faith?"

"Come," I said, "let us go on to Saint Mark's. I think you would like to go there first; it is the right way to begin our pilgrimage."

The piazza was not very full at that hour of the morning, and its emptiness increased the feeling of space and size. The pigeons wheeled and circled to and fro, a dazzle of soft plumage, and the cluster of golden domes and sparkling minarets glittered in the sunshine like flames. Every image and statue on St. Mark's wavered in great lines of light like a living pageant in a sea of gold.

Brother Leo said nothing as he stood in front of the three great doorways that lead into the church. He stood quite still for a while, and then his eyes fell on a beggar beside the pink and cream of the new campanile, and I saw the wistfulness in his eyes suddenly grow as deep as pain.

"Have you money, Signore?" he asked me. That seemed to him the only question. I gave the man something, but I explained to Brother Leo that he was probably not so poor as he looked.

"They live in rags," I explained, "because they wish to arouse pity. Many of them need not beg at all."

"Is it possible?" asked Brother Leo, gravely; then he followed me under the brilliant doorways of mosaic which lead into the richer dimness of St. Mark's.

When he found himself within that great incrusted jewel, he fell on his knees. I think he hardly saw the golden roof, the jeweled walls, and the five lifted domes full of sunshine and old gold, or the dark altars, with their mysterious, rich shimmering. All these seemed to pass away beyond the sense of sight; even I felt somehow as if those great walls of St. Mark's were not so great as I had fancied. Something greater was kneeling there in an old habit and with bare feet, half broken-hearted because a beggar had lied.

I found myself regretting the responsibility laid on my shoulders. Why should I have been compelled to take this strangely innocent, sheltered boy, with his fantastic third-century ideals, out into the shoddy, decorative, unhappy world? I even felt a kind of anger at the simplicity of his soul. I wished he were more like other people; I suppose because he had made me wish for a moment that I was less like them.

"What do you think of Saint Mark's?" I asked him as we stood once more in the hot sunshine outside, with the strutting pigeons at our feet and wheeling over our heads.

Brother Leo did not answer for a moment, then he said:

"I think Saint Mark would feel it a little strange. You see, I do not think he was a great man in the world, and the great in paradise—" He stooped and lifted a pigeon with a broken foot nearer to some corn a passer-by was throwing for the birds. "I cannot think," he finished gravely, "that they care very much for palaces in paradise; I should think every one had them there or else—nobody."

I was surprised to see the pigeons that wheeled away at my approach allow the monk to handle them, but they seemed unaware of his touch.

"*Poverino!*" he said to the one with the broken foot. "Thank God that He has given you wings!

Brother Leo spoke to every child he met, and they all answered him as if there was a secret freemasonry between them; but the grown-up people he passed with troubled eyes.

"It seems strange to me," he said at last, "not to speak to these brothers and sisters of ours, and yet I see all about me that they do not salute one another."

"They are many, and they are all strangers," I tried to explain.

"Yes, they are very many," he said a little sadly. "I had not known that there were so many people in the world, and I thought that in a Christian country they would not be strangers."

I took another gondola by the nearest bridge, and we rowed to the Frari. I hardly knew what effect that great church, with its famous Titian, would have upon him. A group of tourists surrounded the picture. I heard a young lady exclaiming:

"My! but I 'd like her veil! Ain't she cute, looking round it that way?"

Brother Leo did not pause; he passed as if by instinct toward the chapel on the right which holds the softest, tenderest of Bellinis. There, before the Madonna with her four saints and two small attendant cherubs, he knelt again, and his eyes filled with tears. I do not think he heard the return of the tourists, who were rather startled at seeing him there. The elder lady remarked that he might have some infectious disease, and the younger that she did not think much of Bellini, anyway.

He knelt for some time, and I had not the heart to disturb him; indeed, I had no wish to, either, for Bellini's "Madonna" is my favorite picture, and that morning I saw in it more than I had ever seen before. It seemed to me as if that triumphant, mellow glow of the great master was an eternal thing, and as if the saints and their gracious Lady, with the stalwart, standing Child upon her knee, were more real than flesh and blood, and would still be more real when flesh and blood had ceased to be. I never have recaptured the feeling; perhaps there was something infectious about Brother Leo,

after all. He made no comment on the Madonna, nor did I expect one, for we do not need to assert that we find the object of our worship beautiful; but I was amused at his calm refusal to look upon the great Titian as a Madonna at all.

"No, no," he said firmly. "This one is no doubt some good and gracious lady, but the Madonna! Signore, you jest. Or, if the painter thought so, he was deceived by the devil. Yes, that is very possible. The father has often told us that artists are exposed to great temptations: their eyes see paradise before their souls have reached it, and that is a great danger."

I said no more, and we passed out into the street again. I felt ashamed to say that I wanted my luncheon, but I did say so, and it did not seem in the least surprising to Brother Leo; he merely drew out a small wallet and offered me some bread, which he said the father had given him for our needs.

I told him that he must not dream of eating that; he was to come and dine with me at my hotel. He replied that he would go wherever I liked, but that really he would prefer to eat his bread unless indeed we were so fortunate as to find a beggar who would like it. However, we were not so fortunate, and I was compelled to eat my exceedingly substantial five-course luncheon while my companion sat opposite me and ate his half-loaf of black bread with what appeared to be appetite and satisfaction.

He asked me a great many questions about what everything in the room was used for and what everything cost, and appeared very much surprised at my answers.

"This, then," he said, "is not like all the other houses in Venice? Is it a special house—perhaps for the English only?"

I explained to him that most houses contained tables and chairs; that this, being a hotel, was in some ways even less furnished than a private house, though doubtless it was larger and was arranged with a special eye to foreign requirements.

"But the poor—they do not live like this?" Leo asked. I had to own that the poor did not. "But the people here are rich?" Leo persisted.

"Well, yes, I suppose so, tolerably well off," I admitted.

"How miserable they must be!" exclaimed Leo, compassionately. "Are they not allowed to give away their money?"

This seemed hardly the way to approach the question of the rich and the poor, and I do not know that I made it any better by an after-dinner exposition upon capital and labor. I finished, of course, by saying that if the rich gave to the poor to-day, there would still be rich and poor to-morrow. It did not sound very convincing to me, and it did nothing whatever to convince Brother Leo.

"That is perhaps true," he said at last. "One would not wish, however, to give all into unready hands like that poor beggar this morning who knew no better than to pretend in order to get more money. No, that would be the gift of a madman. But could not the rich use their money in trust for the poor, and help and teach them little by little till they learned how to share their labor and their wealth? But you know how ignorant am I who speak to you. It is probable that this is what is already being done even here now in Venice and all over the world. It would not be left to a little one like me to think of it. What an idea for the brothers at home to laugh at!"

"Some people do think these things," I admitted.

"But do not all?" asked Brother Leo, incredulously.

"No, not all," I confessed.

"*Andiamo!*" said Leo, rising resolutely. "Let us pray to the Madonna. What a vexation it must be to her and to all the blessèd saints to watch the earth! It needs the patience of the Blessèd One Himself, to bear it."

In the Palazzo Giovanelli there is one of the loveliest of Giorgiones. It is called "His Family," and it represents a beautiful nude woman with her child and her lover. It seemed to me an outrage that this young brother should know nothing of the world, of life. I was determined that he should see this picture. I think I expected Brother Leo to be shocked when he saw it. I know I was surprised that he looked at it—at the serene content of earth, its exquisite ultimate satisfaction—a long time. Then he said in an awed voice:

"It is so beautiful that it is strange any one in all the world can doubt the love of God who gave it."

"Have you ever seen anything more beautiful; do you believe there is anything more beautiful?" I asked rather cruelly.

"Yes," said Brother Leo, very quietly; "the love of God is more beautiful, only that cannot be painted."

After that I showed him no more pictures, nor did I try to make him understand life. I had an idea that he understood it already rather better than I did.

When I took him back to the piazza, it was getting on toward sunset, and we sat at one of the little tables at Florian's, where I drank coffee. We heard the band and watched the slow-moving, good-natured Venetian crowd, and the pigeons winging their perpetual flight.

All the light of the gathered day seemed to fall on the great golden church at the end of the piazza. Brother Leo did not look at it very much; his attention was taken up completely in watching the faces of the crowd, and as he watched them I thought to read in his face what he had learned in that one day in Venice—whether my mission had been a success or a failure; but, though I looked long at that simple and childlike face, I learned nothing.

What is so mysterious as the eyes of a child?

But I was not destined to part from Brother Leo wholly in ignorance. It was as if, in his open kindliness of nature, he would not leave me with any unspoken puzzle between us. I had been his friend and he told me, because it was the way things seemed to him, that I had been his teacher.

We stood on the piazzetta. I had hired a gondola with two men to row him back; the water was like beaten gold, and the horizon the softest shade of pink.

"This day I shall remember all my life," he said, "and you in my prayers with all the world—always, always. Only I should like to tell you that that little idea of mine, which the father told me he had spoken to you about, I see now that it is too large for me. I am only a very poor monk. I should think I must be the poorest monk God has in all His family of

monks. If He can be patient, surely I can. And it came over me while we were looking at all those wonderful things, that if money had been the way to save the world, Christ himself would have been rich. It was stupid of me. I did not remember that when he wanted to feed the multitude, he did not empty the great granaries that were all his, too; he took only five loaves and two small fishes; but they were enough.

"We little ones can pray, and God can change His world. *Speriamo!*" He smiled as he gave me his hand—a smile which seemed to me as beautiful as anything we had seen that day in Venice. Then the high-prowed, black gondola glided swiftly out over the golden waters with the little brown figure seated in the smallest seat. He turned often to wave to me, but I noticed that he sat with his face away from Venice.

He had turned back to San Francesco del Deserto, and I knew as I looked at his face that he carried no single small regret in his eager heart.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH[1]

By IAN MACLAREN

When Drumsheugh's grieve was brought to the gates of death by fever, caught, as was supposed, on an adventurous visit to Glasgow, the London doctor at Lord Kilspindie's shooting lodge looked in on his way from the moor, and declared it impossible for Saunders to live through the night.

"I give him six hours, more or less; it is only a question of time," said the oracle, buttoning his gloves and getting into the brake. "Tell your parish doctor that I was sorry not to have met him."

Bell heard this verdict from behind the door, and gave way utterly, but Drumsheugh declined to accept it as final, and devoted himself to consolation.

"Dinna greet like that, Bell, wumman, sae lang as Saunders is still livin'; a 'll never give up houp, for ma pairt, till oor ain man says the word.

"A' the doctors in the land dinna ken as muckle aboot us as Weelum MacLure, an' he 's ill tae beat when he 's tryin' tae save a man's life."

MacLure, on his coming, would say nothing, either weal or woe, till he had examined Saunders. Suddenly his face turned into iron before their eyes, and he looked like one encountering a merciless foe. For there was a feud between MacLure and a certain mighty power which had lasted for forty years in Drumtochty.

"The London doctor said that Saunders wud sough awa' afore mornin', did he? Weel, he 's an' authority on fevers an' sic like diseases, an' ought tae ken.

[1] From *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.* Copyright, 1894, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

"It 's may be presumptuous o' me tae differ frae him, and it wudna be verra respectfu' o' Saunders tae live aifter this opeenion. But Saunders wes aye thraun an' ill tae drive, an' he 's as like as no tae gang his ain gait.

"A 'm no meanin' tae reflect on sae clever a man, but he didna ken the seetuation. He can read fevers like a buik, but he never cam' across sic a thing as the Drumtochty constitution a' his days.

"Ye see, when onybody gets as low as puir Saunders here, it 's a juist a hand-to-hand wrastle atween the fever and his constitution, an' of coorse, if he hed been a shilpit, stuntit, feckless effeegy o' a cratur, fed on tea an' made dishes and pushioned wi' bad air, Saunders wud hae nae chance; he wes boond tae gae oot like the snuff o' a candle.

"But Saunders has been fillin' his lungs for five and thirty year wi' strong Drumtochty air, an' eatin' naethin' but kirny aitmeal, and drinkin' naethin' but fresh milk frae the coo, an' followin' the ploo through the new-turned, sweet-smellin' earth, an' swingin' the scythe in haytime and harvest, till the legs an' airms o' him were iron, an' his chest wes like the cuttin' o' an oak tree.

"He 's a waesome sicht the nicht, but Saunders wes a buirdly man ainee, and wull never lat his life be taken lichtly frae him. Na, na; he hesna sinned against Nature, and Nature 'ill stand by him noo in his oor o' distress.

"A' daurna say yea, Bell, muckle as a' wud like, for this is an evil disease, cunnin' an' treacherous as the deevil himsel', but a' winna say nay, sae keep yir hert frae despair.

"It wull be a sair fecht, but it 'ill be settled one wy or anither by six o'clock the morn's morn. Nae man can prophecee hoo it 'ill end, but ae thing is certain, a 'll no see Deith tak a Drumtochty man afore his time if a' can help it.

"Noo, Bell, ma wumman, yir near deid wi' tire, an' nae wonder. Ye 've dune a' ye cud for yir man an' ye 'ill lippen (trust) him the nicht tae Drumsheugh an' me; we 'ill no fail him or you.

"Lie doon an' rest, an' if it be the wull o' the Almichty a 'll wauken ye in the mornin' tae see a livin', conscious man, an'

if it be itherwise a 'll come for ye the suner, Bell,'' and the big red hand went out to the anxious wife. ''A' gie ye ma word.''

Bell leant over the bed, and at the sight of Saunders' face a superstitious dread seized her.

''See, doctor, the shadow of deith is on him that never lifts. A 've seen it afore, on ma father an' mither. A' canna leave him; a' canna leave him!''

''It 's hoverin', Bell, but it hesna fallen; please God it never wull. Gang but and get some sleep, for it 's time we were at oor wark.

''The doctors in the toons hae nurses an' a' kinds o' handy apparatus,'' said MacLure to Drumsheugh when Bell had gone, ''but you an' me 'ill need tae be nurse the nicht, an' use sic things as we hev.

''It 'ill be a lang nicht and anxious wark, but a' wud raither hae ye, auld freend, wi' me than ony man in the Glen. Ye 're no feared tae gie a hand?''

''Me feared? No likely. Man, Saunders cam' tae me a haflin, an' hes been on Drumsheugh for twenty years, an' though he be a dour chiel, he 's a faithfu' servant as ever lived. It 's waesome tae see him lyin' there moanin' like some dumb animal frae mornin' to nicht, an' no able tae answer his ain wife when she speaks.

''Div ye think, Weelum, he hes a chance?''

''That he hes, at ony rate, and it 'ill no be your blame or mine if he hesna mair.''

While he was speaking, MacLure took off his coat and waistcoat and hung them on the back of the door. Then he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and laid bare two arms that were nothing but bone and muscle.

''It gar'd ma very blood rin faster tae the end of ma fingers juist tae look at him,'' Drumsheugh expatiated afterwards to Hillocks, ''for a' saw noo that there was tae be a stand-up fecht atween him an' Deith for Saunders, and when a' thocht o' Bell an' her bairns, a' kent wha wud win.

'' 'Aff wi' yir coat, Drumsheugh,' said MacLure; 'ye 'ill need tae bend yir back the nicht; gither a' the pails in the

hoose and fill them at the spring, an' a 'll come doon tae help ye wi' the carryin'.' ''

It was a wonderful ascent up the steep pathway from the spring to the cottage on its little knoll, the two men in single file, bareheaded, silent, solemn, each with a pail of water in either hand, MacLure limping painfully in front, Drumsheugh blowing behind; and when they laid down their burden in the sick room, where the bits of furniture had been put to a side and a large tub held the centre, Drumsheugh looked curiously at the doctor.

''No, a 'm no daft; ye needna be feared; but yir tae get yir first lesson in medicine the nicht, an' if we win the battle ye can set up for yersel' in the Glen.

''There 's twa dangers—that Saunders' strength fails, an' that the force o' the fever grows; and we have juist twa weapons.

''Yon milk on the drawers' head an' the bottle of whisky is tae keep up the strength, and this cool caller water is tae keep doon the fever.

''We 'ill cast oot the fever by the virtue o' the earth an' the water.''

''Div ye mean tae pit Saunders in the tub?''

''Ye hiv it noo, Drumsheugh, and that 's hoo a' need yir help.''

''Man, Hillocks,'' Drumsheugh used to moralise, as often as he remembered that critical night, ''it wes humblin' tae see how low sickness can bring a pooerfu' man, an' ocht tae keep us frae pride.

''A month syne there wesna a stronger man in the Glen than Saunders, an' noo he wes juist a bundle o' skin and bone, that naither saw nor heard, nor moved nor felt, that kent naethin' that was dune tae him.

''Hillocks, a' wudna hae wished ony man tae hev seen Saunders—for it wull never pass frae before ma een as long as a' live—but a' wish a' the Glen hed stude by MacLure kneelin' on the floor wi' his sleeves up tae his oxters and waitin' on Saunders.

''Yon big man wes as pitifu' an' gentle as a wumman, and

when he laid the puir fallow in his bed again, he happit him ower as a mither dis her bairn.''

Thrice it was done, Drumsheugh ever bringing up colder water from the spring, and twice MacLure was silent; but after the third time there was a gleam in his eye.

''We 're haudin' oor ain; we 're no bein' maistered, at ony rate; mair a' canna say for three oors.

''We 'ill no need the water again, Drumsheugh; gae oot and tak a breath o' air; a 'm on gaird masel'.''

It was the hour before daybreak, and Drumsheugh wandered through the fields he had trodden since childhood. The cattle lay sleeping in the pastures; their shadowy forms, with a patch of whiteness here and there, having a weird suggestion of death. He heard the burn running over the stones; fifty years ago he had made a dam that lasted till winter. The hooting of an owl made him start; one had frightened him as a boy so that he ran home to his mother—she died thirty years ago. The smell of ripe corn filled the air; it would soon be cut and garnered. He could see the dim outlines of his house, all dark and cold; no one he loved was beneath the roof. The lighted window in Saunders' cottage told where a man hung between life and death, but love was in that home. The futility of life arose before this lonely man, and overcame his heart with an indescribable sadness. What a vanity was all human labor; what a mystery all human life!

But while he stood, a subtle change came over the night, and the air trembled round him as if one had whispered. Drumsheugh lifted his head and looked eastward. A faint gray stole over the distant horizon, and suddenly a cloud reddened before his eyes. The sun was not in sight, but was rising, and sending forerunners before his face. The cattle began to stir, a blackbird burst into song, and before Drumsheugh crossed the threshold of Saunders' house, the first ray of the sun had broken on a peak of the Grampians.

MacLure left the bedside, and as the light of the candle fell on the doctor's face, Drumsheugh could see that it was going well with Saunders.

"He 's nae waur; an' it 's half six noo; it 's ower sune tae say mair, but a 'm houpin' for the best. Sit doon and take a sleep, for ye 're needin' 't, Drumsheugh, an', man, ye hae worked for it."

As he dozed off, the last thing Drumsheugh saw was the doctor sitting erect in his chair, a clenched fist resting on the bed, and his eyes already bright with the vision of victory.

He awoke with a start to find the room flooded with the morning sunshine, and every trace of last night's work removed.

The doctor was bending over the bed, and speaking to Saunders.

"It 's me, Saunders; Doctor MacLure, ye ken; dinna try tae speak or move; juist let this drap milk slip ower—ye 'ill be needin' yir breakfast, lad—and gang tae sleep again."

Five minutes, and Saunders had fallen into a deep, healthy sleep, all tossing and moaning come to an end. Then MacLure stepped softly across the floor, picked up his coat and waistcoat, and went out at the door.

Drumsheugh arose and followed him without a word. They passed through the little garden, sparkling with dew, and beside the byre, where Hawkie rattled her chain, impatient for Bell's coming, and by Saunders' little strip of corn ready for the scythe, till they reached an open field. There they came to a halt, and Dr. MacLure for once allowed himself to go.

His coat he flung east and his waistcoat west, as far as he could hurl them, and it was plain he would have shouted had he been a complete mile from Saunders' room. Any less distance was useless for adequate expression. He struck Drumsheugh a mighty blow that well-nigh levelled that substantial man in the dust, and then the doctor of Drumtochty issued his bulletin.

"Saunders wesna tae live through the nicht, but he 's livin' this meenut, an' like to live.

"He 's got by the warst clean and fair, and wi' him that 's as good as cure.

"It 'ill be a graund waukenin' for Bell; she 'ill no be a weedow yet, nor the bairnies fatherless.

"There 's nae use glowerin' at me, Drumsheugh, for a body 's daft at a time, an' a' canna contain masel', and a 'm no gaein' tae try."

Then it dawned upon Drumsheugh that the doctor was attempting the Highland fling.

"He 's ill made, tae begin wi'," Drumsheugh explained in the kirkyard next Sabbath, "and ye ken he 's been terrible mishannelled by accidents, sae ye may think what like it wes, but, as sure as deith, o' a' the Hielan' flings a' ever saw yon wes the bonniest.

"A' hevna shaken ma ain legs for thirty years, but a' confess tae a turn masel'. Ye may lauch an' ye like, neeburs, but the thocht o' Bell an' the news that wes waitin' her got the better o' me."

Drumtochty did not laugh. Drumtochty looked as if it could have done quite otherwise for joy.

"A' wud hae made a third gin a' hed been there," announced Hillocks aggressively.

"Come on, Drumsheugh," said Jamie Soutar, "gie 's the end o't; it wes a michty mornin'."

" 'We 're twa auld fules,' says MacLure tae me, as he gaithers up his claithes. 'It wud set us better tae be tellin' Bell.'

"She was sleepin' on the top o' her bed wrapped in a plaid, fair worn oot wi' three weeks' nursin' o' Saunders, but at the first touch she was oot upon the floor.

" 'Is Saunders deein', doctor?' she cries. 'Ye promised tae wauken me; dinna tell me it 's a' ower.'

"There 's nae deein' aboot him, Bell; ye 're no tae lose yir man this time, sae far as a' can see. Come ben an' jidge for yersel'.'

"Bell lookit at Saunders, and the tears of joy fell on the bed like rain.

" 'The shadow 's lifted,' she said; 'he 's come back frae the mooth o' the tomb.

" 'A' prayed last nicht that the Lord wud leave Saunders

till the laddies cud dae for themselves, an' thae words came intae ma mind, "Weepin' may endure for a nicht, but joy cometh in the mornin'."

"'The Lord heard ma prayer, and joy hes come in the mornin',' an' she gripped the doctor's hand.

"'Ye 've been the instrument, Doctor MacLure. Ye wudna gie him up, and ye did what nae ither cud for him, an' a've ma man the day, and the bairns hae their father.'

"An' afore MacLure kent what she was daein', Bell lifted his hand to her lips an' kissed it."

"Did she, though?" cried Jamie. "Wha wud hae thocht there wes as muckle spunk in Bell?"

"MacLure, of coorse, was clean scandalised," continued Drumsheugh, "an' pooed awa' his hand as if it hed been burned.

"Nae man can thole that kind o' fraikin', and a' never heard o' sic a thing in the parish, but we maun excuse Bell, neeburs; it wes an occasion by ordinar," and Drumsheugh made Bell's apology to Drumtochty for such an excess of feeling.

"A' see naethin' tae excuse," insisted Jamie, who was in great fettle that Sabbath; "the doctor hes never been burdened wi' fees, and a'm judgin' he coonted a wumman's gratitude that he saved frae weedowhood the best he ever got."

"A' gaed up tae the Manse last nicht," concluded Drumsheugh, "an' telt the minister hoo the doctor focht aucht oors for Saunders' life, an' won, an' ye never saw a man sae carried. He walkit up an' doon the room a' the time, and every other meenut he blew his nose like a trumpet.

"'I 've a cold in my head to-night, Drumsheugh,' says he; 'never mind me.'"

"A've hed the same masel' in sic circumstances; they come on sudden," said Jamie.

"A' wager there 'ill be a new bit in the laist prayer the day, an' somethin' worth hearin'."

And the fathers went into kirk in great expectation.

"We beseech Thee for such as be sick, that Thy hand may

be on them for good, and that Thou wouldst restore them again to health and strength,'' was the familiar petition of every Sabbath.

The congregation waited in a silence that might be heard, and were not disappointed that morning, for the minister continued:

''Especially we tender Thee hearty thanks that Thou didst spare Thy servant who was brought down into the dust of death, and hast given him back to his wife and children, and unto that end didst wonderfully bless the skill of him who goes out and in amongst us, the beloved physician of this parish and adjacent districts.''

''Didna a' tell ye, neeburs?'' said Jamie, as they stood at the kirkyard gate before dispersing, ''there 's no a man in the coonty cud hae dune it better. 'Beloved physician,' an' his 'skill,' tae, an' bringing in 'adjacent districts'; that 's Glen Urtach; it wes handsome, and the doctor earned it, ay, every word.

''It 's an awfu' peety he didna hear yon; but dear knows whar he is the day, maist likely up——''

Jamie stopped suddenly at the sound of a horse's feet, and there, coming down the avenue of beech trees that made a long vista from the kirk gate, they saw the doctor and Jess.

One thought flashed through the minds of the fathers of the commonwealth.

It ought to be done as he passed, and it would be done if it were not Sabbath. Of course it was out of the question on Sabbath.

The doctor is now distinctly visible, riding after his fashion.

There was never such a chance, if it were only Saturday; and each man read his own regret in his neighbour's face.

The doctor is nearing them rapidly; they can imagine the shepherd's tartan.

Sabbath or no Sabbath, the Glen cannot let him pass without some tribute of their pride.

Jess has recognised friends, and the doctor is drawing rein.

''It hes tae be dune,'' said Jamie desperately, ''say what

ye like.'' Then they all looked towards him, and Jamie led.

''Hurrah!'' swinging his Sabbath hat in the air, ''hurrah!'' and once more, ''hurrah!'' Whinnie Knowe, Drumsheugh, and Hillocks joining lustily, but Tammas Mitchell carrying all before him, for he had found at last an expression for his feelings that rendered speech unnecessary.

It was a solitary experience for horse and rider, and Jess bolted without delay. But the sound followed and surrounded them, and as they passed the corner of the kirkyard, a figure waved his college cap over the wall and gave a cheer on his own account.

''God bless you, doctor, and well done!''

''If it isna the minister,'' cried Drumsheugh, ''in his goon an' bans; tae think o' that; but a' respeck him for it.''

Then Drumtochty became self-conscious and went home in confusion of face and unbroken silence, except Jamie Soutar, who faced his neighbours at the parting of the ways without shame.

''A' wud dae it a' ower again if a' hed the chance; he got naethin' but his due.''

It was two miles before Jess composed her mind, and the doctor and she could discuss it quietly together.

''A' can hardly believe me ears, Jess, an' the Sabbath tae; their verra jidgment hes gane frae the fouk o' Drumtochty.

''They've heard about Saunders, a'm thinkin', wumman, and they 're pleased we brocht him roond; he 's fairly on the mend, ye ken, noo.

''A' never expeckit the like o' this, though, and it wes juist a wee thingie mair than a' cud hae stude.

''Ye hev yir share in't tae, lass; we 've hed mony a hard nicht and day thegither, an' yon wes oor reward. No mony men in this warld 'ill ever get a better, for it cam' from the hert o' honest fouk.''

THE DÀN-NAN-RÒN [1]

By FIONA MACLEOD

When Anne Gillespie, that was my friend in Eilanmore, left the island after the death of her uncle, the old man Robert Achanna, it was to go far west.

Among the men of the Outer Isles who for three summers past had been at the fishing off Eilanmore there was one named Mànus MacCodrum. He was a fine lad to see, but though most of the fisher-folk of the Lews and North Uist are fair, either with reddish hair and grey eyes, or blue-eyed and yellow-haired, he was of a brown skin with dark hair and dusky brown eyes. He was, however, as unlike to the dark Celts of Arran and the Inner Hebrides as to the northmen. He came of his people, sure enough. All the MacCodrums of North Uist had been brown-skinned and brown-haired and brown-eyed: and herein may have lain the reason why, in by-gone days, this small clan of Uist was known throughout the Western Isles as the *Sliochd non Ròn*, the offspring of the Seals.

Not so tall as most of the men of North Uist and the Lews, Mànus MacCodrum was of a fair height, and supple and strong. No man was a better fisherman than he, and he was well liked of his fellows, for all the morose gloom that was upon him at times. He had a voice as sweet as a woman's when he sang, and he sang often, and knew all the old runes of the islands, from the Obb of Harris to the Head of Mingulay. Often, too, he chanted the beautiful *orain spioradail* of the Catholic priests and Christian Brothers of South Uist and Barra, though where he lived in North Uist he was the sole man who adhered to the ancient faith.

It may have been because Anne was a Catholic too, though,

[1] From *The Dominion of Dreams, Under the Dark Star.* By permission of Mrs. William Sharp. Copyright, 1910, by Duffield & Company.

sure, the Achannas were so also, notwithstanding that their forebears and kindred in Galloway were Protestant (and this because of old Robert Achanna's love for his wife, who was of the old Faith, so it is said)—it may have been for this reason, though I think her lover's admiring eyes and soft speech and sweet singing had more to do with it, that she pledged her troth to Mànus. It was a south wind for him as the saying is; for with her rippling brown hair and soft, grey eyes and cream-white skin, there was no comelier lass in the isles.

So when Achanna was laid to his long rest, and there was none left upon Eilanmore save only his three youngest sons, Mànus MacCodrum sailed north-eastward across the Minch to take home his bride. Of the four eldest sons, Alasdair had left Eilanmore some months before his father died, and sailed westward, though no one knew whither or for what end or for how long, and no word had been brought from him, nor was he ever seen again in the island which had come to be called Eilan-nan-Allmharachain, the Isle of the Strangers; Allan and William had been drowned in a wild gale in the Minch; and Robert had died of the white fever, that deadly wasting disease which is the scourge of the isles. Marcus was now "Eilanmore," and lived there with Gloom and Seumas, all three unmarried, though it was rumoured among the neighbouring islanders that each loved Marsail nic Ailpean,[1] in Eilean-Rona of the Summer Isles hard by the coast of Sutherland.

When Mànus asked Anne to go with him she agreed. The three brothers were ill-pleased at this, for apart from their not wishing their cousin to go so far away, they did not want to lose her, as she not only cooked for them and did all that a woman does, including spinning and weaving, but was most sweet and fair to see, and in the long winter nights sang by the hour together, while Gloom played strange wild airs upon his *feadan,* a kind of oaten pipe or flute.

[1] Marsail nic Ailpean is the Gaelic of which an English translation would be Marjory MacAlpine. *Nic* is a contraction for *nighean mhic,* "daughter of the line of."

She loved him, I know; but there was this reason also for her going, that she was afraid of Gloom. Often upon the moor or on the hill she turned and hastened home, because she heard the lilt and fall of that feadan. It was an eerie thing to her, to be going through the twilight when she thought the three men were in the house, smoking after their supper, and suddenly to hear beyond and coming toward her the shrill song of that oaten flute, playing "The Dance of the Dead," or "The Flow and Ebb," or "The Shadow-Reel."

That, sometimes at least, he knew she was there was clear to her, because, as she stole rapidly through the tangled fern and gale, she would hear a mocking laugh follow her like a leaping thing.

Mànus was not there on the night when she told Marcus and his brothers that she was going. He was in the haven on board the *Luath,* with his two mates, he singing in the moonshine as all three sat mending their fishing gear.

After the supper was done, the three brothers sat smoking and talking over an offer that had been made about some Shetland sheep. For a time, Anne watched them in silence. They were not like brothers, she thought. Marcus, tall, broad-shouldered, with yellow hair and strangely dark blue-black eyes and black eyebrows; stern, with a weary look on his sun-brown face. The light from the peats glinted upon the tawny curve of thick hair that trailed from his upper lip, for he had the *caisean-feusag* of the Northmen. Gloom, slighter of build, dark of hue and hair, but with hairless face; with thin, white, long-fingered hands that had ever a nervous motion, as though they were tide-wrack. There was always a frown on the centre of his forehead, even when he smiled with his thin lips and dusky, unbetraying eyes. He looked what he was, the brain of the Achannas. Not only did he have the English as though native to that tongue, but could and did read strange unnecessary books. Moreover, he was the only son of Robert Achanna to whom the old man had imparted his store of learning, for Achanna had been a schoolmaster in his youth, in Galloway, and he had intended Gloom

for the priesthood. His voice, too, was low and clear, but cold as pale-green water running under ice. As for Seumas, he was more like Marcus than Gloom, though not so fair. He had the same brown hair and shadowy hazel eyes, the same pale and smooth face, with something of the same intent look which characterised the long-time missing, and probably dead, eldest brother, Alasdair. He, too, was tall and gaunt. On Seumas's face there was that indescribable, as to some of course imperceptible, look which is indicated by the phrase "the dusk of the shadow," though few there are who know what they mean by that, or, knowing, are fain to say.

Suddenly, and without any word or reason for it, Gloom turned and spoke to her.

"Well, Anne, and what is it?"

"I did not speak, Gloom."

"True for you, *mo cailinn.* But it 's about to speak you were."

"Well, and that is true. Marcus, and you Gloom, and you Seumas, I have that to tell which you will not be altogether glad for the hearing. 'T is about—about —me and—and Mànus."

There was no reply at first. The three brothers sat looking at her like the kye at a stranger on the moorland. There was a deepening of the frown on Gloom's brow, but when Anne looked at him his eyes fell and dwelt in the shadow at his feet. Then Marcus spoke in a low voice:

"Is it Mànus MacCodrum you will be meaning?"

"Ay, sure."

Again silence. Gloom did not lift his eyes, and Seumas was now staring at the peats. Marcus shifted uneasily.

"And what will Mànus MacCodrum be wanting?"

"Sure, Marcus, you know well what I mean. Why do you make this thing hard for me? There is but one thing he would come here wanting. And he has asked me if I will go with him; and I have said yes; and if you are not willing that he come again with the minister, or that we go across to the kirk in Berneray of Uist in the Sound of Harris, then I

will not stay under this roof another night, but will go away from Eilanmore at sunrise in the *Luath,* that is now in the haven. And that is for the hearing and knowing, Marcus and Gloom and Seumas!''

Once more, silence followed her speaking. It was broken in a strange way. Gloom slipped his feadan into his hands, and so to his mouth. The clear, cold notes of the flute filled the flame-lit room. It was as though white polar birds were drifting before the coming of snow.

The notes slid in to a wild, remote air: cold moonlight on the dark o' the sea, it was. It was the *Dàn-nan-Ròn.*

Anne flushed, trembled, and then abruptly rose. As she leaned on her clenched right hand upon the table, the light of the peats showed that her eyes were aflame.

''Why do you play *that,* Gloom Achanna?''

The man finished the bar, then blew into the oaten pipe, before, just glancing at the girl, he replied:

''And what harm will there be in *that,* Anna-ban?''

''Do you know why Gloom played the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn'?''

''Ay, and what then, Anna-ban?''

''What then? Are you thinking I don't know what you mean by playing the 'Song o' the Seals'?''

With an abrupt gesture Gloom put the feadan aside. As he did so, he rose.

''See here, Anne,'' he began roughly, when Marcus intervened.

''That will do just now, Gloom. Anne-à-ghraidh, do you mean that you are going to do this thing?''

''Ay, sure.''

''Do you know why Gloom played the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn'?''

''It was a cruel thing.''

''You know what is said in the isles about—about—this or that man, who is under *gheasan,* who is spell-bound and—and—about the seals—''

''Yes, Marcus, it is knowing it that I am: *'Tha iad a' cantuinn gur h-e daoine fo gheasan a th' anns no roin.'* ''

'' 'They say that seals,' '' he repeated slowly. *'' 'They say*

that seals are men under magic spells.' And have you ever pondered that thing, Anne, my cousin?''

''I am knowing well what you mean.''

''Then you will know that the MacCodrums of North Uist are called the *Sliochd-nan-Ròn?*''

''I have heard.''

''And would you be for marrying a man that is of the race of the beasts, and himself knowing what that *geas* means, and who may any day go back to his people?''

''Ah, now, Marcus, sure it is making a mock of me you are. Neither you nor any here believe that foolish thing. How can a man born of a woman be a seal, even though his *sinnsear* were the offspring of the sea-people, which is not a saying I am believing either, though it may be; and not that it matters much, whatever, about the far-back forebears.''

Marcus frowned darkly, and at first made no response. At last he answered, speaking sullenly:

''You may be believing this or you may be believing that, Anna-nic-Gilleasbuig, but two things are as well known as that the east wind brings the blight and the west wind the rain. And one is this: that long ago a Seal-man wedded a woman of North Uist, and that he or his son was called Neil MacCodrum; and that the sea-fever of the seal was in the blood of his line ever after. And this is the other: that twice within the memory of living folk, a MacCodrum has taken upon himself the form of a seal, and has so met his death, once Neil MacCodrum of Ru' Tormaid, and once Anndra MacCodrum of Berneray in the Sound. There 's talk of others, but these are known of us all. And you will not be forgetting now that Neildonn was the grandfather, and that Anndra was the brother of the father of Mànus MacCodrum?''

''I am not caring what you say, Marcus. It is all foam of the sea.''

''There 's no foam without wind or tide, Anne, an' it 's a dark tide that will be bearing you away to Uist, and a black wind that will be blowing far away behind the East, the wind that will be carrying his death-cry to your ears.''

The girl shuddered. The brave spirit in her, however, did not quail.

"Well, so be it. To each his fate. But, seal or no seal, I am going to wed Mànus MacCodrum, who is a man as good as any here, and a true man at that, and the man I love, and that will be my man, God willing, the praise be His!"

Again Gloom took up the feadan, and sent a few cold, white notes floating through the hot room, breaking, suddenly, into the wild, fantastic, opening air of the "Dàn-nan-Ròn."

With a low cry and passionate gesture Anne sprang forward, snatched the oat-flute from his grasp, and would have thrown it in the fire. Marcus held her in an iron grip, however.

"Don't you be minding Gloom, Anne," he said quietly, as he took the feadan from her hand and handed it to his brother: "sure he 's only telling you in *his* way what I am telling you in mine."

She shook herself free, and moved to the other side of the table. On the opposite wall hung the dirk which had belonged to old Achanna. This she unfastened. Holding it in her right hand, she faced the three men.—

"On the cross of the dirk I swear I will be the woman of Mànus MacCodrum."

The brothers made no response. They looked at her fixedly.

"And by the cross of the dirk I swear that if any man come between me and Mànus, this dirk will be for his remembering in a certain hour of the day of the days."

As she spoke, she looked meaningly at Gloom, whom she feared more than Marcus or Seumas.

"And by the cross of the dirk I swear that if evil come to Mànus, this dirk will have another sheath, and that will be my milkless breast; and by that token I now throw the old sheath in the fire."

As she finished, she threw the sheath on to the burning peats. Gloom quietly lifted it, brushed off the sparks of flame as though they were dust, and put it in his pocket.

"And by the same token, Anne," he said, "your oaths will come to nought."

Rising, he made a sign to his brothers to follow. When they were outside he told Seumas to return, and to keep Anne within, by peace if possible, by force if not. Briefly they discussed their plans, and then separated. While Seumas went back, Marcus and Gloom made their way to the haven.

Their black figures were visible in the moonlight, but at first they were not noticed by the men on board the *Luath,* for Mànus was singing.

When the islesman stopped abruptly, one of his companions asked him jokingly if his song had brought a seal alongside, and bid him beware lest it was a woman of the sea-people.

His face darkened, but he made no reply. When the others listened they heard the wild strain of the "Dàn-nan-Ròn" stealing through the moonshine. Staring against the shore, they could discern the two brothers.

"What will be the meaning of that?" asked one of the men, uneasily.

"When a man comes instead of a woman," answered Mànus, slowly, "the young corbies are astir in the nest."

So, it meant blood. Aulay MacNeil and Donull Macdonull put down their gear, rose, and stood waiting for what Mànus would do.

"Ho, there!" he cried.

"Ho-ro!"

"What will you be wanting, Eilanmore?"

"We are wanting a word of you, Mànus MacCodrum. Will you come ashore?"

"If you want a word of me, you can come to me."

"There is no boat here."

"I 'll send the *bàta-beag.*"

When he had spoken, Mànus asked Donull, the younger of his mates, a lad of seventeen, to row to the shore.

"And bring back no more than one man," he added, "whether it be Eilanmore himself or Gloom-mhic-Achanna."

The rope of the small boat was unfastened, and Donull rowed it swiftly through the moonshine. The passing of a

cloud dusked the shore, but they saw him throw a rope for the guiding of the boat alongside the ledge of the landing-place; then the sudden darkening obscured the vision. Donull must be talking, they thought, for two or three minutes elapsed without sign, but at last the boat put off again, and with two figures only. Doubtless the lad had had to argue against the coming of both Marcus and Gloom.

This, in truth, was what Donull had done. But while he was speaking Marcus was staring fixedly beyond him.

"Who is it that is there?" he asked, "there, in the stern?"

"There is no one there."

"I thought I saw the shadow of a man."

"Then it was my shadow, Eilanmore."

Achanna turned to his brother.

"I see a man's death there in the boat."

Gloom quailed for a moment, then laughed low.

"I see no death of a man sitting in the boat, Marcus, but if I did I am thinking it would dance to the air of the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn,' which is more than the wraith of you or me would do."

"It is not a wraith I was seeing, but the death of a man."

Gloom whispered, and his brother nodded sullenly. The next moment a heavy muffler was round Donull's mouth; and before he could resist, or even guess what had happened, he was on his face on the shore, bound and gagged. A minute later the oars were taken by Gloom, and the boat moved swiftly out of the inner haven.

As it drew near Mànus stared at it intently.

"That is not Donull that is rowing, Aulay!"

"No: it will be Gloom Achanna, I 'm thinking."

MacCodrum started. If so, that other figure at the stern was too big for Donull. The cloud passed just as the boat came alongside. The rope was made secure, and then Marcus and Gloom sprang on board.

"Where is Donull MacDonull?" demanded Mànus sharply.

Marcus made no reply, so Gloom answered for him.

"He has gone up to the house with a message to Anne-nic-Gilleasbuig."

"And what will that message be?"

"That Mànus MacCodrum has sailed away from Eilanmore, and will not see her again."

MacCodrum laughed. It was a low, ugly laugh.

"Sure, Gloom Achanna, you should be taking that feadan of yours and playing the *Cod-hail-nan-Pairtean,* for I 'm thinkin' the crabs are gathering about the rocks down below us, an' laughing wi' their claws."

"Well, and that is a true thing," Gloom replied slowly and quietly. "Yes, for sure I might, as you say, be playing the 'Meeting of the Crabs.' Perhaps," he added, as by a sudden afterthought, "perhaps, though it is a calm night, you will be hearing the *comh-thonn.* The 'Slapping of the Waves' is a better thing to be hearing than the 'Meeting of the Crabs.' "

"If I hear the *comh-thonn* it is not in the way you will be meaning, Gloom-mhic-Achanna. 'T is not the 'Up Sail and Good-bye' they will be saying, but 'Home wi' the Bride.' "

Here Marcus intervened.

"Let us be having no more words, Mànus MacCodrum. The girl Anne is not for you. Gloom is to be her man. So get you hence. If you will be going quiet, it is quiet we will be. If you have your feet on this thing, then you will be having that too which I saw in the boat."

"And what was it you saw in the boat, Achanna?"

"The death of a man."

"So—. And now" (this after a prolonged silence, wherein the four men stood facing each other, "is it a blood-matter if not of peace?"

"Ay. Go, if you are wise. If not, 't is your own death you will be making."

There was a flash as of summer lightning. A bluish flame seemed to leap through the moonshine. Marcus reeled, with a gasping cry; then, leaning back, till his face blenched in the moonlight, his knees gave way. As he fell, he turned half round. The long knife which Mànus had hurled at him had not penetrated his breast more than an inch at most, but as he fell on the deck it was driven into him up to the hilt.

In the blank silence that followed, the three men could hear a sound like the ebb-tide in sea-weed. It was the gurgling of the bloody froth in the lungs of the dead man.

The first to speak was his brother, and then only when thin reddish-white foam-bubbles began to burst from the blue lips of Marcus.

"It is murder."

He spoke low, but it was like the surf of breakers in the ears of those who heard.

"You have said one part of a true word, Gloom Achanna. It is murder—that you and he came here for!"

"The death of Marcus Achanna is on you, Mànus MacCodrum."

"So be it, as between yourself and me, or between all of your blood and me; though Aulay MacNeil, as well as you, can witness that though in self-defence I threw the knife at Achanna, it was his own doing that drove it into him."

"You can whisper that to the rope when it is round your neck."

"And what will *you* be doing now, Gloom-mhic-Achanna?"

For the first time Gloom shifted uneasily. A swift glance revealed to him the awkward fact that the boat trailed behind the *Luath,* so that he could not leap into it, while if he turned to haul it close by the rope he was at the mercy of the two men.

"I will go in peace," he said quietly.

"Ay," was the answer, in an equally quiet tone, "in the white peace."

Upon this menace of death the two men stood facing each other.

Achanna broke the silence at last.

"You 'll hear the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn' the night before you die, Mànus MacCodrum, and lest you doubt it you 'll hear it again in your death-hour."

"*Ma tha sin an Dàn*—if that be ordained." Mànus spoke gravely. His very quietude, however, boded ill. There was no hope of clemency; Gloom knew that.

Suddenly he laughed scornfully. Then, pointing with his

right hand as if to some one behind his two adversaries, he cried out: "Put the death-hand on them, Marcus! Give them the Grave!" Both men sprang aside, the heart of each nigh upon bursting. The death-touch of the newly slain is an awful thing to incur, for it means that the wraith can transfer all its evil to the person touched.

The next moment there was a heavy splash. Mànus realised that it was no more than a ruse, and that Gloom had escaped. With feverish haste he hauled in the small boat, leaped into it, and began at once to row so as to intercept his enemy.

Achanna rose once, between him and the *Luath*. MacCodrum crossed the oars in the thole-pins and seized the boat-hook.

The swimmer kept straight for him. Suddenly he dived. In a flash, Mànus knew that Gloom was going to rise under the boat, seize the keel, and upset him, and thus probably be able to grip him from above. There was time and no more to leap; and, indeed, scarce had he plunged into the sea ere the boat swung right over, Achanna clambering over it the next moment.

At first Gloom could not see where his foe was. He crouched on the upturned craft, and peered eagerly into the moonlit water. All at once a black mass shot out of the shadow between him and the smack. This black mass laughed —the same low, ugly laugh that had preceded the death of Marcus.

He who was in turn the swimmer was now close. When a fathom away he leaned back and began to tread water steadily. In his right hand he grasped the boat-hook. The man in the boat knew that to stay where he was meant certain death. He gathered himself together like a crouching cat. Mànus kept treading the water slowly, but with the hook ready so that the sharp iron spike at the end of it should transfix his foe if he came at him with a leap. Now and again he laughed. Then in his low sweet voice, but brokenly at times between his deep breathings, he began to sing:

The tide was dark, an' heavy with the burden that it bore;
I heard it talkin', whisperin', upon the weedy shore;
Each wave that stirred the sea-weed was like a closing door;
'T is closing doors they hear at last who hear no more, no more,
My Grief,
No more!

The tide was in the salt sea-weed, and like a knife it tore;
The wild sea-wind went moaning, sooing, moaning o'er and o'er;
The deep sea-heart was brooding deep upon its ancient lore—
I heard the sob, the sooing sob, the dying sob at its core,
My Grief,
Its core!

The white sea-waves were wan and gray its ashy lips before,
The yeast within its ravening mouth was red with streaming gore;
O red sea-weed, O red sea-waves, O hollow baffled roar,
Since one thou hast, O dark dim Sea, why callest thou for more,
My Grief,
For more!

In the quiet moonlight the chant, with its long, slow cadences, sung as no other man in the isles could sing it, sounded sweet and remote beyond words to tell. The glittering shine was upon the water of the haven, and moved in waving lines of fire along the stone ledges. Sometimes a fish rose, and split a ripple of pale gold; or a sea-nettle swam to the surface, and turned its blue or greenish globe of living jelly to the moon dazzle.

The man in the water made a sudden stop in his treading and listened intently. Then once more the phosphorescent light gleamed about his slow-moving shoulders. In a louder chanting voice came once again:

Each wave that stirs the sea-weed is like a closing door;
'T is closing doors they hear at last who hear no more—no more,
My Grief,
No more!

Yes, his quick ears had caught the inland strain of a voice he knew. Soft and white as the moonshine came Anne's singing as she passed along the corrie leading to the haven.

In vain his travelling gaze sought her; she was still in the shadow, and, besides, a slow drifting cloud obscured the moonlight. When he looked back again a stifled exclamation came from his lips. There was not a sign of Gloom Achanna. He had slipped noiselessly from the boat, and was now either behind it, or had dived beneath it, or was swimming under water this way or that. If only the cloud would sail by, muttered Mànus, as he held himself in readiness for an attack from beneath or behind. As the dusk lightened, he swam slowly toward the boat, and then swiftly round it. There was no one there. He climbed on to the keel, and stood, leaning forward, as a salmon-leisterer by torchlight, with his spear-pointed boat-hook raised. Neither below nor beyond could he discern any shape. A whispered call to Aulay MacNeil showed that he, too, saw nothing. Gloom must have swooned, and sunk deep as he slipped through the water. Perhaps the dog-fish were already darting about him.

Going behind the boat Mànus guided it back to the smack. It was not long before, with MacNeil's help, he righted the punt. One oar had drifted out of sight, but as there was a sculling-hole in the stern that did not matter.

"What shall we do with it?" he muttered, as he stood at last by the corpse of Marcus.

"This is a bad night for us, Aulay!"

"Bad it is; but let us be seeing it is not worse. I 'm thinking we should have left the boat."

"And for why that?"

"We could say that Marcus Achanna and Gloom Achanna left us again, and that we saw no more of them nor of our boat."

MacCodrum pondered a while. The sound of voices, borne faintly across the water, decided him. Probably Anne and the lad Donull were talking. He slipped into the boat, and with a sail-knife soon ripped it here and there. It filled, and then, heavy with the weight of a great ballast-stone which Aulay had first handed to his companion, and surging with a foot-thrust from the latter, it sank.

"We 'll hide the—the man there—behind the windlass, below the spare sail, till we 're out at sea, Aulay. Quick, give me a hand!"

It did not take the two men long to lift the corpse, and do as Mànus had suggested. They had scarce accomplished this, when Anne's voice came hailing silver-sweet across the water.

With death-white face and shaking limbs, MacCodrum stood holding the mast, while with a loud voice, so firm and strong that Aulay MacNeil smiled below his fear, he asked if the Achannas were back yet, and if so for Donull to row out at once, and she with him if she would come.

It was nearly half an hour thereafter that Anne rowed out toward the *Luath*. She had gone at last along the shore to a creek where one of Marcus's boats was moored and returned with it. Having taken Donull on board, she made way with all speed, fearful lest Gloom or Marcus should intercept her.

It did not take long to explain how she had laughed at Seumas's vain efforts to detain her, and had come down to the haven. As she approached, she heard Mànus singing, and so had herself broken into a song she knew he loved. Then, by the water-edge she had come upon Donull lying upon his back, bound and gagged. After she had released him they waited to see what would happen, but as in the moonlight they could not see any small boat come in, bound to or from the smack, she had hailed to know if Mànus were there.

On his side he said briefly that the two Achannas had come to persuade him to leave without her. On his refusal they had departed again, uttering threats against her as well as himself. He heard their quarrelling voices as they rowed into the gloom, but could not see them at last because of the obscured moonlight.

"And now, Ann-mochree," he added, "is it coming with me you are, and just as you are? Sure, you 'll never repent it, and you 'll have all you want that I can give. Dear of my heart, say that you will be coming away this night of the nights! By the Black Stone on Icolmkill I swear it, and by the Sun, and by the Moon, and by Himself!"

"I am trusting you, Mànus dear. Sure it is not for me to be going back to that house after what has been done and said. I go with you, now and always, God save us."

"Well, dear lass o' my heart, it 's farewell to Eilanmore it is, for by the Blood of the Cross I 'll never land on it again!"

"And that will be no sorrow to me, Mànus, my home!"

And this was the way that my friend, Anne Gillespie, left Eilanmore to go to the isles of the west.

It was a fair sailing, in the white moonshine, with a whispering breeze astern. Anne leaned against Mànus, dreaming her dream. The lad Donull sat drowsing at the helm. Forward, Aulay MacNeil, with his face set against the moonshine to the west, brooded dark.

Though no longer was land in sight, and there was peace among the deeps of the quiet stars and upon the sea, the shadow of fear was upon the face of Mànus MacCodrum.

This might well have been because of the as yet unburied dead that lay beneath the spare sail by the windlass. The dead man, however, did not affright him. What went moaning in his heart, and sighing and calling in his brain, was a faint falling echo he had heard, as the *Luath* glided slow out of the haven. Whether from the water or from the shore he could not tell, but he heard the wild, fantastic air of the "Dàn-nan Ròn," as he had heard it that very night upon the feadan of Gloom Achanna.

It was his hope that his ears had played him false. When he glanced about him, and saw the sombre flame in the eyes of Aulay MacNeil, staring at him out of the dusk, he knew that which Oisìn the son of Fionn cried in his pain: "his soul swam in mist."

II

For all the evil omens, the marriage of Anne and Mànus MacCodrum went well. He was more silent than of yore, and men avoided rather than sought him; but he was happy with Anne, and content with his two mates, who were now

Callum MacCodrum and Ranald MacRanald. The youth Donull had bettered himself by joining a Skye skipper who was a kinsman, and Aulay MacNeil had surprised every one, except Mànus, by going away as a seaman on board one of the *Loch* line of ships which sail for Australia from the Clyde.

Anne never knew what had happened, though it is possible she suspected somewhat. All that was known to her was that Marcus and Gloom Achanna had disappeared, and were supposed to have been drowned. There was now no Achanna upon Eilanmore, for Seumas had taken a horror of the place and his loneliness. As soon as it was commonly admitted that his two brothers must have drifted out to sea, and been drowned, or at best picked up by some ocean-going ship, he disposed of the island-farm, and left Eilanmore forever. All this confirmed the thing said among the islanders of the west, that old Robert Achanna had brought a curse with him. Blight and disaster had visited Eilanmore over and over in the many years he had held it, and death, sometimes tragic or mysterious, had overtaken six of his seven sons, while the youngest bore upon his brows the "dusk of the shadow." True, none knew for certain that three out of the six were dead, but few for a moment believed in the possibility that Alasdair and Marcus and Gloom were alive. On the night when Anne had left the island with Mànus MacCodrum, he, Seumas, had heard nothing to alarm him. Even when, an hour after she had gone down to the haven, neither she nor his brothers had returned, and the *Luath* had put out to sea, he was not in fear of any ill. Clearly, Marcus and Gloom had gone away in the smack, perhaps determined to see that the girl was duly married by priest or minister.

He would have perturbed himself a little for days to come, but for a strange thing that happened that night. He had returned to the house because of a chill that was upon him, and convinced, too, that all had sailed in the *Luath*. He was sitting brooding by the peat-fire, when he was startled by a sound at the window at the back of the room. A few bars of a familiar air struck painfully upon his ear, though played so low that they were just audible. What could it be but the

"Dàn-nan-Ròn," and who would be playing that but Gloom? What did it mean? Perhaps after all, it was fantasy only, and there was no feadan out there in the dark. He was pondering this when, still low but louder and sharper than before, there rose and fell the strain which he hated, and Gloom never played before him, that of the *Dàvsa-na mairv,* the "Dance of the Dead." Swiftly and silently he rose and crossed the room. In the dark shadows cast by the byre he could see nothing, but the music ceased. He went out, and searched everywhere, but found no one. So he returned, took down the Holy Book, with awed heart, and read slowly till peace came upon him, soft and sweet as the warmth of the peat-glow.

But as for Anne, she had never even this hint that one of the supposed dead might be alive, or that, being dead, Gloom might yet touch a shadowy feadan into a wild remote air of the grave.

When month after month went by, and no hint of ill came to break upon their peace, Mànus grew light-hearted again. Once more his songs were heard as he came back from the fishing, or loitered ashore mending his nets. A new happiness was nigh to them, for Anne was with child. True, there was fear also, for the girl was not well at the time when her labor was near, and grew weaker daily. There came a day when Mànus had to go to Loch Boisdale in South Uist: and it was with pain and something of foreboding that he sailed away from Berneray in the Sound of Harris, where he lived. It was on the third night that he returned. He was met by Katreen MacRanald, the wife of his mate, with the news that on the morrow after his going Anne had sent for the priest who was staying at Loch Maddy, for she had felt the coming of death. It was that very evening she died, and took the child with her.

Mànus heard as one in a dream. It seemed to him that the tide was ebbing in his heart, and a cold, sleety rain falling, falling through a mist in his brain.

Sorrow lay heavily upon him. After the earthing of her whom he loved, he went to and fro solitary: often crossing the

Narrows and going to the old Pictish Towre under the shadow of Ban Breac. He would not go upon the sea, but let his kinsman Callum do as he liked with the *Luath*.

Now and again Father Allan MacNeil sailed northward to see him. Each time he departed sadder. "The man is going mad, I fear," he said to Callum, the last time he saw Mànus.

The long summer nights brought peace and beauty to the isles. It was a great herring-year, and the moon-fishing was unusually good. All the Uist men who lived by the sea-harvest were in their boats whenever they could. The pollack, the dog-fish, the otters, and the seals, with flocks of sea-fowl beyond number, shared in the common joy. Mànus MacCodrum alone paid no heed to herring or mackerel. He was often seen striding along the shore, and more than once had been heard laughing; sometimes, too, he was come upon at low tide by the great Reef of Berneray, singing wild strange runes and songs, or crouching upon a rock and brooding dark.

The midsummer moon found no man on Berneray except MacCodrum, the Rev. Mr. Black, the minister of the Free Kirk, and an old man named Anndra McIan. On the night before the last day of the middle month, Anndra was reproved by the minister for saying that he had seen a man rise out of one of the graves in the kirk-yard, and steal down by the stone-dykes towards Balnahunnur-sa-mona,[1] where Mànus MacCodrum lived.

"The dead do not rise and walk, Anndra."

"That may be, maigstir, but it may have been the Watcher of the Dead. Sure it is not three weeks since Padruig McAlistair was laid beneath the green mound. He 'll be wearying for another to take his place."

"Hoots, man, that is an old superstition. The dead do not rise and walk, I tell you."

"It is right you may be, maigstir, but I heard of this from my father, that was old before you were young, and from his father before him. When the last-buried is weary with being the Watcher of the Dead he goes about from place to place till he sees man, woman, or child with the death-

[1] *Baille-'na-aonar'sa mhonadh*, "the solitary farm on the hill-slope."

shadow in the eyes, and then he goes back to his grave and lies down in peace, for his vigil it will be over now.''

The minister laughed at the folly, and went into his house to make ready for the Sacrament that was to be on the morrow. Old Anndra, however, was uneasy. After the porridge, he went down through the gloaming to Balnahunnur-sa-mona. He meant to go in and warn Mànus MacCodrum. But when he got to the west wall, and stood near the open window, he heard Mànus speaking in a loud voice, though he was alone in the room.

''B'ionganntach do ghràdh dhomhsa, a' toirt barrachd air gràdh nam ban!''. . .[1]

This, Mànus cried in a voice quivering with pain. Anndra stopped still, fearful to intrude, fearful also, perhaps, to see some one there beside MacCodrum, whom eyes should not see. Then the voice rose into a cry of agony.

''Aoram dhuit, ay an déigh dhomh fàs aosda!''[2]

With that, Anndra feared to stay. As he passed the byre he started, for he thought he saw the shadow of a man. When he looked closer he could see nought, so went his way, trembling and sore troubled.

It was dusk when Mànus came out. He saw that it was to be a cloudy night; and perhaps it was this that, after a brief while, made him turn in his aimless walk and go back to the house. He was sitting before the flaming heart of the peats, brooding in his pain, when suddenly he sprang to his feet.

Loud and clear, and close as though played under the very window of the room, came the cold, white notes of an oaten flute. Ah, too well he knew that wild, fantastic air. Who could it be but Gloom Achanna, playing upon his feadan; and what air of all airs could that be but the ''Dàn-nan-Ròn''?

Was it the dead man, standing there unseen in the shadow of the Grave? Was Marcus beside him, Marcus with the knife still thrust up to the hilt, and the lung-foam upon his lips? Can the sea give up its dead? Can there be strain of any feadan that ever was made of man, there in the Silence?

[1] ''Thy love to me was wonderful, surpassing the love of women.''
[2] ''I shall worship thee, ay, even after I have become old.''

In vain Mànus MacCodrum tortured himself thus. Too well he knew that he had heard the "Dàn-nan-Ròn," and that no other than Gloom Achanna was the player.

Suddenly an access of fury wrought him to madness. With an abrupt lilt the tune swung into the *Davsà-na mairv,* and thence, after a few seconds, and in a moment, into that mysterious and horrible *Codhail-nan-Pairtean* which none but Gloom played.

There could be no mistake now, nor as to what was meant by the muttering, jerking air of the "Gathering of the Crabs."

With a savage cry Mànus snatched up a long dirk from its place by the chimney, and rushed out.

There was not the shadow of a sea-gull even in front; so he sped round by the byre. Neither was anything unusual discoverable there.

"Sorrow upon me," he cried; "man or wraith, I will be putting it to the dirk!"

But there was no one; nothing; not a sound.

Then, at last, with a listless droop of his arms, MacCodrum turned and went into the house again. He remembered what Gloom Achanna had said: *"You 'll hear the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn' the night before you die, Mànus MacCodrum, and lest you doubt it, you 'll hear it in your death-hour."*

He did not stir from the fire for three hours; then he rose, and went over to his bed and lay down without undressing.

He did not sleep, but lay listening and watching. The peats burned low, and at last there was scarce a flicker along the floor. Outside he could hear the wind moaning upon the sea. By a strange rustling sound he knew that the tide was ebbing across the great reef that runs out from Berneray. By midnight the clouds had gone. The moon shone clear and full. When he heard the clock strike in its worm-eaten, rickety case, he sat up, and listened intently. He could hear nothing. No shadow stirred. Surely if the wraith of Gloom Achanna were waiting for him it would make some sign, now, in the dead of night.

An hour passed. Mànus rose, crossed the room on tip-toe, and soundlessly opened the door. The salt wind blew fresh

against his face. The smell of the shore, of wet sea-wrack and pungent bog-myrtle, of foam and moving water, came sweet to his nostrils. He heard a skua calling from the rocky promontory. From the slopes behind, the wail of a moon-restless lapwing rose and fell mournfully.

Crouching, and with slow, stealthy step, he stole round by the seaward wall. At the dyke he stopped, and scrutinised it on each side. He could see for several hundred yards, and there was not even a sheltering sheep. Then, soundlessly as ever, he crept close to the byre. He put his ear to chink after chink: but not a stir of a shadow even. As a shadow, himself, he drifted lightly to the front, past the hay-rick; then, with swift glances to right and left, opened the door and entered. As he did so, he stood as though frozen. Surely, he thought, that was a sound as of a step, out there by the hay-rick. A terror was at his heart. In front, the darkness of the byre, with God knows what dread thing awaiting him; behind, a mysterious walker in the night, swift to take him unawares. The trembling that came upon him was nigh overmastering. At last, with a great effort, he moved towards the ledge, where he kept a candle. With shaking hand he struck a light. The empty byre looked ghostly and fearsome in the flickering gloom. But there was no one, nothing. He was about to turn, when a rat ran along a loose-hanging beam, and stared at him, or at the yellow shine. He saw its black eyes shining like peat-water in moonlight.

The creature was curious at first, then indifferent. At last, it began to squeak, and then made a swift scratching with its fore-paws. Once or twice came an answering squeak; a faint rustling was audible here and there among the straw.

With a sudden spring Mànus seized the beast. Even in the second in which he raised it to his mouth and scrunched its back with his strong teeth, it bit him severely. He let his hands drop, and groped furtively in the darkness. With stooping head he shook the last breath out of the rat, holding it with his front teeth, with back-curled lips. The next moment he dropped the dead thing, trampled upon it, and burst out laughing. There was a scurrying of pattering feet, a

rustling of straw. Then silence again. A draught from the door had caught the flame and extinguished it. In the silence and darkness MacCodrum stood, intent, but no longer afraid. He laughed again, because it was so easy to kill with the teeth. The noise of his laughter seemed to him to leap hither and thither like a shadowy ape. He could see it; a blackness within the darkness. Once more he laughed. It amused him to see the *thing* leaping about like that.

Suddenly he turned, and walked out into the moonlight. The lapwing was still circling and wailing. He mocked it, with loud shrill *pēē-wēēty, pēē-wēēty, pēē-wēēt.* The bird swung waywardly, alarmed: its abrupt cry, and dancing flight aroused its fellows. The air was full of the lamentable crying of plovers.

A sough of the sea came inland. Mànus inhaled its breath with a sigh of delight. A passion for the running wave was upon him. He yearned to feel green water break against his breast. Thirst and hunger, too, he felt at last, though he had known neither all day. How cool and sweet, he thought, would be a silver haddock, or even a brown-backed liath, alive and gleaming, wet with the sea-water still bubbling in its gills. It would writhe, just like the rat; but then how he would throw his head back, and toss the glittering thing up into the moonlight, catch it on the downwhirl just as it neared the wave on whose crest he was, and then devour it with swift voracious gulps!

With quick, jerky steps he made his way past the landward side of the small, thatch-roofed cottage. He was about to enter, when he noticed that the door, which he had left ajar, was closed. He stole to the window and glanced in.

A single, thin, wavering moonbeam flickered in the room. But the flame at the heart of the peats had worked its way through the ash, and there was now a dull glow, though that was within the "smooring," and threw scarce more than a glimmer into the room.

There was enough light, however, for Mànus MacCodrum to see that a man sat on the three-legged stool before the fire. His head was bent, as though he were listening. The face

was away from the window. It was his own wraith, of course; of that, Mànus felt convinced. What was it doing there? Perhaps it had eaten the Holy Book, so that it was beyond his putting a *rosad* on it! At the thought he laughed loud. The shadow-man leaped to his feet.

The next moment MacCodrum swung himself on to the thatched roof, and clambered from rope to rope, where these held down the big stones which acted as dead-weight for the thatch, against the fury of tempests. Stone after stone he tore from its fastenings and hurled to the ground over beyond the door. Then with tearing hands he began to burrow an opening in the thatch. All the time he whined like a beast.

He was glad the moon shone full upon him. When he had made a big enough hole, he would see the evil thing out of the grave that sat in his room, and would stone it to death.

Suddenly he became still. A cold sweat broke out upon him. The thing, whether his own wraith, or the spirit of his dead foe, or Gloom Achanna himself, had begun to play, low and slow, a wild air. No piercing, cold music like that of the feadan! Too well he knew it, and those cool, white notes that moved here and there in the darkness like snowflakes. As for the air, though he slept till Judgment Day and heard but a note of it amidst all the clamor of heaven and hell, sure he would scream because of the "Dàn-nan-Ròn."

The "Dàn-nan-Ròn!" The *Roin!* the Seals! Ah, what was he doing there, on the bitter-weary land! Out there was the sea. Safe would he be in the green waves.

With a leap he was on the ground. Seizing a huge stone, he hurled it through the window. Then, laughing and screaming, he fled towards the Great Reef, along whose sides the ebb-tide gurgled and sobbed, with glistening white foam.

He ceased screaming or laughing as he heard the "Dàn-nan-Ròn" behind him, faint, but following; sure, following. Bending low, he raced towards the rock-ledges from which ran the reef.

When at last he reached the extreme ledge he stopped abruptly. Out on the reef he saw from ten to twenty seals, some swimming to and fro, others clinging to the reef, one or

two making a curious barking sound, with round heads lifted against the moon. In one place there was a surge and lashing of water. Two bulls were fighting to the death.

With swift, stealthy movements Mànus unclothed himself. The damp had clotted the leathern thongs of his boots, and he snarled with curled lip as he tore at them. He shone white in the moonshine, but was sheltered from the sea by the ledge behind which he crouched. "What did Gloom Achanna mean by that?" he muttered savagely, as he heard the nearing air change into the "Dance of the Dead." For a moment Mànus was a man again. He was nigh upon turning to face his foe, corpse or wraith or living body; to spring at this thing which followed him, and tear it with hands and teeth. Then, once more, the hated "Song of the Seals" stole mockingly through the night.

With a shiver he slipped into the dark water. Then with quick, powerful strokes he was in the moon-flood, and swimming hard against it out by the leeside of the reef.

So intent were the seals upon the fight of the two great bulls that they did not see the swimmer, or if they did, took him for one of their own people. A savage snarling and barking and half-human crying came from them. Mànus was almost within reach of the nearest, when one of the combatants sank dead, with torn throat. The victor clambered on the reef, and leaned high, swaying its great head and shoulders to and fro. In the moonlight its white fangs were like red coral. Its blinded eyes ran with gore.

There was a rush, a rapid leaping and swirling, as Mànus surged in among the seals, which were swimming round the place where the slain bull had sunk.

The laughter of this long, white seal terrified them.

When his knees struck against a rock, MacCodrum groped with his arms, and hauled himself out of the water.

From rock to rock and ledge to ledge he went, with a fantastic, dancing motion, his body gleaming foam-white in the moonshine.

As he pranced and trampled along the weedy ledges, he sang snatches of an old rune—the lost rune of the MacCodrums

of Uist. The seals on the rocks crouched spell-bound; those slow-swimming in the water stared with brown unwinking eyes, with their small ears strained against the sound:

It is I, Mànus MacCodrum,
I am telling you that, you, Anndra of my blood,
And you, Neil my grandfather, and you, and you, and you!
Ay, ay, Mànus my name is, Mànus MacMànus!
It is I myself, and no other.
Your brother, O Seals of the Sea!
Give me blood of the red fish,
And a bite of the flying *sgadan:*
The green wave on my belly,
And the foam in my eyes!
I am your bull-brother, O Bulls of the Sea,
Bull—better than any of you, snarling bulls!
Come to me, mate, seal of the soft, furry womb,
White am I still, though red shall I be,
Red with the streaming red blood if any dispute me!
Aoh, aoh, aoh, arò, arò, ho-rò!
A man was I, a seal am I,
My fangs churn the yellow foam from my lips:
Give way to me, give way to me, Seals of the Sea;
Give way, for I am fëy of the sea
And the sea-maiden I see there,
And my name, true, is Mànus MacCodrum,
The bull-seal that was a man, Arà! Arà!

By this time he was close upon the great black seal, which was still monotonously swaying its gory head, with its sightless eyes rolling this way and that. The sea-folk seemed fascinated. None moved, even when the dancer in the moonshine trampled upon them.

When he came within arm-reach he stopped.

"Are you the Ceann-Cinnidh?" he cried.

"Are you the head of this clan of the sea-folk?"

The huge beast ceased its swaying. Its curled lips moved from its fangs.

"Speak, Seal, if there 's no curse upon you! Maybe, now, you 'll be Anndra himself, the brother of my father! Speak! *H'st—are you hearing that music on the shore?* 'T is the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn'! Death o' my soul, it 's the 'Dàn-nan-Ròn'!

Aha, 't is Gloom Achanna out of the Grave. Back, beast, and let me move on!''

With that, seeing the great bull did not move, he struck it full in the face with clenched fist. There was a hoarse, strangling roar, and the seal champion was upon him with lacerating fangs.

Mànus swayed this way and that. All he could hear now was the snarling and growling and choking cries of the maddened seals. As he fell, they closed in upon him. His screams wheeled through the night like mad birds. With desperate fury he struggled to free himself. The great bull pinned him to the rock; a dozen others tore at his white flesh, till his spouting blood made the rocks scarlet in the white shine of the moon.

For a few seconds he still fought savagely, tearing with teeth and hands. Once, a red irrecognisable mass, he staggered to his knees. A wild cry burst from his lips, when from the shore-end of the reef came loud and clear the lilt of the rune of his fate.

The next moment he was dragged down and swept from the reef into the sea. As the torn and mangled body disappeared from sight, it was amid a seething crowd of leaping and struggling seals, their eyes wild with affright and fury, their fangs red with human gore.

And Gloom Achanna, turning upon the reef, moved swiftly inland, playing low on his feadan, as he went.

CRITICAL COMMENT

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMON AND SUSANNA

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

No one knows when story telling began. It is as old as the human race. It goes beyond history into the unknown darkness of the past. Some of the stories we still read originated far back in primitive life. Such stories, that have been told for many years, and are common to the race, we call "Folk-Lore" stories.

Every Folk-Lore story probably began in the simplest form. Something happened,—and someone tried to tell about the event. If the story was interesting enough to repeat, it gradually became exaggerated. Thus the germ of *The Adventures of Simon and Susanna* is the common-enough story of a successful elopement in which the cleverness of the young people,—of the girl in particular,—eluded the pursuing father. Their means of making their escape must have been quite ordinary, but when the story was told again and again,—if this really is a Folk-Lore story, the cleverness was exaggerated and gradually turned into magic.

In reading this story we come into close touch with the origin of all story telling. We see one man, a common, ignorant man, telling a story to an interested listener, and undoubtedly "putting in a few extra touches" to make the story more wonderful. The primitive stories must always have been presented orally, and at first to few listeners. Then came the days of story tellers for the crowd, and finally the written story.

The author of *The Adventures of Simon and Susanna,* Joel Chandler Harris, re-told many folk-lore stories. He was born in Georgia in 1848, and died there in 1908. He devoted all his mature life to journalism and literature. His many books about Uncle Remus presented that person so clearly that the good-natured negro story teller has almost ceased to be merely a book-character, and has become a living reality.

Every story that Mr. Harris wrote has plot interest, but it also has pith and wisdom.

THE CROW CHILD

By MARY MAPES DODGE

The ordinary "Fairy Story" is a developed form of the "Folk-Lore" story. Instead of having the roughness, and naïve simplicity

characteristic of primitive ways of story telling it has polish, and definite literary or moral purpose. It is not a mere wonder story told in the first person by some definite individual, and made by the exaggeration of an actual event. It is a written rather than a spoken story, based, in the remote past, on some actual event, but now told in the third person, and directed strongly to an artistic, literary purpose,—frequently to a moral purpose. In every way the best type of "Fairy Story" is a distinct advance towards developed story telling.

The Crow Child is not an actual "Fairy Story," but it illustrates remarkably well the way in which "Fairy Stories" developed. Every event in *The Crow Child* is strictly true, but much of the story appears to be based on magic. A true story of this sort, told in primitive times, and retold again and again, with new emphasis placed on the elements of wonder, would have developed into a pure story of wonder,—a "Fairy Story."

The author of this original, and modern, "Fairy Story," Mary Mapes Dodge, was born in New York in 1838. For many years she was the efficient editor of *St. Nicholas,* a young people's magazine of the highest type. In addition to her editorial work she wrote many books for young people, the most famous being *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.* She died in 1905.

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL

By LAFCADIO HEARN

Very often the earliest stories are not crude accounts of ordinary events, exaggerated enough to be worthy of note. They are poetic narratives founded on matters of deep significance in the life of a people. All primitive people are poetic, because they see the world through the eyes of emotion rather than of scientific understanding. They also have an instinctive recognition of fundamental nobility. Therefore we have such stories as the legends of Hiawatha, in which an ideal man is presented, bringing benefit to his kind. Any story that is handed down from generation to generation, and that presents as facts matters that have no other verification, is legendary. The highest type of legendary story is one that presents high ideals.

The Chinese, whose literature is exceedingly ancient, have always been an idealistic people. It is not surprising that they should create such an appealing legendary tale as *The Soul of the Great Bell.* Although the elements are quite simple the story has been turned from being a simple account of tragic self-sacrifice, and has become an explanation of the music of the bell, as well as an example of filial devotion. The preservation of such stories shows natural appreciation of short story values.

The present rendering of *The Soul of the Great Bell* undoubtedly far surpasses the Chinese version. The story has been appropriately introduced, amplified and given added poetic and dramatic effect by careful choice of words, descriptive passages, suspense, onomatopœia, and climax.

Lafcadio Hearn was born in 1850, of Irish and Greek parentage, in Leucadia, of the Greek Ionian Islands. At 19 he came to America and engaged in newspaper work, living at various times in New Orleans and in New York. From 1891 until his death in 1904 he made his home in Japan, where he became a Buddhist and a naturalized Japanese citizen under the name of Yakumo Koizumi. He learned to know the oriental peoples as few others have known them. His literary work is marked by poetic treatment, and an atmosphere of the Orient. He wrote *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, Out of the East, Some Chinese Ghosts,* and many other books on oriental subjects.

Ta-chung sz'. Temple of the Bell. A building in Pekin, holding the bell that is the subject of the story. The bell was made in the reign of Yong-lo, about 1406 A. D. It weighs over 120,000 pounds, and is the largest bell known to be in actual use.

Kwang-chan-fu. The Broad City. Canton.

THE TEN TRAILS

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

The fable and the proverb are much alike in that both are highly condensed, and both are told to instruct. The short, direct, applied narratives known as "Fables" are among the oldest ancestors of the short story. Even in the most ancient times there were fables, those of Æsop having been told perhaps as early as the sixth century, B. C. Many familiar fables have animals for their characters, their known characteristics needing no comment. Thus the fox and the wolf appear frequently, their mere names suggesting traits of character. The fable, as a type of wisdom literature, is always short, simple, and emphatic. It always emphasizes marked human characteristics, and usually ends with a "moral" that adds to the emphasis. The influence of the fable helped to make the story short, condensed, vivid, pointed, and based on character.

The Ten Trails is a modern imitation of older fables. Its directness, simplicity, clear story, and appended moral are characteristic of the type.

Ernest Thompson Seton, born in England in 1860, has written many stories in which he presents animal life with appealing sympathy. He has devoted himself particularly to cultivating a love for outdoors life, and for animate nature. *Wild Animals I Have*

Known, The Biography of a Grizzly, and similar books, are full of original interest.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

An allegory is a story that has an underlying meaning or moral. It is in some ways an expanded fable, with the meaning understood rather than presented. The chief difference between the "Fable" and the "Allegory" lies in length and complexity of treatment, and in the way of presenting the underlying meaning. The "Fable" is short and usually appends the moral. The "Allegory" is usually long, and tells the story in such a way that the reader is sure to grasp the meaning without further comment. The purpose, as in the "Fable," is double,—to tell a story, and to teach a truth. All literatures have numerous allegories, Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* being notable examples in English literature.

Where Love Is, There God Is Also is an allegorical story of a pleasing type that is often found in our present day literature. The story has such evident good humor, appreciation of the needs of humble life, and such an unselfish spirit of sympathy that it appeals to any reader. Its strong realism, effective plan, and clear, emphatic presentation make the story one of the best of its kind.

Count Leo Tolstoi, born at Yasnaya Polyana, in Russia, in 1828, and dying at Astapovo in 1910, is one of the greatest and most interesting figures in all modern literature. The story of his career, with its surprising changes from the life of a nobleman to that of a peasant, from a life given over to pleasure to a life devoted to the moral uplift of a whole people, is even more astonishing than any of the stories he told in his many works of fiction. Student, soldier, traveler, lover of social life, philosopher, reformer, and self-sacrificing idealist, he developed a personality unique in the extreme, and became a world-wide influence for good. His best known novels are *War and Peace*, and *Anna Karenina.* In them, as in all that he wrote, the notable qualities are realism, dramatic force, original thought, and courageous expression of beliefs.

Grivenki. A grivenka is 10 copecks, or about five cents.

WOOD LADIES

By PERCEVAL GIBBON

There is a strange fascination about the supernatural, for men of all races instinctively believe that they are surrounded by a world

of good and evil that lies just beyond their touch. Some have thought the woods and mountains peopled with unseen divinities; others have believed in strange gnomes and dwarfs who are thought to live in the depths of the earth; some have believed in pale ghosts, specters that move by night, haunting the scenes of unattoned crime. One of the most pleasing beliefs is that in fairies, or "Little Folk,"—unseen, beautiful, and usually beneficent beings who live in woodland places and are endowed with all powers of magic.

Stories of the unseen world that may lie about us have appeared in all ages. Sometimes such stories have been beautiful and fanciful, and sometimes filled with the spirit of fear. In the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first of the nineteenth it became quite the fashion to tell stories of ghosts and strange terrors. Ernst Hoffmann and Ludwig Tieck in Germany set an example that was followed by Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Edgar Allan Poe in this country, as well as by many other writers since their time.

There is another and more healthful attitude of mind. Instead of the horror of Gothic romance it presents the fancy of Celtic thought. In stories of this gentler type one does not feel that the unseen world is wholly to be feared.

Such a story is *Wood Ladies,* in which the spirit of Celtic fancy has found full play. In this story everything is woodsy, delicate, half-seen, as though one were treading the very edges of fairyland without knowing it. Mother-love fills the whole story and gives it a noble beauty. And yet, in a certain sense, the child, conscious of another world, is wiser than the mother. A story of this sort, dealing with the supernatural, rests the mind like sweet music.

Perceval Gibbon was born in Carmarthenshire in South Wales, in 1879. He has spent much time in the merchant service on British, French, and American vessels. He has done unusual work as war correspondent. Among his literary works are *Souls in Bondage, The Adventures of Miss Gregory, The Second Class Passenger,* and a collection of Poems. His work is marked by originality, and a clever mastery of technique.

ON THE FEVER SHIP

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Love is so essential a part of life that it must also be a part of literature; therefore romantic love has been a leading literary theme for centuries. Some of the world's greatest stories of love flash into our minds when we repeat the names of Juliet, Rosalind, Portia, Elaine, and Evangeline. Such stories suggest

depth of emotion, charm, womanly worth, pure and innocent love, or a love that lasts beyond the years. In the days of chivalry the knight bore his lady's token, and fought in her honor. To-day men love just as deeply, and fight for land and hearth and sweetheart just as truly as men did in the long ago.

On the Fever Ship is the story of a modern knight,—a soldier who went into his country's war, bearing in his heart the memory of one he loved. When he is wounded, and lies fever-stricken on the deck of a transport, he does not think at all of himself but only of the one who is far away. That is the story, an abiding love in absence, with dreams at last made true.

The author makes the story notably strong and tender. Without formal introduction he presents the realistic picture of the fever ship,—the inexplicable monotony, the dream-world, the child-likeness of the wounded man's life. Old scenes and faces come before the wounded soldier in tantalizing dreams. Little by little the author draws us closer into sympathy with the central figure. He makes us share in the man's intensity of feeling. We feel the force of the strong episode of the somewhat unfeeling nurse, and become indignant in the man's behalf. Finally, lifted by the power of the story, we rise with it into full comprehension of the depth of the hero's love. Then, quickly and with artistic effect, the story comes to an end. Simply, surely, strongly, with real sentiment instead of sentimentality, it has made us realize the all-powerful force of love.

The story is written with much sympathy and evident tenderness of spirit, and is so touched with real pathos, that it comes to us as a transcription of some real story the author had found in his work as war correspondent.

Richard Harding Davis was one of the most romantic figures in recent literary life. As war correspondent he saw fighting in the Spanish-American War, the Boer War, the Japanese-Russian War, and the Great War. He traveled in all parts of Europe, in Central and in South America, and in the little-visited districts of the Congo in Africa. He saw the magnificent coronation ceremonies of the King of Spain, the King of England, and the Czar of Russia. He attended gorgeous state occasions in various lands. He also lived the hard field and camp life of a soldier and an explorer.

He wrote a number of extraordinarily good short stories, several stirring novels,—among which are *The King's Jackal, Ransom's Folly, The White Mice,* and *The Princess Aline,*—several plays, and a number of works of travel and war correspondence.

Richard Harding Davis was born in Philadelphia in 1864, and died in New York in 1916.

San Juàn. A fortified hill position in Cuba, near Santiago de Cuba, captured in the Spanish-American War by the United States soldiers July 1, 1898.
Maitre d'hotel. Chief attendant—head-waiter.
Embankment. The Thames Embankment, a noted part of London.
Chasseur. Footman.
Numero cinq, sur la terrace, un couvert. Number five, on the terrace, one place.
Baiquiri. A landing place in Cuba near Santiago de Cuba. The United States soldiers landed here, June 21–23, 1898.
Tampa. A seaport in Florida.

A SOURCE OF IRRITATION

By STACY AUMONIER

An interesting type of story shows an ordinary person in an extraordinary situation. In *Robinson Crusoe,* for example, an ordinary Englishman is left alone on an uninhabited island; in Stockton's *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine* two good old New England women with little worldly experience are wrecked on a mysterious island in the Pacific; in Howard Pyle's *The Ruby of Kishmore* a peace-loving Philadelphia Quaker is suddenly involved in a series of bloody encounters in the West Indies. Such stories always arouse interest or develop humor by the astonishing contrast between setting and characters, and they always emphasize character by showing how it acts in unusual circumstances. Thus *Robinson Crusoe* at once attracts our interest and awakens admiration for the hero.

A Source of Irritation is especially clever in every way. There could be no greater contrast than that between old Sam Gates' usual hum-drum, eventless life, and the sudden transfer to an aeroplane, a foreign land, the trenches, battle, and the search for a spy. Very rarely, too, is a character presented so emphatically as this 69-year-old gardener, with his irritable moods, his insistence on the habits of a life-time, his stolidity, and his real manliness. Equally rare is a story told so effectively, with just the proper combination of realism and romance, with quick touches of comedy and of tragedy, with a closeness to life that is indisputable, and a romance that is unusual. In its every part the story is a masterpiece of construction.

Stacy Aumonier is an Englishman of Huguenot descent.

Swede. A Swedish turnip.
Shag. A fine-cut tobacco.
"Mare vudish.' Merkwürdig, remarkable.
A fearful noise. The English made an attack on the German aeroplan
Uglaublich. Incredible.
A foreign country. Evidently Flanders.

Boche. German.
G. H. Q. General Head Quarters.
Norfolk. One of the eastern counties of England, bordering on the North Sea.

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

By RUDYARD KIPLING

One of the pleasures of life is to travel and see the world. If we are unable to travel far in reality we may at least see much of strange lands through short stories of distant places and ways of life different from the ordinary.

Moti Guj—Mutineer is a story of life in India, of elephants and mahouts and strange events. It has all the atmosphere of India, given by half-humorous realistic touches that transport us from the land of everyday. It is a story of animal life, told with an intimate knowledge that shows close familiarity with "elephanthood." Beyond that, it has what every story must have,—close relation to human character as we see it in any land at any time. Even the elephant is made to act and to think as if he were a human being. The humorous style, and the quickness with which the story is told, as well as the vivid pictures it gives, are typical of its author's work.

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, in 1865. After education in England he became a sub-editor of a paper published in Lahore, India, where he lived for some years, becoming intimate with all the life of the land. He has lived at various times in India, the United States, South Africa, and England. He has written a great number of astonishingly clever stories, poems, and novels, all in quick, vigorous style, with freedom from restraint, with rough realism, and with genuine humor and pathos. Among his most notable books are: *Plain Tales from the Hills, The Jungle Book, Captains Courageous, The Day's Work,* and *Puck of Pook's Hill.*

Arrack. A fermented drink.
Coir-swab. A mop made from cocoanut fiber.

GULLIVER THE GREAT

By WALTER A. DYER

There is a wonderfully close sympathy between man and the animal world,—a sympathy that is especially strong in the case of either the horse or the dog, animals that are the close associates of man. Ancient literature,—*The Bible* and *The Odyssey,*—tell of the faithfulness of the dog, man's friend and protector. In recent times writers have turned to the whole world of nature for subjects, —the stag, the grizzly bear, the wolf, and other animals, but stories

of dogs still awaken interest and sympathy, and will continue to do so as long as the faithfulness of dogs endures,—which is forever.

Gulliver the Great is told in an interestingly suggestive manner, every part of the story being rich with hints on which our imaginations build. The pleasant calm of the setting adds much to the effect. The man's character is emphasized from the start, making the story he tells have full meaning. The story is dramatic, but its power rests far more on sympathy than on events. The art of the story is in the clever way in which the almost human soul of the dog is revealed, acting upon the soul of the man.

Walter A. Dyer was born in Massachusetts in 1878. Since his graduation from Amherst College in 1900 he has been engaged in editorial and other literary work. His natural fondness for dogs has led to such books as *Pierrot: Dog of Belgium,* and *Gulliver the Great.*

Early Victorian comforts. The comforts characteristic of the first part of the reign of Queen Victoria of England, before city life and commercial life were highly developed.

Mr. Pickwick. The humorous hero of Charles Dickens' famous novel, *Pickwick Papers.*

James G. Blaine. An American statesman, 1830–1893. He held many high offices, and was once candidate for the Presidency.

Simplicissimus. A humorous and satirical German periodical.

Brunos. From the Latin "brunus"—brown. A name frequently given to dogs.

Moros. The Malay inhabitants of certain islands of the Philippines

Great Dane. A type of dog noted for great size and graceful build.

Vohl's Vulcan. A famous dog.

Wurtemburg breed. A well-known breed of dogs.

Mauna Loa. A noted Hawaiian volcano nearly 14,000 feet in height.

Bulls of Bashan. *The Bible* makes frequent mention of the bulls of Bashan, a section of Palestine east of the valley of the Jordan.

SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'

By RUTH McENERY STUART

Laughter is a legitimate part of life, especially when it clarifies the mind. The short story has seized upon all the elements of humor and made them its own, especially the anecdote. Some writers have used whimsical humor to give relief from sombre tales, or have told stories lightly and fancifully humorous, like several in this book. Others have written with broader effects. Every one of the many types of humorous story is good,—the unusual situation, the surprising climax, the fantastic character, the utter absurdity,—but every type must follow the dictates of good taste. Humor need never be coarse, or vulgar, or in any way aimed at personal satire. It may criticize, but it must do so with friendly good will.

Sonny's Schoolin' is a series of connected anecdotes, told in monologue. The humor of the anecdotes lies in their absurdity—in the presence of Sonny every one is so helpless! Any modern teacher would deal with Sonny in a way that he would understand. The humor of the narration lies partly in the events, partly in the speaker's naïve, unconscious exposition of self, and partly in the amusing dialect. Two qualities illuminate the story: one, the gradual presentation of Sonny's really lovable nature, seen to better advantage by the father-and-mother-love behind it; the other, the gradual criticism of the older system of education, and the suggestion of a type well adapted to quick, active, original minds like Sonny's.

Ruth McEnery Stuart, a native of Louisiana, contributed to our best periodicals, and wrote many amusing, and wholly sympathetic, stories of southern life, such as *Holly and Pizen, Napoleon Jackson, Sonny,* and *Sonny's Father.* She died in 1917.

HER FIRST HORSE SHOW

By DAVID GRAY

Every side of life contributes short story material,—the deeds of people in strange surroundings, unusual aces of heroism in war or in peace, the lives of the poor, and the lives of the rich. Since men's characters are independent of either wealth or poverty, the story of society life, when written effectively, may awaken as deep feelings of sympathy or brotherhood as the story of humble life. Any story is worthy if it broadens the understanding of life and presents its material in artistic form.

On the surface *Her First Horse Show* is a story of society life, of rich people who delight in the fashionable horse show, and in dining at the Waldorf. Fundamentally, it is a story of human understanding, cleverness, and daring, in which the charm of a girl, and the thoroughbred qualities of a horse, play leading parts. Quick, suggestive conversation makes the story vividly interesting, and clear arrangement leads effectively to the climax.

David Gray was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1870. He has done editorial work on various papers, and has written a large number of interesting "horse stories" collected in such books as *Gallops I, Gallops II,* and *Mr. Carteret and Others.* In 1899 Mr. Gray entered the legal profession.

Doubting Thomas. A reference to the Bible story of St. Thomas, who at first doubted the resurrection of Jesus. See John: 20: 25.

"Hands." Much of the skill in riding high spirited horses depends upon the use of the hands in holding the reins.

MY HUSBAND'S BOOK

By JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Sometimes the short story is used as an effective means of satire of a type resembling that employed by Addison in *The Spectator Papers.* Satire can be given in so few words, and in the very speech and actions of the persons satirized, that it is well adapted as material for the short story. It should be the aim of all satirical short stories of the milder sort to follow Addison's rule, and point out little follies rather than great wickednesses, and to aim at a thousand people rather than at one.

My Husband's Book is an admirable example of ideal satire of the lighter type. The husband is typical—of whom?—of every one who puts off until tomorrow what he should do today. The wife is presented whimsically as altogether adoring, but as somewhat persistently and mischievously suspicious. At no time does the husband become aware of his real defect of character, nor the wife lose all her loving faith. Kindly satire like this is playful in nature, the sort to be expected from the author of *Peter Pan.* We laugh good-naturedly at the husband—and see ouselves in him!

Sir James Matthew Barrie was born in Kirriemuir, Scotland, in 1860. His delightfully romantic *Auld Licht Idylls, A Window in Thrums,* and especially *The Little Minister,* made him known to all the English-speaking world. His remarkably original and fanciful plays, *Quality Street, Peter Pan, What Every Woman Knows,* and numerous other dramatic works have added to his already great reputation. He is one of the leading English writers of the present time.

WAR

By JACK LONDON

The short story often rises beyond the light and the commonplace to act as a stern critic of world conditions. With vivid, realistic touches it points at reality. By focussing every light upon a single human figure who compellingly commands sympathy it arouses in us a sense of kinship with all who suffer. Short stories of this type have teaching force that is all powerful.

War is such a story. Although little more than a vivid sketch it presents the brutality of war in all its horror,—not by picturing the slaughter of thousands, but by showing a boy,—shrinking, eager to perform his full duty, loving life, fearing death, stopping to gather apples in a boyish way,—a boy whose instinctive and noble hesitation to kill rebounds on himself, as if in irony, and causes his own death. In a certain sense, the boy with his kindly manhood

and generous motives represents the American spirit. The opposite type of spirit, the love of war for war's sake, brutality for the sake of brutality, is shown in the boy's enemies,—harsh foreigners who hang men to trees, who shoot at the boy as at a target, and laugh at his death. The story individualizes war, and thereby gives emphasis to its horror. Such a story demands on the part of the author a heartfelt interest in his theme, an intense love of life, and the ability to write in realistic style.

Jack London was deeply interested in the world of men. Far from being a recluse, he lived an active life with his fellows. He left his college class in order to go with other adventurers into the Klondike; he went to Japan, and seal hunting in the Behring Sea as a sailor before the mast; he tramped about the country; he traveled as a war correspondent, and went on an adventurous voyage into the South Seas in a 55-foot yacht. He wrote a great number of books, all of which show a quick understanding of the needs of humanity. Some of his works are thoughtful studies of social conditions. His best known books are: *The Call of the Wild, The Sea Wolf,* and *The Mutiny of the Elsinore.* He was born in San Francisco in 1876, and died in 1916.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

In this day when science plays so great a part in life it is only natural that many stories should be based on scientific knowledge. Since such stories must almost always more or less distort scientific truth in order to make the facts have story-interest they are usually called "pseudo-scientific," that is, falsely scientific.

Edgar Allan Poe, who did so much for the short story, was one of the first to write pseudo-scientific stories, his *Descent into the Maelström,* and *A Tale of the Ragged Mountains* being good examples of his peculiar power.

The Battle of the Monsters is a wonderfully clever pseudo-scientific story. In it we enter the minute world of the miscroscope, every character being infinitesimally small.

The story tells how a microbe of Asiatic cholera enters the veins of John Anderson at the same moment when he is bitten by a rabid dog. The "white, corrugated wall" is the dog's tooth; the army of dog-faced creatures is composed of the microbes of rabies, or hydrophobia. The vibrant roar heard from time to time, is the beat of the man's heart. In the veins the cholera microbe finds the red corpuscles and other cells and microbes that exist in the blood, and also the white corpuscles that, according to Metschnikoff, act as destroyers of the microbes of disease. We go with the cholera

microbe through the series of blood vessels into the heart and thence back into the arteries and veins, all the time seeing the struggle between the beneficent white corpuscles and the deadly microbes of rabies. We see the desperate efforts to keep the microbes of rabies from entering the cells and finding their way to the brain. As the microbes of rabies reproduce they begin to win the battle. The cholera microbe, himself fighting the hosts of rabies, is about to be overcome, when the physician's injection of antitoxin brings a new army to fight the dog-faced creatures. Now that the danger of rabies has been overcome attention is paid to the hero of the story, who declares himself to be the microbe of Asiatic cholera. At once the police guardians of the blood, the white corpuscles, close on him and destroy him. Thus John Anderson escapes all danger from rabies and from cholera, to both of which he had been exposed. The battle, if microscopic, had been real, had been on a grand scale, and had been of tremendous importance.

The pseudo-scientific story could have no better illustration. Every detail is clear, vivid with action, and tense with interest. There is no turning aside to give scientific information—nothing that is dry-as-dust. The microbes and corpuscles, without losing their essential characteristics, speak and act in ways that we can understand. That is why the story is so successful. It is a human story, based upon human interest. Familiar language, familiar ways of thought, events that we can understand, convey to us information on a learned scientific subject—the work of the white blood corpuscles.

Morgan Robertson, 1861–1915, was born in Oswego, N. Y. From 1877 to 1886 he lived the life of a sailor at sea. Gifted with natural literary ability he turned to writing, and wrote a number of distinctly original stories, most of them about the sea, such as *Spun Yarn, Masters of Men, Shipmates,* and *Down to the Sea.*

Metschnikoff's theory. The great Russian physiologist, Iliya Metschnikoff, 1845–1916, taught that the white blood corpuscles act as destroyers of disease microbes.

The wounds of Milton's warring angels. In Milton's *Paradise Lost* the angels, wounded in the war in heaven, at once recovered.

Darwin. Charles Darwin, 1809–1882 The great English naturalist, founder of the "Darwinian Theory" of evolution from lower forms.

Pasteur. Louis Pasteur, 1822–1895. The great French microscopist, and student of hydrophobia. He was the first to inoculate for hydrophobia.

Koch. Robert Koch, 1843–1910, a great German physician who discovered the bacilli of tuberculosis and of cholera.

A DILEMMA

By S. WEIR MITCHELL

A popular type of story leaves the reader, at the conclusion, to choose one of two endings, either of which is open to objections. Such a story sets the reader's mind at work, leads him to review every part of the story, and leaves a peculiarly lasting impression of construction and emphasis. In stories of this sort there is careful exclusion of everything that does not tend to lead to, or to increase, the difficulty.

A Dilemma makes complete preparation for the final puzzle by giving all the necessary facts, and all the motives for possible action, or non-action. When the reader reviews all that has been said, and sees how cleverly the story is constructed, he finds that the difficulty of solution appears even greater than at first.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, 1829–1914, was born in Philadelphia, and there spent most of his life. As a physician he wrote many medical books, and became one of the most distinguished neurologists in the world. His unusual ability led to his becoming member of many learned scientific societies in this country and in Europe. In spite of his active medical work he found time for much writing of a purely literary nature. Such books as *Hugh Wynne, The Adventures of Francois,* and *Dr. North and His Friends,* are distinctly original American contributions, and made their author unusually popular.

Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. Maria Theresa, 1717–1780. Archduchess of Austria, Queen of Hungary, and wife of Emperor Francis I of Austria. One of the most interesting and notable women in history.

THE RED HEADED LEAGUE

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Edgar Allan Poe was the first author to succeed in the "detective story." His *Murders in the Rue Morque, The Mystery of Marie Roget,* and *The Purloined Letter* are among the first stories of their type. Since Poe's time there have been all sorts of detective stories,—good, bad, and indifferent,—from cheap penny-dreadfuls to elaborate novels. Poe's method has been followed in nearly every one, whether written in this country, or abroad, as by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in England, Émile Gaboriau in France, or Anton Chekhov in Russia.

Of all the thousands who have tried their hands in writing detective stories Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has won the most pleasing success. His Sherlock Holmes is a world-known character.

The *Red Headed League* is an admirable example of the author's method. The story is told by the hero's friend, Dr. Watson, allowing opportunity for close appearance of reality, and for unstinted praise. The problem is introduced at first hand, apparently with every detail. To a certain degree we are allowed to enter the series of deductive reasonings pursued by Sherlock Holmes. We are given a brilliant series of events, and then the final solution. Occasional hints at other work performed by Sherlock Holmes tend to awaken further interest. There is such closeness to life, realistic character drawing, good humor, and natural conversation, that the story,—like all the four books of the Sherlock Holmes series,—is most attractive.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh in 1859. Both his father and grandfather achieved fame as artists. Sir Arthur began life as a physician and surgeon, but soon found his real work in letters. He has written a number of our best historical novels, *The White Company, Micah Clarke, The Refuges, Sir Nigel,* etc., and four books of stories about Sherlock Holmes, as well as much other work both in prose and in verse.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico. Whatever is unknown is thought to be magnificent.

Sarasate. A famous Spanish violinist, 1844–.

Partie carrée. A party of four.

"L'homme c'est rien—l'oeuvre c'est tout." The man is nothing—the work is everything.

Gustave Flaubert. 1821–1880. One of the greatest French novelists.

George Sand. The pseudonym of the Baroness Dudevant, 1804–1876, a great French novelist and playwright.

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

By OWEN JOHNSON

In *One Hundred in the Dark* Owen Johnson makes one of the characters say that the peculiar fascination of the detective story lies more in the statement of the problem than in the solution. "The solution does n't count. It is usually banal; it should be prohibited. What interests us is, can we guess it?"

One Hundred in the Dark illustrates that type of detective story that presents a problem but gives no solution. Giving all the information that one could be expected to have, it presents a problem with several different solutions possible. At the end of the story the problem is left unsolved—the reader is "in the dark," but, because his mind has been awakened, he is fascinated. The author has gone further than usual, for he gives the story as if told in a club at the conclusion of a conversation in which several

persons have taken part. The story is followed by further conversation that suggests a second problem—what did the members of the club think of the person who told the story? The result is that the author has cleverly established a definite setting, has aroused interest in the type of story to be told, and has emphasized the problem by giving it a new interest in the light of the question: What part did the members of the club think Peters played in the story that he himself told?

Gwen Johnson was born in New York in 1878. He turned his college life at Yale into literary account in his interesting novel, *Stover at Yale.* He is the author of numerous short stories and plays.

Bon mots. Bright sayings.

De Maupassant. Guy de Maupassant, 1850–1893. A celebrated French novelist and poet. In *Fort comme la Mort* (Strong as Death) he tells of the life of fashionable society.

The Faust theme. A reference to the great tragedy of *Faust* by the German poet, Goethe, 1749–1832. Faust personifies humanity with all its longings.

The Three Musketeers, etc. *The Three Musketeers,* by Alexander Dumas, père, 1803–1870; *Trilby,* by George du Maurier, 1834–1896, and *Soldiers Three,* by Rudyard Kipling, 1865–, all tell stories of the close comradeship of three men.

Vie de Bohème. *Scènes de la vie de Bohème* by Henri Murger. The opera *La Bohème* is based upon this book.

Bluebeard and The Moonstone. In the stories of *Bluebeard,* and *The Moonstone,* a famous mystery story by Wilkie Collins, 1824–1889, curiosity plays a leading part.

Watteaulike. A reference to the conventional pictures of shepherdesses by Jean Antoine Watteau, a celebrated French painter, 1684–1721.

Fines herbes. Vegetable greens.

En maître. As master.

A RETRIEVED REFORMATION

By O. HENRY

The story of self-sacrifice has appealed to people in all times, whether it appears in history,—as in the partly legendary story of Arnold von Winkelried, who gathered the Austrian spears against his breast in order that his comrades might make a way through the ranks of the enemy,—or in fiction, as in Dickens' *A Tale of Two Cities.* Such a story is particularly fascinating, when, as in the story of Sidney Carton, it combines the idea of self-sacrifice with that of fundamental change in character.

In *A Retrieved Reformation* O. Henry has told, in a convincingly brilliant way, how a man—always really good at heart,—even when

set in evil ways—was led through love to develop his better self. The greatness of Jimmy Valentine's soul is made clear by his instant willingness to sacrifice every hope he had,—to lay everything on the altar of love and manliness.

The quick, realistic, kindly-humorous characterizations, the clear, logical arrangement of opposing forces, the dramatic situation at the climax, and the instant solution,—for which every step has inevitably prepared,—point alike to a master hand in story telling.

William Sidney Porter, 1867–1910,—better known by the name, "O. Henry," which he chose humorously because it is so easy to write "O," and because he happened to see "Henry" as a last name in a newspaper account,—achieved as much popularity as any short story writer could desire. He was born in North Carolina, and brought up in Texas, where he gained the little schooling that fell to his lot. He became a sort of rolling stone, working on various periodicals, living in South America, working in Texas as a drug clerk, engaging fully in literary work in New Orleans, and finally coming to New York City where he sold stories as fast as he could write them—and his powers of production were most astonishing. He was only 42 when he died, but, in spite of his wandering life, he had made himself, with almost careless ease, the master of the short story. He wrote quite untrammeled by convention or custom, using slang, coining words, writing in any way he pleased, but always, in reality, following the best principles of story telling, making his plots clear, convincing, and full of the unexpected humors of life. With it all he wrote with a spirit of gentleness and often touched real pathos. His favorite method was to surprise the reader by bringing him to a most unexpected climax.

BROTHER LEO

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

The world is so full of selfishness, and resulting misery, that every one more or less often thinks how different life would be if every individual were to be ideal. Somewhere, somehow, we think, must be a Utopia where everything is as it should be.

Brother Leo is not a fantastic dream of some unreal place. It is a simply beautiful story of a monk who had known no other life than that in his monastic retreat on an island near Venice. There, in a sort of heaven on earth, in a life of extreme simplicity, the young man, untouched by the world, developed all that should characterize us in our daily lives. For one day he goes out into the city, comes into touch with its veneer and dishonesty, and goes back joyfully, without the slightest regret, into his calm retreat.

The story, or character sketch, has no startling event. The young

monk moves in the soft light of kindliness, a beautiful, dream-like figure presented to us with sufficient realism to give verisimilitude. How much better to show this modern, idealistic figure in modern surroundings than to picture some one in the distant past, or in the still more distant future!

Phyllis Bottome was born in England. Her father was an American clergyman and her mother an English woman. She has spent most of her life in England, although she has lived in America, France and Italy. She has written many short stories, some of which have been collected in a volume called *The Derelict.*

Torcello. An island six miles northeast of Venice.
Saint Francis. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226. The founder of the monastic order of Franciscans.
Poverelli. Poor people.
Rembrandt. 1607–1669. A great Dutch painter. Some of his pictures,—especially *The Night Watch,*—show wonderful light effects.
Poverino. Poor little fellow.
The sin of Esau. See the Bible story in *Genesis* 25: 27–34. Esau sold his birthright in order to satisfy his hunger.
St. Francis' birds. St. Francis loved all animate and inanimate nature, and once preached to the birds as if they could understand him.
Per Bacco, Signore. By Bacchus, Sir!
Signore Dio. Lord God.
Veramente. Truly.
Il Signore Dio. The Lord God.
Piazzetta. An open square near the landing place in Venice.
The ducal palace. The palace of the Doges of Venice, built in the fifteenth century.
Chi lo sa? Who knows?
The column of the Lion of St. Mark's. A column in the Piazzetta bearing a winged lion, the emblem of St. Mark.
Saint Mark's. One of the most famous and beautiful church buildings in the world, originally founded in 830. Its attractive Byzantine architecture and its wonderful mosaics have always given delight.
The Piazza. The chief business and pleasure center of Venice.
The new Campanile. A new tower that takes the place of the fallen Campanile begun in the ninth century.
Frari. A great Venetian church built for the Franciscan Friars, 1250–1350.
Titian. 1477–1576. The most famous of all Venetian painters. One of the greatest artists the world has known.
Bellinis. Pictures by Giovanni Bellini, 1427(?)–1516, a great Venetian painter, and the instructor of Titian.
Andiamo. Let us go.
Palazzo Giovanelli. A Venetian palace containing a small but beautiful collection of paintings.
Giorgiones. Pictures by Giorgione, 1477–1511, a pupil of Bellini, much noted for color effects.
Florian's. A famous Venetian café, some 200 years old.
Speriamo. We hope.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

By IAN MACLAREN

Heroism is as great in daily life as in battle. We live beside heroic figures perhaps not recognizing their greatness. Plain, simple surroundings, daily scenes, everyday people, the accustomed language of daily life, may all take on noble proportions.

A Fight with Death is a local color story, for it gives the dialect, the way of life, the character, of certain people in a remote part of Scotland. It is a story of noble type, presenting a character ideal—a country doctor fighting for the life of a humble patient.

The world will always appreciate any story that finds the ideal in the actual; it will appreciate it all the sooner if it is written, as in this case, with plenty of action, vivid character drawing, natural, everyday language, and touches of pathos and of humor, all so combined that the story rises to climax, and wakens sympathy.

A Fight with Death is the third of a series of five simple, exquisitely pathetic stories of Scotch life, entitled *A Doctor of the Old School,* printed in the collection of stories called *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,* by Ian Maclaren,—the pseudonym of Rev. John Watson. The author was born in Manningtree, Essex, in 1850. He gained a large part of his education in Edinburgh University, and has spent many years in intimate touch with Scotch life. In addition to *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* Dr. Watson has written a number of books, the most notable being *Days of Auld Lang Syne, The Upper Room,* and *The Mind of the Master.*

Drumsheugh's grieve. Drumsheugh is tenant of a large farm. The "grieve" is his farm manager.
Greet. Cry.
A certain mighty power. Death.
Sough. Breathe.
Thraun. Perverse.
Shilpit. Weak.
Feckless. Spiritless.
Pushioned. Poisoned.
Kirny aitmeal. Oatmeal with full kernels.
Buirdly. Strong.
Fecht. Fight.
Haflin. A stripling,—half-grown.
Dour chiel. Stubborn fellow.
Caller. Fresh.
Oxters. Armpits.
Grampians. Mountains in central Scotland.
Byre. Cow-barn.
Thole. Endure,—permit.
Fraikin'. Disgraceful action.
Glen Urtach. A valley in the highlands.

Jess. The doctor's old horse.
Goon and bans. Gown and bands,—clerical robes.

THE DÀN-NAN-RÒN

By FIONA MACLEOD

Are there strange, mystical forces in the world that affect us in spite of ourselves? Or do our own actions rebound upon us and make life "heaven or hell" as the case may be? These questions that we ask when we read *Macbeth* come to us when we read Fiona Macleod's *Dàn-Nan-Ròn.*

The Dàn-Nan-Ròn is not wholly a story of mysticism built on the idea that the weird flute-"song o' the seals" could so thrill one who, perhaps, drew his ancestry from the seals, that he would go out into the wild waters to live or die with his ancestral folk. The story suggests all that. It hints at strange descent, magic melodies, wraiths of the dead, and weird powers beyond man. This, no doubt, combined with unusual setting, frequent use of the little-understood Gaelic, weirdly musical verse, and romantic action, gives the story an unusual atmosphere of gloom and shadow. At heart, in plain fact, the story is psychological. A man on whose soul hangs the memory of a crime, maddened by grief at the death of a fervently loved wife, tormented in his evil hour by a deadly human foe who subtly, with compelling music, plays upon his superstitions, plunges, in the violence of his madness, into the sea. From that point of view the man's own soul scourged him to his death.

The whole combination of weird atmosphere, tragedy, grief, conscience, and superstition, is brought together in an artistic form that leads to a grimly startling catastrophe—the final mad fight with the seals. This is no common story of sensational event. It is a great human tragedy of grief and conscience, played to the weird music of the north as if by a Gaelic minstrel endowed with mystic powers.

There is something mystic indeed in Fiona Macleod. William Sharp, 1856–1905, the Scottish poet, editor, novelist, biographer, and critic, lived a successful life as man of letters. He did more, for, beginning in 1894, he used the name, "Fiona Macleod," not as a pseudonym but as that of the actual author of the most unusual, brilliant, and altogether original series of poems and stories ever written. Not until Mr. Sharp's death was it found that Fiona Macleod and William Sharp were one and the same person. The whole story is apparently one of dual personality. All this adds to the strange fascination of Fiona Macleod's stories and poems.

Eilanmore. An island west of Scotland.
The Outer Isles. The Hebrides, or Western Isles, west of Scotland.
The Lews and North Uist. Islands of the Hebrides.

Arran. An island west of Ireland.
Inner Hebrides. Islands of the Hebrides group, not far from the coast of Scotland.
Runes. Mystical songs.
From the Obb of Harris to the Head of Mingulay. From one end of the Hebrides to the other.
Orain spioradail. Spiritual song.
Barra. A southern island of the Hebrides.
Galloway. The extreme southwestern coast of Scotland.
The Minch. The strait between the Hebrides and Scotland.
Caisean-feusag. Moustache.
Mo cailinn. My girl.
Kye. Cattle.
Berneray of Uist. A small island north of North Uist in the Hebrides.
The Sound of Harris. The sound between North Uist and Harris in the Hebrides.
Anna-ban. Fair Anna.
Anne-à-ghraidh. Anna, my dear.
Gheasan. A charm, magic spell.
Geas. Charm.
Sinnsear. Ancestors.
Anna-nic-Gilleasbuig. Anna, daughter of the line of Gilleasbuig.
Ru' Tormaid. A place in the Hebrides.
Corbies. Ravens.
Bàta-beag. Small boat.
Corrie. A hollow in the side of a hill.
Ann-mochree. Ann, my tantalizer.
The black stone of Icolmkill. A famous stone at Icolmkill in the Hebrides.
Oisin the son of Fionn. A character named in Gaelic legends.
Skye. A large island close to the western shore of Scotland.
The Clyde. The great estuary of the river Clyde, in the southwestern part of Scotland, one of the most important shipping centers of Great Britain.
Byre. A cow house.
Loch Boisdale. An inlet of South Uist in the Hebrides.
Loch Maddy. A small inlet in the Hebrides.
Pictish Towre. An ancient stone construction.
Ban Breac. The Spotted Hill.
Maigstir. Master.
Skua. A large sea bird something like a gull.
Liath. A small fish.
Smooring. The fireplace.
Rosad. A charm.
Sgadan. Herrings.
Fey. Doomed.
Ceann-Cinnidh. Head of the Clan.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS FOR CLASS USE

THE ADVENTURES OF SIMON AND SUSANNA

1. What is the advantage of having the two characters,—Uncle Remus and the little boy?
2. What makes the introduction effective?
3. What advantages are gained by the little boy's criticisms?
4. Show how the story maintains its interest.
5. What character distinctions are made in the story?
6. Show how the story is made harmonious in every detail.
7. Write a story in which you present an ignorant man of some familiar type telling to a neighbor an exaggerated story founded on a somewhat ordinary event.

THE CROW CHILD

1. Show that the language of *The Crow Child* is superior to the language of *The Adventures of Simon and Susanna.*
2. What distinctly literary effects does the author produce?
3. Make a list of the words by which the author prepares the reader for Ruky's transformation.
4. What is the purpose of the story?
5. Make an outline that will show the principal divisions of the story.
6. Show that every division of the story is necessary.
7. Write an original story in which you transmute a real experience into a wonder story with a moral effect.

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL

1. How does the story show itself to be a legendary tale?
2. How is the simple story given movement and force?
3. Show how the interest is focussed on the bell rather than on the girl.
4. How does the author make the various sounds of the bell effective in the story?
5. Point out the poetic elements in the story.
6. Write, in poetic form, some legend of America, "The Indian Bride of Niagara," for example.

THE TEN TRAILS

1. Show in what way the story is highly condensed.
2. Expand any part of the story into the full form it might have if not told in the form of a fable.
3. How might the story have been told differently if it had not aimed at a moral?
4. When is it of advantage to write fables?
5. Write an original fable, no longer than *The Ten Trails,* about high school students.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO

1. Make an outline that will show the structure of the story.
2. Why did the author have Avdeitch help more than one person?
3. Show how the use of realistic detail helps the story.
4. What characteristics make the story interesting?
5. Make a list of the epigrammatic expressions that occur in the story. How do they add to the effect?
6. What is the principal lesson taught by the story?
7. Compare this story with Eliot's *Silas Marner,* Leigh Hunt's *Abou Ben Adhem,* Lowell's *The Vision of Sir Launfal,* Longfellow's *The Legend Beautiful,* and Henry Van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man.*
8. Write an allegorical story of some length, using realistic characters from daily life, leading to an effective climax, and presenting a high ideal of conduct.

WOOD LADIES

1. Point out the different steps in the action.
2. What different persons take up the search? What is the effect of the constant additions to the number of searchers?
3. Why did the author have little children, five and seven years old, play principal parts?
4. Trace the emotions of the mother from the beginning of the story.
5. How did the mother, at different times, explain the child's absence?
6. Why does the author narrate nothing that is impossible?
7. Point out passages that suggest the supernatural.
8. Tell the story of the little girl in the "greeny sort of dress."
9. What is the effect of the setting? What gives occasional relief from the setting and thereby emphasizes it all the more?
10. How does the style of the story add to the effect?

11. Show in what ways the story expresses delicate fancy.
12. What is the truth of the story?
13. Write an original story of supernatural beings, using suggestion rather than statement, and avoiding harsh and horrifying events.

ON THE FEVER SHIP

1. Show the steps by which the author makes us realize the soldier's mental condition. His physical condition.
2. By what means does the author present the setting? The principal plot elements?
3. What previous events are indicated but not told? Why are they merely indicated?
4. Trace the steps by which we are led into full sympathy with the love story.
5. What means does the author take to increase the interest of the story as it nears the end?
6. Characterize the different subordinate characters introduced in the story. Tell why every one is introduced.
7. Show that the ending of the story is entirely appropriate. How is it made emphatic?
8. Write a story in which you show the moving effect of any deep love, such as love for parents, brothers, sisters, or children; or else write a somewhat restrained story of romantic love.

A SOURCE OF IRRITATION

1. What effect is given by the question: "Well, uncle, is there any noos?" at the beginning and at the ending of the story?
2. Show how the character of old Sam Gates is essential in the story.
3. Show how every part of the story is possible and probable.
4. Why did the aviator take Sam Gates with him?
5. Point out the characteristics of Sam's captors.
6. Show that Sam's character and actions are consistent.
7. Show that realism and local color give important contributions to the story.
8. How is Sam unknowingly made an important person? What is the value of this importance as a part of the story?
9. Why should Sam so quietly resume work on his return home?
10. Write a story in which some person of quiet, secluded life is suddenly placed in an unusual setting and in unusual circumstances.

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER

1. Point out all that contributes to local color.
2. Point out all that shows intimate knowledge of elephants.
3. Show how the author has made the work humorous.
4. Show that the story has a definite course of action that leads to a climax.
5. Show in what ways the story is highly original.
6. Write an original story in which you use local color as a background for a story of animal life. You may write about a horse, or cat, or dog, but in any case you must make your story have action and lead to climax.

GULLIVER THE GREAT

1. What advantage is gained by having the story told in the club?
2. How is the dog made the central figure?
3. What is the climax of the story?
4. Give the steps in the presentation of the dog's character.
5. Tell how we are made to sympathize with the dog.
6. What suggestive effect is gained at the end of the story?
7. Write a story in which you awaken sympathy for some dumb animal by suggesting that it has almost human emotions.

SONNY'S SCHOOLIN'

1. What is the advantage of the monologue form?
2. How is conversation indicated?
3. Point out the separate incidents that make up the story.
4. What advantage is gained by the use of dialect?
5. Point out elements of goodness in Sonny.
6. What is the character of the father? How is it presented?
7. Tell why Miss Phoebe Kellog's school was superior to all the others.
8. Show in what way the author has produced humorous effects.
9. Write an original story in which you tell what happened to Sonny when he came to your school.

HER FIRST HORSE SHOW

1. Why does the author introduce us to his characters in the midst of the horse show?
2. How does the author, in the beginning of the story, make the situation entirely clear?

3. What speeches and actions in the early part of the story serve to make the action in the latter part of the story seem natural?
4. How is the girl's daring act emphasized?
5. In what ways does the author make it seem probable that the girl could gain opportunity to ride the high-spirited horse at the horse show?
6. Show in what ways the conclusion is particularly effective.
7. Write an original story concerning a school athletic meet or contest in which one of the students, by unexpected skill and courage, wins the day.

MY HUSBAND'S BOOK

1. What is the character of the husband (a) as seen by himself? (b) as seen by the wife? (c) as seen by the reader?
2. What is the character of the wife?
3. What produces the humor of the story?
4. What is the advantage of having the wife so slow to see her husband's real weakness?
5. What is the effect of the last sentence?
6. At what is the satire directed?
7. Write an original story in which you satirize, in a kindly manner, some common failing in high school boys or girls.

WAR

1. How are we made to sympathize with the young man?
2. What is the effect of the detailed description?
3. How is the emotion of the story presented?
4. How does the author make the story increase in emphasis?
5. Why is the incident of the apples introduced?
6. Why is "the man with the ginger beard" brought into the story?
7. What impression does the story leave upon the reader?
8. Write a story in which you arouse indignation at some great world evil by making the reader realize its effect on one individual.

THE BATTLE OF THE MONSTERS

1. What is the purpose of the physician's notes at the beginning and at the ending of the story?
2. Show how the author has given story-interest to scientific material.
3. Point out the characteristics of the different characters.

4. Trace the development of the story to its climax.
5. By what means does the author make his scientific material clear?
6. How does the author arouse our sympathy?
7. Point out the ways in which this story differs from most others.
8. Write an original story in which you turn some scientific information into story form by making definite characters perform a series of actions that lead to a climax. You may choose something as simple as the pumping of water from a well, the action of electricity in lighting a lamp, or the burning of a piece of coal.

A DILEMMA

1. Point out all the ways in which the author prepares for the puzzle at the end of the story.
2. Show in what way the author makes the story seem reasonable.
3. Show in what way character description adds to the interest of the story.
4. How does the author emphasize the puzzle?
5. Write a sequel to the story, giving a solution for opening the box, but leading to a new problem as difficult as the first.

THE RED-HEADED LEAUGE

1. How does the opening lead one to think the story has unusual interest?
2. Show how the author manages to keep the mystery to the end.
3. Outline the parts of the story.
4. Point out touches of unusual originality.
5. What are the characteristics of Sherlock Holmes?
6. What is the author's method in telling the story?
7. Show how the author uses conversation.
8. Write an original story involving mystery, leading, with sufficient action, to a climax, and depending upon the use of deductive reasoning.

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

1. Point out the advantages derived from the setting.
2. How much of the story depends upon character?
3. What is your opinion of the literary theories presented?
4. How does this story differ from *A Dilemma?*
5. How many separate stories are contained in *One Hundred in the Dark?*
6. Give the several possible solutions of the principal story.

7. What part did Peters play in the principal story?
8. Of what value are the hearers' comments on the story?
9. How does the story differ from most other stories?
10. Write a story of school life, presenting a problem capable of several solutions, but leaving the reader to make the final solution.

A RETRIEVED REFORMATION

1. Show in what way the first few paragraphs give an unusual amount of information in small space.
2. What is our first impression of Jimmy Valentine?
3. What are Jimmy Valentine's good characteristics as seen in the early part of the story?
4. What are the characteristics of Ben Price?
5. By what method does the author give the characteristics of the minor characters?
6. How do you account for Jimmy Valentine's reformation?
7. How did Ben Price find where Jimmy Valentine lived?
8. How does the author give the impression of a contest?
9. Why did Jimmy Valentine ask for Annabel's rose?
10. What forces are brought into full play at the end of the story?
11. Why do we admire both Ben Price and Jimmy Valentine?
12. Write an original story in which you show the full establishment of naturally good characteristics, and the development of a spirit of sacrifice. Make your story rise to a surprising conclusion.

BROTHER LEO

1. In what way is the style appropriate to the theme?
2. Show how the author has gained unity.
3. What makes the story seem true to life?
4. How does Brother Leo differ from other men?
5. What ideals does the story present?
6. Why did the author make the events of the story so simple?
7. Write a character study of some person who has unworldly ideals,—an old lady, a sister of charity, a member of the Salvation Army, a missionary, or a devoted scientist.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

1. What advantage is gained by the use of dialect?
2. How is the story made to appeal to our sympathies?
3. How is the country doctor made heroic?
4. Point out all the ways in which the doctor's character is emphasized.

5. How much of the worth of the story is due to local color?
6. Point out examples of pathos; of humor. Why have both been used?
7. Write a story of heroism in ordinary life. Use the slang, or the dialect of daily life as you have actually heard it, as a means of increasing the effect. Be sure to make your story tell of action as well as of character. Make it rise to a climax.

THE DÀN-NAN-RÒN

1. Why is personal appearance emphasized in the beginning of the story?
2. Point out examples of poetic fancy.
3. Show how the author's style of writing contributes to the effect the story produces.
4. Show how great a part belief in the supernatural is made to play.
5. How much of the story depends upon character?
6. What is the effect of the verse?
7. What keeps the story from being merely sensational?
8. What part does madness play in the story?
9. What is the author's purpose in using so much Gaelic?
10. Show in what ways the story is true to ordinary mental action.
11. How do you account for all the events that take place?
12. How does the author give the strong atmospheric effects?
13. In what ways is the story unusual?
14. What gives the story its great power?
15. How does the story affect you?
16. Write an original story in which you make conscience play a great part, especially when spurred on by superstitious fears.

THE END

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